

Commentary

Volume Forty-nine, Number Two, February 1970

JOHN V. LINDSAY: A POLITICAL PORTRAIT

ROGER STARR

ZIONISM FOR THE 70's

ROBERT ALTER

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO CRITICISM?

ALFRED KAZIN

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JOHN LUKACS

HOME IS TWO PLACES WITH-IT MOVIES

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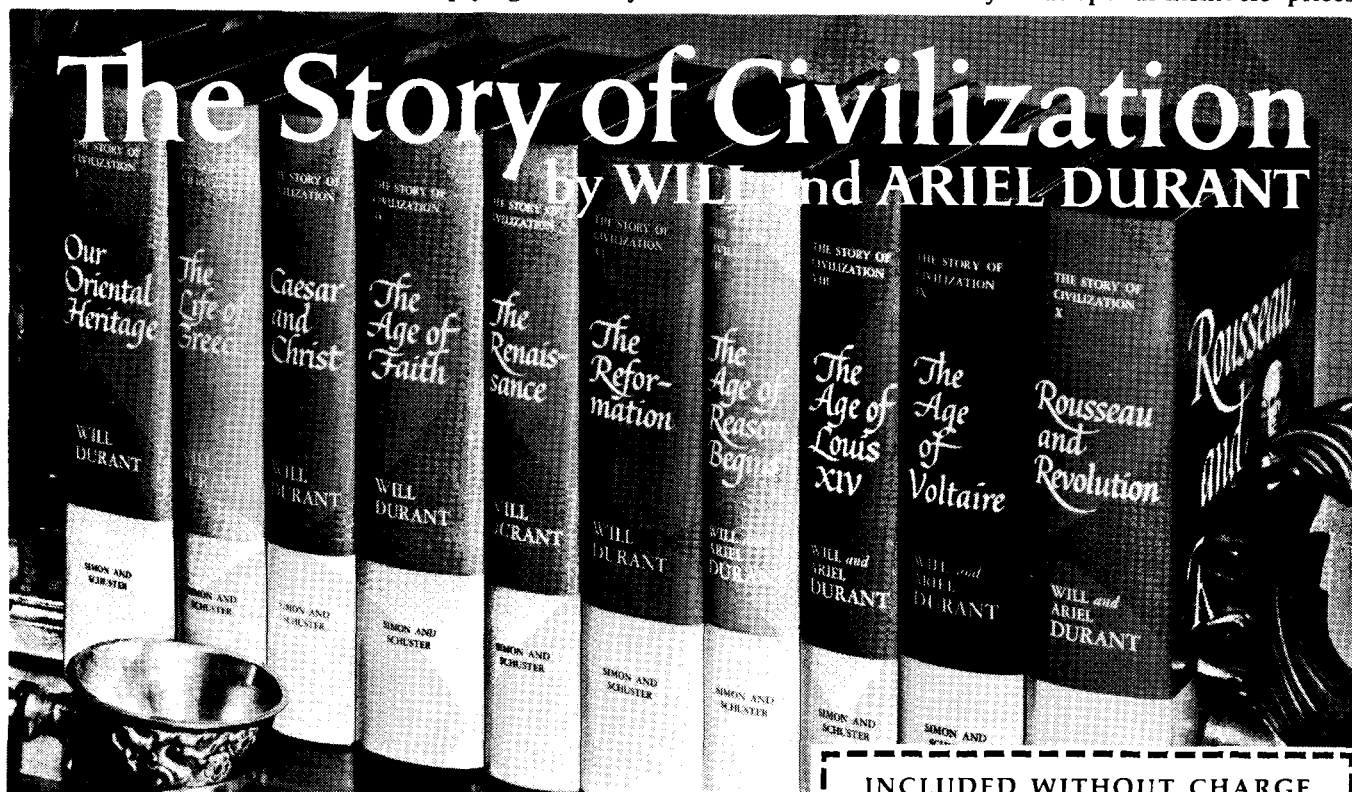
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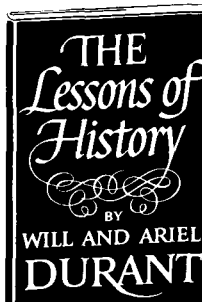
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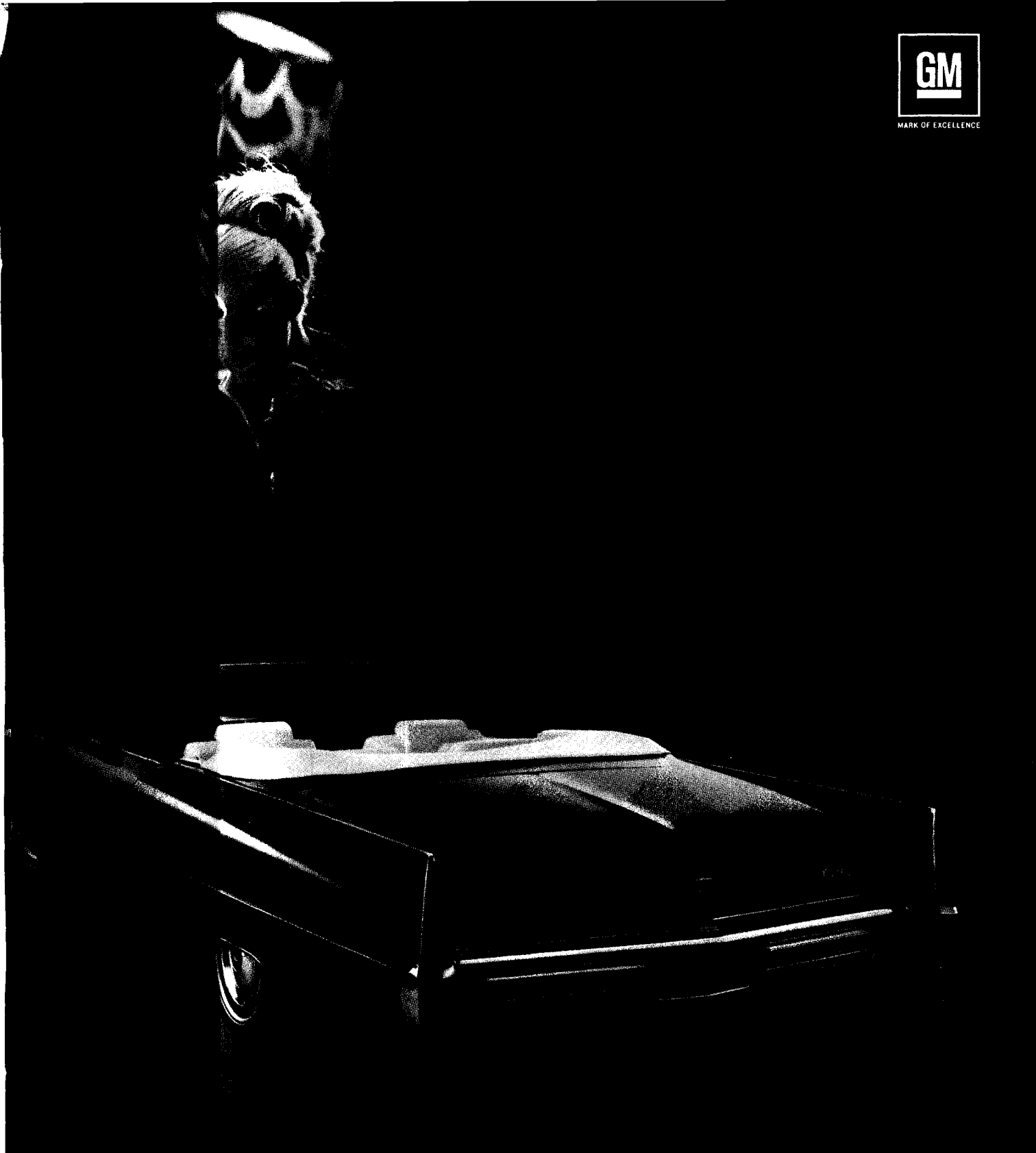
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COMMENTARY is published monthly by the American Jewish Committee—Single copy is \$1.00; \$10 a year; 3 years \$27; 5 years \$39.50—Add \$1.50 per year for foreign postage charge—Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Copyright © 1970 by the American Jewish Committee; all rights reserved under International and Pan American Copyright Conventions—Indexed in Readers' Guide, Book Review Digest, and Public Affairs Information Service—Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

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Letters from Readers

The Truman Speech (Cont'd)

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Before I comment on the latest episode in Arthur Schlesinger's battle against the world of fact ["Letters from Readers," December 1969], let me fill in the relevant background.

In my *American Power and the New Mandarins* I cited a number of examples of fabrication in the service of government policy, among them several that appeared in Schlesinger's *Bitter Heritage*. Nevertheless, I emphasized not the falsehoods, but rather the explicit statements of position: for example, Schlesinger's willingness to applaud the "wisdom and statesmanship of the American government" if only its policy succeeds in establishing the rule of our chosen representatives in South Vietnam, at a cost that he describes quite vividly.

Schlesinger had an excellent opportunity to correct the errors and, one might hope, withdraw from the positions cited, in a review of my book in *Book World*. He chose, instead, to add a new series of misrepresentations (though his review contained one correct and useful observation, to which I return). Some of these I enumerated in a footnote in my exchange with Lionel Abel ["Vietnam, the Cold War & Other Matters," October 1969]. Again, Schlesinger had an opportunity to correct these mistakes. Again, he chose to try to drown this dismal record in a flood of vituperation and new falsehoods. Schlesinger refers to the footnote in question only as follows: it "makes evident," he claims, my belief that "in his conduct of foreign policy, Franklin Roosevelt was striving to serve the very moneyed interests who were fighting him so savagely in domestic politics." The section of my footnote which, he claims, "makes evident" this belief reads as follows:

Schlesinger sees a merging of the New Left and the Old Right in the conclusion, which he attributes to me, that: "Confronted with such pressure from American imperialism, what else could Japan do but act in self-defense." To support this interpretation of my views, he cites this quotation: "It is an open question

whether a more conciliatory American diplomacy that took into account some of the real problems faced by Japan might have helped . . . It is hardly astonishing, then, that in 1937 Japan began to expand at the expense of China." The unwary reader of his review could not know that the three dots, in this quotation, cover 13 pages of text and six years of time. The first part of the quotation refers to the impact of Stimson's diplomacy of 1931 on the efforts by "the civilian government (backed by the central army authorities) to prevail over the independent initiative of the Kwantung Army" in Manchuria. The second part refers to Japanese expansion on the mainland in 1937 in response, in part, to the economic policies of "the American and British and other Western imperial systems, which abandoned their lofty liberal rhetoric as soon as the shoe began to pinch." In both of these (independent) cases, I merely summarize standard sources and present conclusions that would not be surprising to a historian, though, evidently, they still come as a shock to the more fervent ideologues. Neither conclusion has anything to do with the "New Left" or the "Old Right," as can be determined by checking the references in my discussion.

Comparing the text with Schlesinger's paraphrase, we see that in this case the lie is more brazen than usual. Nowhere does the footnote "make evident" my belief that Roosevelt was serving the interests of his domestic enemies (whether it is true, when properly reformulated, is another matter); rather, the footnote documents a series of Arthur Schlesinger's fabrications and errors.

One who thinks that this degree of falsification might suffice has a surprise in store. In the very same paragraph in which Schlesinger speaks of my "limitless credulity" in believing that American policy in the 1930's involved a departure from economic liberalism (note that this is the content of my statement) he also deplores my failure

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to understand that "American business and its political representatives have been characteristically protectionist rather than multilateralist on questions of international trade." Thus within one paragraph Schlesinger accuses me of being wrong in believing that American policy has been protectionist, and wrong in believing that it has not been protectionist. These two accusations have one property in common: neither is documented, and as any reader of Schlesinger will immediately guess, both are distortions. I could go on at this point to restate my actual position, but it seems pointless to dignify this mendacity with a serious response.

Evidently, Schlesinger has no intention of following the usual practice of acknowledging and correcting error. Let me therefore turn to the one correct comment that he has so far made in his repeated efforts to come to grips with material which, not surprisingly, he finds outrageous. As I explained in the October issue of COMMENTARY, in my book I erroneously attributed to Truman two statements that were, in fact, phrases of his Baylor speech by D. F. Fleming and James Warburg. In the book I also gave a precise page reference to the source from which I took the quotes (which, to compound the error, I mistranscribed). As I stated, this was a careless and inexcusable error, which I am glad to have pointed out, and which is corrected in the second printing along with a few others that I have discovered. Schlesinger was quite justified in pointing out this error, though his elaborate pretense that he couldn't find the quotes, that I had invented them, that this is fakery, fabrication, etc., was perhaps somewhat exaggerated.

In his letter in the December COMMENTARY, Schlesinger takes issue with my statement that the remarks of Fleming and Warburg were "accurate and perceptive," and he cites as an example of my "unbeatable instinct for distortion" my statement (A):

(A) "Truman argued that freedom of enterprise is one of those freedoms to be valued 'even more than peace.'"

At issue, then, is the accuracy of (A) and also the following statements by Fleming and Warburg, respectively:

(B) "He explained that freedom was more important than peace and that freedom of worship and speech were dependent on freedom of enterprise."

(C) Truman "made it quite clear that he believed that the whole world should adopt the American system . . . [which] . . . could survive in America only if it became the world system."

Schlesinger denies the accuracy of (A), claiming that:

(D) when Truman said "that Americans valued *freedom* even more than peace . . . he made it clear that he meant above all intellectual and religious freedom."

Let us consider first whether my (A) or Schlesinger's (D) is a correct rendition of Truman's statement, which is as follows:

(E) "There is one thing that Americans value even more than peace. It is freedom. Freedom of worship—freedom of speech—and freedom of enterprise. It must be true that the first two of these freedoms are related to the third."

Comparing now (A), (D), and (E), we see at once that (A) is accurate and that (D) is inaccurate. (A) follows directly from (E) (to be absolutely precise, we must add the premise that in Truman's view, what "Americans value" is what is "to be valued"); nowhere in the speech is there anything to support (D). So much for Schlesinger's charge concerning my "unbeatable instinct for distortion." It simply provides one additional example of his difficulties with fact and logic.

Let us now turn to the accuracy of (B) and (C). As far as (B) is concerned, the quotation (E) is enough to show its accuracy. Let us turn then to (C). Here the matter is slightly more complex, in that to see its accuracy one must be able to follow a rather trivial argument.

After stating (E), Truman explains that "our devotion to freedom of enterprise, in the United States, has deeper roots than a desire to protect the profits of ownership. It is part and parcel of what we call American." He then describes "the pattern of the 17th and 18th centuries," in which "Governments make all the important choices," and warns that: "Unless we act, and act decisively,

it will be the pattern of the next century." The danger is that Governments will be "curtailing the freedom of traders . . . [or] . . . raising tariffs," or will rely on even more drastic measures of control, determined by a central plan, as "countries that were devastated by the war are seeking to reconstruct their industries . . . [and] . . . countries that have lagged in their development are seeking to industrialize." But such methods, says Truman, are "regimentation." Unfortunately, "this is the direction in which much of the world is headed at the present time." Furthermore, "If this trend is not reversed the Government of the United States will be under pressure, sooner or later, to use these same devices to fight for markets and for raw materials. . . . It is not the American way. It is not the way to peace." Rather, the American way, the way to peace, is by international agreements that "limit the present freedom of Governments to impose detailed administrative regulations on their foreign trade." "This program is designed to restore and preserve a trading system that is consistent with continuing freedom of enterprise in every country that chooses freedom for its own economy. It is a program that will serve the interests of other nations as well as those of the United States." We will thus move toward "an international order in which peace and freedom shall endure."

Now consider Warburg's comments in his *Put Yourself in Marshall's Place* (1948):

Briefly, what the President said was this: Political freedom is bound up with freedom of individual enterprise; that pattern of international trade which promotes individual enterprise and leaves the direction of the international movement of goods and services to private individual initiative is the pattern which leads to peace; that pattern of international trade in which governments direct or control the flow of goods and services between nations is the pattern which leads to war. Therefore, we, the economic giant, are going to use our power to set a world pattern of free-enterprise capitalism. Mr. Truman was not merely reaffirming the American belief in the American system as the best system for America. *He made it*

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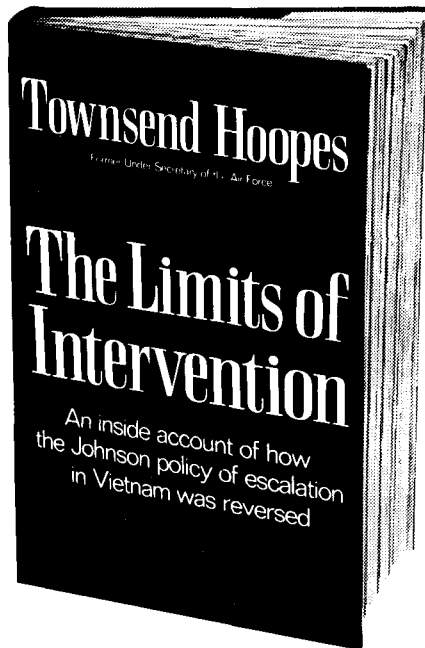


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quite clear that he believed that the whole world should adopt the American system, first, because it was the best system and second, because the American system could survive in America only if it became the world system. This was an unequivocal challenge not merely to those governments or peoples who believed in the Marxist doctrine but also to the far greater number of nations which had come either to believe in or to accept as necessary some form of national economic planning and some degree of government control over their respective economies. The challenge—though little noticed or understood at the time in this country—was very much noted abroad and formed an important part of the background against which the Truman doctrine of March 12 was interpreted. [(C) is italicized.]

Observe that Warburg's paraphrase is quite accurate. Truman makes clear his belief that the American way should be adopted by all countries, and, further, asserts that if other countries adopt "regimentation" we will be under pressure to do so as well, leading to a breakdown of the American way and turning the world away from the way to peace. Unless we act decisively, this will be the pattern of the next century. Warburg's statement (C) follows from these claims, which also buttress still further Fleming's remark (B) (to be precise, it is necessary to add one premise to reach Warburg's conclusion: i.e., that we will yield to the pressure and adapt ourselves to the pattern of the next century). Hence (C) too is accurate.

I have been discussing the accuracy of (B) and (C) on the assumption that Schlesinger has made a serious effort to resolve a debatable issue. The assumption is questionable, however. Consider the rhetoric in which he couches his denial of my assertion that Fleming and Warburg were accurate: "intellectual crook," "phoney," etc. This because I stated that two eminent commentators were accurate in their rendition of Truman's remarks. Suppose, contrary to fact, that Schlesinger were correct in denying this. Would such rhetoric be a sane response? I hardly think so.

I should note that Truman's Baylon speech does not merit the

attention it is receiving as a result of Schlesinger's insistence on publicly misinterpreting it. In my exposition it played a minor role and could have been replaced by dozens of other references cited by Williams, Kolko, LaFeber, and numerous other serious historians who, in recent years, have been systematically demolishing the interpretation of modern history for which Schlesinger has been one of the chief apologists. Furthermore, there is a tinge of the absurd in this meticulous analysis of the accuracy of (A), (B), and (C). We can concede at once that by the standards of mathematical proof, it is possible to fault these paraphrases because of hidden premises (two of which I have already mentioned), assumptions about the precise interpretation of such words as "dependent," etc. Of course, these standards would quickly empty the shelves of the library. The remarks at issue are not theorems deduced from Truman's text; rather, they are efforts to formulate concisely the essence of his remarks. By any reasonable standards, their accuracy seems to me undeniable.

When we go on to consider whether Warburg and Fleming were not only accurate but perceptive as well, the criteria are of course less clear and there are grounds for honest disagreement. To me it seems that the remarks are, indeed, perceptive. Truman's words recall those of Palmerston, when he denounced protectionism as "a principle of fatal injury to the country and inimical to the prosperity of every country to whose affairs it may be applied." The analogy is apt in other ways. It was during its period of economic dominance that Britain espoused liberalism, by and large, just as the United States tends to adhere to this doctrine (highly selectively, to be sure), insofar as it guarantees our ascendancy. In the special circumstances of 1947, it was not surprising that the world-dominant power should oppose "regimentation" of the sort that Truman describes. Consider the historical context. American industrial production had quadrupled during World War II while every other industrial society was devastated or severely crippled. Gabriel Kolko, in his *The Politics of War*, shows in detail how we proceeded, during the war, to lay the groundwork for a postwar economic empire. Similarly, postwar loans were used to compel the British to dismantle the Im-



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perial preference system and restrict nationalization (Clayton: "We loaded the British loan negotiations with all the conditions that the traffic would bear"—see LaFeber's *America, Russia and the Cold War*). LaFeber formulates the general outlines of America's European policy, as advocated by the Executive Department, as follows:

Then, a rejuvenated Europe could offer many advantages to the United States: eradicate the threat of continued nationalization and spreading socialism by releasing and stimulating the investment of private capital, maintain demand for American exports, encourage Europeans to produce strategic goods which the United States could buy and stockpile, preserve European and American control over Middle Eastern oil supplies from militant nationalism which might endanger the weakened European holdings, and free Europeans from economic problems so they could help the U.S. militarily.

Meanwhile, "The economic relationship with Latin America and Canada could be assumed; none had to be developed." As Stimson put it rather nicely, in trying to work out a strategy for breaking down European regional systems while preserving our own: "I think that it's not asking too much to have our little region over here [i.e., South America] which never has bothered anybody" (Kolko, *op. cit.*, p. 471). Where we could, we imposed unequal treaties, as in the Philippines, thus perpetuating what the Philippine UN Ambassador refers to as a "colonial economy of the classical type." The meaning of Truman-style economic liberalism under these circumstances is sufficiently clear. It was a prescription for the economic dominance over Europe which has since been proceeding apace, and for the perpetuation of underdevelopment in the "Third World."

Schlesinger states that "Many of us have come to doubt the automatic value of the reduction of trade barriers . . ." and have come to understand the value, for developing nations, of what Truman describes as "regimentation." It is a bit late in the game for this discovery to be made by "many of us." As Schlesinger is fully aware, such "regimentation" was a principle of American economic develop-

ment since Hamilton. Indeed, the American experience was a primary model for such theoreticians as Friedrich List, who, well over a century ago, pointed out what "many of us" are now belatedly discovering. Alfred Marshall, for one, observed that "The brilliant genius and national enthusiasm of List stand in contrast to the insular narrowness and self-confidence of the Ricardian school . . . [for] . . . he showed that in Germany and still more in America, many of its indirect effects [Free Trade] were evils. . . ." (cited in Frederick Clairmonte, *Economic Liberalism and Underdevelopment*—one of the numerous studies from which "many of us" could have learned these lessons, had "we" wished). Furthermore, the point has surely been clear to those who set American policy. In *The Political Economy of American Foreign Policy* (study group of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation and National Planning Association), some of the effects of economic liberalism on the underdeveloped countries are noted, with this comment: "However, as the example of the U.S. suggests, this is probably not the way their resources would have been used had these countries been fully independent and had local enterprise existed capable of managing its own development." The impact of such policies in India, the Caribbean and South America, the Philippines, and elsewhere, has been discussed at great length in scholarly works. Given such facts as these, Schlesinger's observation strikes me as rather disingenuous, particularly when it appears in a tirade against those who are reiterating these familiar facts.

Schlesinger asks what I would have preferred to Truman's proposal. Again, I am disinclined to discuss the matter in the context set by his mendacity, but for a start, he might look at the book that so irritates him, e.g., p. 347. Beyond this, he might refer to the many reasonable proposals of UNCTAD, and many other sources.

There is only one other point raised in Schlesinger's letter. He once again expresses his rage at my remark that it is the sane and reasonable and scholarly men who are "the terror of our age." As an example, I mentioned Mike Mansfield, who felt the need to criticize the "sense of utter irresponsibility" shown by the peaceful demonstra-

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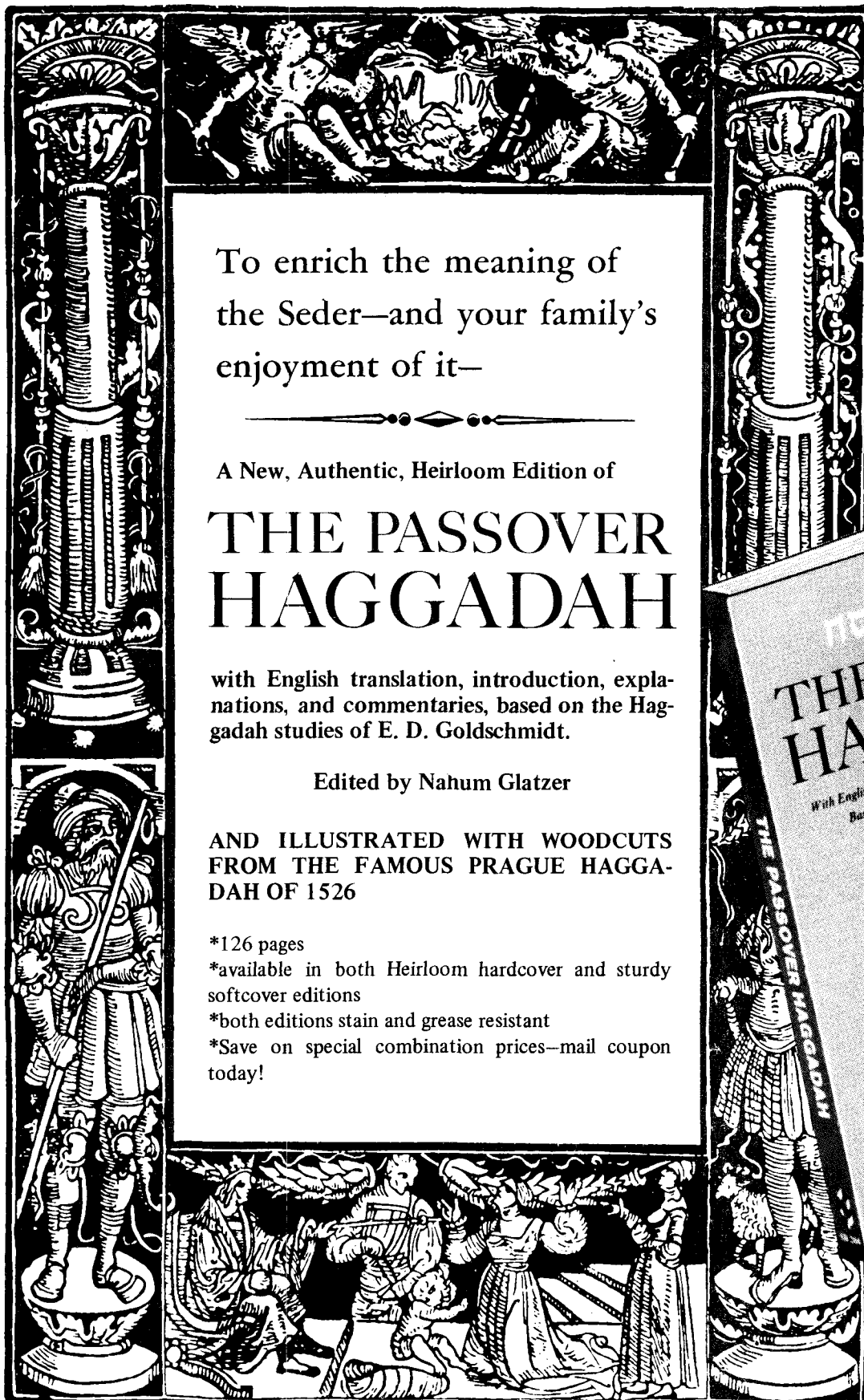
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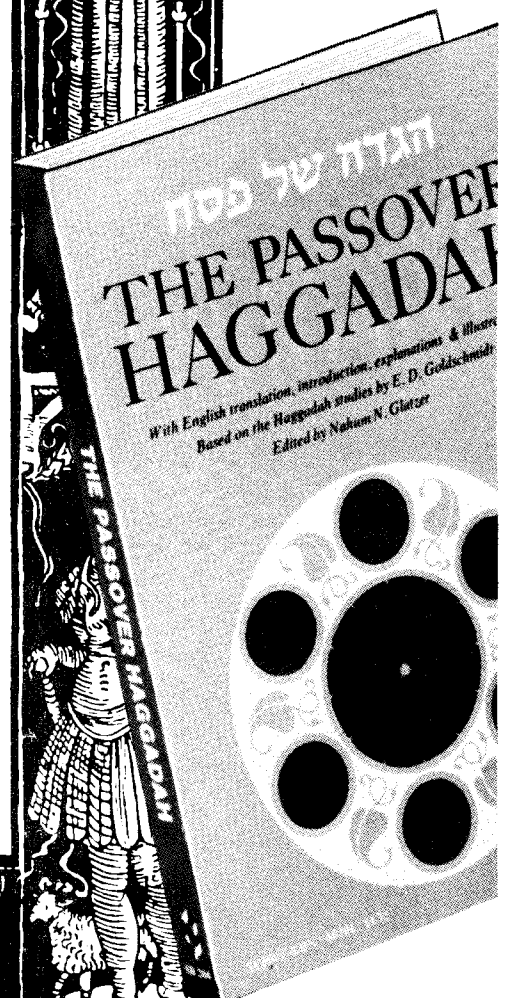
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(first issue, January 1970)

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tors of October 1965, and who felt "ashamed for the image they have portrayed of this country" and deplored their refusal to live up to our commitment to "a government of laws" (referring to a small group of militants in October 1967), but who has never applied these standards to those who launched and pursue the war, to those "who stand by quietly and vote appropriations as the cities and villages of North Vietnam are demolished, as millions of refugees in the South are driven from their homes by American bombardment." As a further example, I referred to the political scientists who give calm disquisitions "on just how much force will be necessary to achieve our ends, or just what form of government will be acceptable to us in Vietnam." It is these scholarly and reasonable men, I wrote, who are the terror of our age. I would say exactly the same thing about the Soviet Union, even Nazi Germany. Other cases might be cited, for example, the historians who "pray that Mr. Alsop will be right" in his belief that we will win in Vietnam, and who protest only when victory seems beyond our grasp. Schlesinger, not surprisingly, finds these views shocking. To me they seem rather banal.

With this remark, I have covered all of the points that Schlesinger has raised. His efforts have so far produced one correct observation: the confusion of quotations noted above. Apart from this, all is misrepresentation and falsehood, as I have now shown in some detail.

One final comment. When misrepresentation and falsehood appear in print, one is strongly tempted to try to set the record straight. Thus I fully intended to reply to Lionel Abel's incredible piece in the October issue of COMMENTARY, until informed by the editors that they felt the matter should be closed. The inductive evidence suggests that this further exposure of Schlesinger's remarkable record will be followed by still another outpouring of falsehoods, distortion, and plain misunderstanding of elementary facts of modern history. At this point, there is a competing temptation: to leave it as an exercise for the reader. But there is a serious issue involved. Schlesinger has in general defended the most extreme pro-war position that was at all tolerable among American liberals.

For example, in May 1965 he urged that "if we took the Marines now in the Dominican Republic and sent them to South Vietnam, we would be a good deal better off in both countries." And in his *Bitter Heritage* his position turns out to be a shade to the hawkish side of the Pentagon, as shown in my book, cited above. Throughout, he makes clear his commitment to an American victory, if it can be achieved. For him the question is not "should we win?" but "can we win?" This stand—which seems to me totally unprincipled—is accompanied by a rejection of any effort at historical or political analysis that goes beyond his "politics of inadventure." Perhaps such a position is arguable. What is informative, however, is Schlesinger's refusal or inability to argue it, his regression to the technique and style of the Stalinist hack attempting to shore up a discredited ideology. Perhaps it is fair to conclude that Schlesinger himself regards this ideological position as indefensible on intellectual grounds. In any event, I can only urge that readers trace through the arguments and the documents point by point, tedious though this may be. At stake, ultimately, is a question of some significance for anyone concerned with American policy in Vietnam, and throughout the world.

NOAM CHOMSKY
Department of Foreign Literatures
and Linguistics
Massachusetts Institute of
Technology
Cambridge, Massachusetts

[Mr. Schlesinger's reply will appear in the March issue—Ed.]

Orson Welles as Director

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Paul Warshaw's remark, in his review of *The American Cinema: Directors and Directions* by Andrew Sarris [October], that the cinematic style of Orson Welles "ostentatiously calls attention to itself and often goes against the grain of the material" indicates his unfamiliarity either with Welles's 1942 film from Booth Tarkington's *The Magnificent Ambersons*, which William S. Pechter has characterized (in *Sight and Sound*, Winter 1963/64) as the work of "a filmmaker capable of raising style to the level at which it becomes indistinguishable from genius" as well as "one of the most mysteri-

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ously beautiful motion pictures ever made," or with Welles's quite recent color film from Isak Dinesen's *The Immortal Story*, in which he achieves a serenity of style and construction completely uncharacteristic of him heretofore. One might observe that his latest film finds Welles in his Satyajit Ray Period, which is anything but ostentatious, to my way of thinking.

Aside from this, Warshow's comments on Andrew Sarris and on English-language cinema in general, particularly his relatively brief celebrations of Samuel Fuller and Jack Clayton, strike me as remarkably astute.

DAN BATES
North Hollywood, California

Liberalism at Issue

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:
. . . Most of what William Pfaff says in "The Decline of Liberal Politics" [October] is self-evidently true. The great gap is not the generation gap or the racial gap but the distance between the intellectual formulation of public policy and the modern condition. Until we bridge this distance there can be no effective "new politics," for that depends on new issues and new approaches to old issues. Otherwise we simply establish another mechanism for gaining public office on the theory that we are better fellows than the other guys. This is probably true, on balance, but is not sufficient to topple the political structure or sustain a popular movement. . . .

As for the particular reference to me, it would be right if I meant what Pfaff thinks I mean. I don't, but the misunderstanding may be because I have not elaborated the ideas fully enough. Decentralization is neither a conservative nor a liberal concept. It depends upon how, for what, and to whom. Would it, for example, be conservative to give New York one billion dollars in order to formulate and carry out a five-year plan for rehabilitation and development? Yet that would be assigning to John Lindsay authority now exercised by Congress, HUD, and the State of New York. I do not mean by this to avoid the point that something like decentralization is inconsistent with certain values of modern advanced society. That is just the point. It is, in part, an effort to substitute some values, e.g. community, for others

such as wealth-creation—or at least to change the priorities. There can be no serious structural change without changing values. You can't out-argue the status quo if you accept its terms of reference. This is the heart of the modern political dilemma, which is why the search for a revised structure of values must precede concrete policies—at least intellectually. Philosophy goes before politics. Or, as Pericles said—somewhat differently—it is better to think before you act rather than have your thoughts shaped by action. . . .

RICHARD N. GOODWIN
Boston, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Is the decline of liberal politics in America due to the fact that "in the 20th century . . . politics and government have been dominated by a liberal Left" that has fulfilled "in principle and for all practical purposes . . . what the Left has sought for more than a hundred years"? I don't think so.

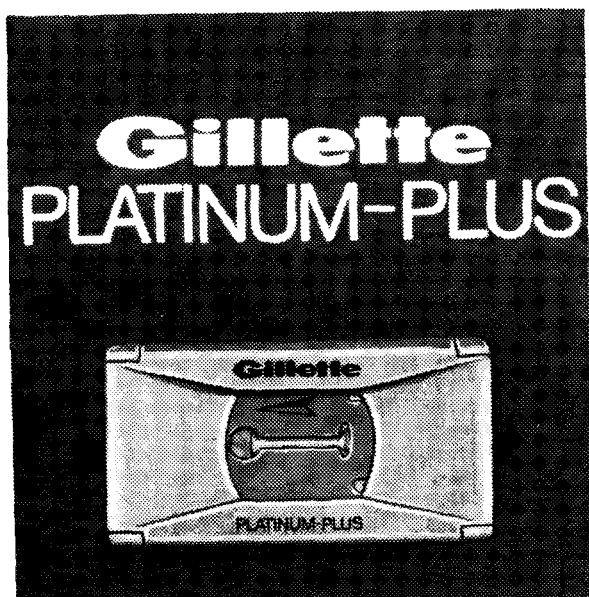
If we define "liberal Left" to include Taft, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, Eisenhower, and Nixon, then the term loses all meaning. If we stick to Pfaff's definition of the Left as a movement "to expand political power to the masses of the people and to bring about an egalitarian redistribution of wealth," then we are immediately limited in our considerations to the years of Teddy Roosevelt, Wilson, FDR, Truman, Kennedy, and Johnson. But even with these liberals in the White House, the country moved only very slowly—and sometimes not at all—toward the democratization of power or wealth. When these Presidents submitted progressive legislation to Congress (which they did irregularly), the proposals were regularly blocked by a conservative coalition on the Hill. When liberal legislation was passed in one session of Congress, it was generally starved to death by the Appropriations Committee in the next session. . . .

Yet the myth of liberal rule is—like most myths—not without foundation. We have had residents of the White House who used liberal rhetoric and submitted liberal messages and even wangled Congress into occasional liberal acts. We have had a Supreme Court which in recent years has done the right thing about civil liberties and civil rights but has never touched upon the real bread-and-



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butter issue: the redistribution of wealth. We have had leftist intellectuals in and around the White House. . . . We have had Democratic party campaigns based on maximizing the minimal "accomplishments" of the "party" in Congress. Nevertheless, the demythified reality is that, since 1933 (and certainly before that), the basic content of our domestic policy has been determined by a conservative Congress, by even more conservative state legislatures, and by emasculated liberal mayors. (The exceptions—four years under FDR and two under LBJ—are few and feeble.)

The proof of this proposition is found in the continuing inequities in the distribution of income and wealth in the U.S. The illusion of a more equitable distribution arises from the fact that, since our gross product has grown more rapidly than our net population, there is more for everybody. But the bigger pie is still sliced in the same old way. The top fifth gets 40 per cent of the annual income; the bottom fifth gets 5 per cent; the other fifths get their traditional bites. . . .

These official governmental findings (Bureau of the Census) actually understate the take of the top because they do not include income from the sale of stocks, bonds, property, or gifts from inheritance. . . . By itself, the top one gets 15 per cent of the income.

Wealth is even more unevenly distributed than income—and getting more uneven all the time. In 1949, the top one per cent owned 21 per cent of the wealth; in 1956, it held 26 per cent; in 1958, 28 per cent. The power of this one per cent enables it to own 71 per cent of the nation's corporate stock and 16 per cent of the real estate.

What holds for the U.S. also holds for Western Europe. After a month abroad recently, Marquis Childs "came away with the conviction that continuing crisis in the West—Britain, France, Italy, and the United States—is all but inevitable" because "maldistribution of income, cemented in antiquated tax structures, makes protest, conflict, with some degree of violence or another, certain."

The loudest testimony on our national failure to solve the "economic question" currently comes

from the badly misnamed "middle class" in America: the typical wage and salaried people.

Consider the case of the median family of four, earning \$8,000 a year, which falls about \$1,000 short of meeting the "modest but adequate" budget of the Bureau of Labor Statistics—and the weekly take-home pay of the average wage earner now buys less than it did in 1965! If the working man complains, he is treated as ignorant: doesn't he know he lives in an affluent society? If he says he is tired of being taxed to take care of the "poor," he is scolded for being a bigot. If he shouts about the high cost of living, he is instructed that this is his own fault: his wages are too high. He becomes the forgotten and furious man—with little love for the "liberal," or for anyone else who tells him that he is selfish, bigoted, affluent, with no feeling for what it is like to live in poverty. He turns Poujadist or worse. Where else do you turn when the tribunes of liberalism proclaim the end of economic problems?

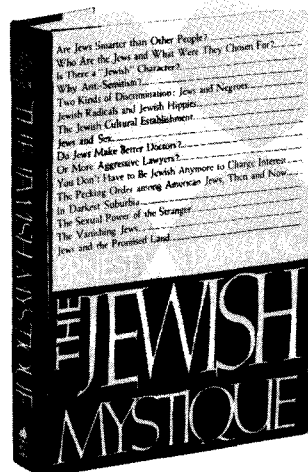
The retreat from economics is, in my opinion, not only a cop-out from confrontation with the economic elite but a provocation for confrontation among the lower classes. Take a current case in point. The Nixon administration has announced its intention to cut back federal construction by 75 per cent—a move that not only denies pressing national needs but also reduces the number of jobs in the building trades. Employment is further curtailed by the fact that housing starts slumped from 1.8 million in January to 1.3 million in July and are expected to fall to 1 million in December—a perilous decline in private construction spurred on by intentionally high interest rates. This deliberate policy of economic slowdown is in line with the administration's deflationary concept that a little bit of unemployment is not a dangerous thing. At precisely this moment of deliberate deflation (disemployment), the same administration decrees a Philadelphia plan ordering building-trades unions to increase the Negro quota on construction jobs. Whatever the merit of this quota system, the attempt at this time to squeeze more men into fewer jobs must necessarily set up fierce frictions between black and white in what begins to look like a plotted scenario on how to manufacture a riot,

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Put broadly, the attempt to re-allocate available resources without redistributing total wealth must become a rescrambling of scarcity among the already anguished and angry. It's a good way for the top to divide and rule—but not the way to unite a nation.

In his piece, Pfaff refers to the "reactionary" reformists of which I am an "imposing" spokesman. If "reactionary" means old-fashioned, I accept the label. Indeed, I would strongly recommend a harkening back to two old slogans: "Black and white, unite and fight"; and also, "Soak the rich." After listening to, experimenting with, and carefully analyzing much of the new stuff around, I become more and more fond of my old-time religion.

Although Pfaff begins with his focus on the American liberal, he ends with a swinging critique of all the forces born of the Enlightenment—Left or Right. In a sense, his essay might have been entitled "The Decline of Politics." Personally, I do not favor repeal of the Enlightenment. . . . I know that, in the first instance, it was the ideological weapon of the Third Estate, in its challenge to Church and State. The new class deified Reason to replace the old gods of the upper castes. Despite its "class origin" (there goes another of those reactionary phrases), the Enlightenment had a universally liberating effect. . . . But almost from the beginning, bourgeois liberalism was challenged by a proletarian radicalism. . . . The bourgeois liberal believed in a) extending the franchise—to himself and to those like him *but not* to the propertyless; b) redistributing wealth from the old rich (church and nobility) to the new rich—but *not* to either the old or new poor. The radicals (revolutionaries, reformers, working-class organizations) favored an extension of the franchise without property qualifications. . . . They also favored a redistribution of the wealth that would reach below the Third Estate to the people. The most radical believed in a society where distribution would be guided by the principle: from each according to his ability, to each according to his need. The bourgeois liberal turned this around to read: to each according to his ability (with "ability" defined as the ability to get rich) and from each according to his need (with "need" defined as the

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need to work for an employer). Viewed in this way, the old bourgeois liberal and the old proletarian Left had nothing in common on the subject of the democratization of power or wealth. They were using the same catchwords (*liberté, fraternité, égalité*) but applying them to different, generally opposing, classes. . . . The bourgeois liberal believed that once "freedom" had been won—that is, the freedom to compete in the open marketplace without the restraints of a feudal society—then Reason would *ipso facto* take over. All would then go well because, under *laissez faire*, the "invisible hand of God" would guide the economy into rational channels. . . . The revolutionaries, on the other hand, believed just the opposite. They wanted to apply collective reason to reorder the "system" as the necessary and sufficient precondition for the re-making of human nature. They had faith in a Reason that was utterly blind to the irrational nature of man. Indeed, the very words "human nature" were to them a stupid, reactionary cliché.

Both bourgeois liberalism and proletarian radicalism were utopian. The former saw the perfect society rising from the free and competitive play of individual egos—guided by that "invisible hand." The latter saw the perfect society arising from the structured cooperative commonwealth—grinding out its perfected beings.

In the two centuries since the Enlightenment and in the one century since the Communist Manifesto, both utopias have toppled. We have seen *laissez faire*—in the raw—become a way for a man (or corporation) to impose tyranny on the economically weak, and collectivism—in the ultimate—become a way for a man (or party) to impose tyranny on the politically weak.

Modern Left liberalism (as I choose to see it) arises from a sense of disenchantment with both the corporation and the corporate state. It seeks a redistribution of both power and wealth that preserves the values of the Enlightenment, with its dedication to maintaining a free marketplace for competing ideas and ideals while structuring the society to curb the ugly little instincts of aggression, selfishness and lust for power. . . .

Pfaff is quite right when he says that much of our present politics is focused on the "issues of

identity and social community," the attempt to carve a special niche in mass society. . . . But any close examination of these new movements will reveal two basic facts: 1) that the "privatists" very soon gather in a collective (they were quite happy to find their communality at Bethel); and 2) that, when plain people (as distinguished from the affluent rebel youth) announce their militant presence, they talk economics: jobs, pay, food, homes, schools. And when they do that, they are moving, willy-nilly, toward the ultimate conclusions of a liberal Leftism: a collective push for both freedom and food.

In the present disorder, I believe it especially important to reassert the philosophy of the liberal Left. Without it, there is a real danger that rising conflict between revolution and counterrevolution may drown all of us innocents in a "blood-dimmed tide." . . . But this does not mean that the Left can smugly survive by repeating outworn clichés. If liberal Leftism is to be vital, it must be relevant to our times by addressing itself to problems of technology, logistics, and ecology as well as to tribal moods, national aspirations, and generational attitudes that were never anticipated by an earlier Left. To mention a few:

Our major cities are increasingly unmanageable—and our metropolitan areas are about to go the way of the cities. It is not possible to squeeze 70 per cent of our population—our metropolitans—into one per cent of the land area and expect comfort—even under socialism. Density is a disease that can only be cured by decongestion, by a planned creation of hundreds of new towns and cities in America's open spaces.

As our population grows by another 100 million by the year 2000, there will, of course, be new "developments." But left to private enterprise, they will grow up at the fringes of our cities and add to the present mess. The homes will be erected to yield maximum profit with little regard to public weal: schools, libraries, cultural centers, sewers, parks, or playgrounds. The cost will be high to builder and buyer, and the end result will be a multiplication of our present problems: a split society, a locational mismatch of jobs and employees, air and water pollution, inner city decay, suburban sprawl.

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If we are to grow rationally and wholesomely, we must do so by *public* action with *public* money. We can develop a national policy on rational land use. We can create communities within cities where citizen participation is something more than a passing political slogan for a power grab. We can bring into being the imaginative new devices of city planners.

We have also been neglectful of rural America: half our counties have lost population in the last few decades. A flood of ten million people from the soil to the city has crowded what was already too crowded and forced a conflict of cultures not unlike the Vandal invasion of Rome. Again—the nation needs a policy that will not be realized through the random workings of private investment.

We have allowed our institutions to grow to an order of magnitude that has brought on a crisis of inoperability and non-communication. Phone, highway, train, subway, airport systems begin to resemble crazy crumbly things in a collapsing Tower of Babel. Like the cities, they have to be cut down to size—first, to work; then, to respond to individual human beings.

The style and content of liberalism must be adjusted to the deep tribal (community or national or cultural) needs of human beings and to the outcry of the young for personal and societal purpose.

For me, all this means that liberal Leftism has a triple challenge ahead: 1) to update its specific programs; 2) to find out what the Old Left, New Left, and New Politics people have in common (we know the differences); 3) to do the above while holding fast to the liberal credo for a redistribution of both power and wealth—without which even our best laid plans will surely gang aghley.

GUS TYLER

International Ladies' Garment
Workers' Union
New York City

MR. PFAFF writes:

I don't think that Richard Goodwin and I have any very important argument. We agree that to hand over to Mayor Lindsay a billion dollars would mean a fundamental change in the value priorities of this society, and that it would be a big thing to do, with big con-

sequences for the political and economic structure which exists. To do this, and to think through and accept what it implies in the way of local autonomy and the distribution of tax monies throughout the country, would be hard for liberals, not easy; but Goodwin doesn't think that it would be easy.

With Gus Tyler I do have an argument. There is nothing wrong in his observations on the inadequacies of past liberal administrations or with his practical program. But the program seems to me one for putting some life back into the moribund union movement in this country rather than for reincorporating into our politics the alienated—whether they are "plain people" or complicated—the black and poor, to bring the country together rather than further divide it, to restore popular confidence in the ability of democratic government to do justice.

The argument is whether there really are new issues critical to our present politics. Tyler concedes my case that people today are deeply moved by issues of identity and social community but then quickly takes it back. Affluent youth are troubled by these matters, he admits, and slaying their fathers they improvise communes at Bethel. But when the "plain people" experience these anxieties they really want only what the unions and the old liberalism have always tried to give them: jobs, pay, housing, etc. So there really are no new issues after all, except among the kids, and thus there's no fundamental reason to worry about the old liberalism. This is what the old liberals would like very much to believe, and I wish that it were so but very much doubt it.

Of course the economic issues remain important, and they will grow more important in the future as Mr. Nixon balks at the tough and costly decisions essential to negotiating an end to the war. As the war goes on the economic situation will get worse, and more than the economic situation. The other and non-economic anxieties I described will deepen, and they have already had a critical impact not only on how people think and feel but on how they vote. Tyler seems to say that if we redistribute total wealth (the war issue aside), the other conflicts among the public will in time sort themselves out. I am not in the least confident that the old slogan, "black and white, unite and fight," even if it is alter-

nated with "soak the rich," will set the blood pounding among Newark blacks and in the Chevrolet UAW locals and among Pittsburgh building tradesmen—will send them marching together to vote the liberal Democratic ticket. My impression is that white unionists in 1968 liked the law-and-order slogans, liked to be identified as the "forgotten men," and found a good deal of pleasure in voting against the pointy-headed professors who called for soaking the rich but were giving it away to shiftless blacks. The union man was drifting toward a vote against the party and the liberal movement which were his traditional allies. Why? Surely out of very real anxieties of social isolation and dislocation, a sense of social and political victimization, which pay increases are unlikely to fix. And the blacks, even the unionized blacks, seemed able to contain their enthusiasm for Hubert Humphrey and George Meany, even for a Humphrey running on a liberal program and against a Presidential candidate with a "Southern strategy." Their real sympathy seemed to lie with Robert Kennedy, candidate of the professors and "limousine liberals." I do not see that this choice was because the Kennedy campaign made superior economic appeal to the poor; rather, it was due to the fact that it seemed to offer recognition, a human dialogue and response.

As for my assault on "all the forces born of the Enlightenment," I wasn't conscious of it and would be distressed to find the Enlightenment repealed on my account. I really do not understand the charge unless Tyler is referring to the fairly pessimistic tone of my concluding comments on politics. Surely a bright optimism about the political rationality of human society and confidence in the beneficence of history do not sum up all the forces born of the Enlightenment? I should think that our experience of history in this century counsels a certain pessimism about human behavior in politics, and that it lends urgency to the appeal I was making: that we think about where we are today and why, and about how power and wealth can be newly disciplined to human needs, in a time when the existing forms and structures of liberal politics seem strained and inflexible, with too many of its leaders defensively justifying the things long since done.



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John V. Lindsay: A Political Portrait

Roger Starr

EARLY THIS past November, in what was once a farmhouse in the north-east end of Manhattan Island, a tall, attractive native New Yorker in his late forties, John Vliet Lindsay, celebrated his re-election as 103rd Mayor of the City of New York. The victory, accomplished with only slightly more than 40 per cent of the votes cast, had been hard won. Lindsay had started as an underdog; his final triumph must have been the occasion for intense personal satisfaction. Yet one cannot escape the feeling that as the days passed after the election, the victorious candidate must from time to time have wondered what he had to celebrate about. He was, inescapably it seemed, still Mayor of New York. While many of the incidental pleasures were delightful, and the sense of immediate power most gratifying, they carried with them the sense of their own impermanence; meanwhile, nothing had happened to make the job of mayor less difficult, less troubled by conflict, less beset by recrimination.

In fact, as the echoes of celebration died down, it was clear that his job had, if anything, become worse. Surely the city's financial troubles were worse. The current annual fiscal gap between what New York's citizens demanded for themselves and each other and what they could afford approached \$1 billion. He knew now that he could count on no one to help him close the gap, not the state nor the federal government, hardly the city itself, competing with every other city for taxable resources. His personal position was less comfortable. Four years ago, he had been surrounded by men who may have been wrong in their judgments about the city but who were at least personally devoted to his own career. The new election had brought in new people with different loyalties. Some, with whom he had collaborated during the campaign, urged him always to be more responsive to what they thought people wanted; and what they offered was tempting, to stop worrying about the ultimate fate of the city—to grant simply what they, his friends, asked for and let the future take care of itself. Whose

ROGER STARR, here making his first appearance in COMMENTARY, is executive director of the Citizens' Housing and Planning Council of New York. This article reflects his own views and not necessarily those of the Council.

future?—theirs or his? Others urged on him better city government, better execution of programs, more solid municipal accomplishments, but they were not very helpful in explaining what had to be done to improve the health services, build new housing, bring heat and hot water to the slums, make education more responsive.

The need for money undermined his position with its constant nagging sense that each man one listened to asserted a demand that was contradicted by the next man one listened to. The city sometimes seemed like a bed of quicksand in which one sank deeper and deeper the more one struggled. Would he still be sinking in it four years from now, only to find himself with no choice but to offer himself a third time for mayor? How does one extricate oneself? Where does he go from here?

While none can say with certainty except Lindsay himself that this question crossed his mind, the supposition seems reasonable, for it certainly crossed the minds of other New Yorkers; and those who looked at the path by which he had arrived for the second time to the mayor's seat could derive no certain view of the future from an inspection of the past.

Item: As Mayor of New York City Lindsay had become national spokesman for all the mayors by demanding that the federal government make large additional fiscal grants to the cities of the nation. Yet in the Congress of the United States, to which he was elected four times, none of Lindsay's major speeches ever dealt with money at all.

Item: In pressing for an immediate unilateral cease-fire in Vietnam during his recent mayoral campaign, Lindsay explained that foreign military involvements abroad deprive the nation of funds which cannot be spared from the home front. Yet, as a Congressman, Lindsay was a foremost spokesman for the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, its military compacts and trade alliances.

Item: Lindsay is widely regarded as the obvious heir to the Kennedy mantle of "New Politics"; columnists prophesy that he has been and will be supported for higher office by all former associates of the late John F. and Robert, because he exemplifies the Kennedy philosophy more pro-

foundly than any other current political figure. Yet almost all the Lindsay Congressional quotations which set forth his contemporary views of the Kennedys, both John F. and Robert, are highly critical of both of them.

These apparent inconsistencies between the public notion of John Lindsay and the facts of his career—and, sometimes, between the positions taken by Lindsay at one moment and at another—are significant not to prove that he, like every other man of importance in public life, has sometimes said one thing, and sometimes its opposite. Rather they indicate how difficult it is—particularly under present circumstances of diminished party regularity and increased intersectional homogenization of American life—to predict what will happen to anyone politically. Will Lindsay become a Democrat? Will he run for higher office, either before his current term as mayor expires in 1973, or after its expiration? Would he make an effective President of the United States?

Obviously no one knows the answers to these questions; less obviously, it is difficult even to set forth the probabilities. Perhaps there is some quality peculiarly Lindsayan in the uncertainty which clouds every attempt to forecast, however equivocally, his future. This does not mean that Lindsay, the man, is duplicitous or that he seeks deliberately to conceal his identity. It does mean, one supposes, that his obvious American lineage makes him in modern America a man without ethnicity: his is the kind of face which can, without objections by anyone, be cast as the villain of a television gangster show; his is the face smiling at us over the advertised collar, or lightly holding the otherwise death-dealing cigarette as he pilots a racing yawl over the back cover of *Life*. There is no Lindsay “gang” in the public imagination—not the millionaire golfers and bridge players who surrounded Eisenhower, nor the family retainers and descendants who seem to have to accompany any Roosevelt. He has no cronies from Kansas City politics and faded business ventures with whom to relax like Harry Truman; nor any superbly versatile third-generation Irish Americans (and their neo-Harvard associates) such as those with whom the Kennedy clan played football. Lindsay himself seems most nearly at home in the company of people of the theater, whose lives also confer on them the power to choose their role rather than to have it imposed on them by birth. The degree of versatility—hence the effectiveness of his choice of role—varies from actor to actor; some are forced to play Greeks by an indelible accent, others to play blacks by an unpaintable skin, still others may remain limited in their choice of role because of an internal bony structure that resists adaptation. Lindsay is one whose own bony structure—made up of rigid value judgments—will tend to limit the width of his perceptions of others and his choice of his own role. But then one looks at where he started

from, and the role he plays now, and one wonders which will be more important in the end, the drive to play his roles, or the resistant bones.

II

LINDSAY'S FACE, stature, accent—even his faint trace of stiffness and the lack of visceral pleasure in the human pursuits of his profession—give most observers an impression of aristocracy. His presence suggests that they see before them the scion of a family of great wealth and longstanding social position—another of those financially-free young questers for public office who have been seeking preferment because they can afford to live without earning money, and to devote themselves to attaining the good life for others. *Noblesse oblige*—the notion that high place imposes an obligation of public service—may not operate strongly on the psyches of all or many of those who actually hold high station of wealth or lineage, but its existence now appears persuasive to many of the low-born who feel that they owe a special debt of gratitude to any benefactor who stretches his hand or word to them across a social chasm. Lindsay in a *yarmulke* may be no more convincing than Calvin Coolidge in a Sioux warbonnet, but the spectacle carries a message even to those who would seem long ago to have hardened their hearts against the old political symbols of synthetic group membership. Apparently, as the ethnic ridges in America wear away, the ridges of social class seem at once more scalable and more tantalizing. People who would always have voted *against* a rich man simply because of his wealth now seem to be prepared to vote *for* him for the same reason, if only he can manage to convey the impression that he is driven not by the need for more wealth and power, but by the impulse to return to his compatriots even more than he is compelled to by the Internal Revenue Service.

It must be recognized, however, in any fair account of Lindsay, that while he looks wealthy and acts wealthy, he is not wealthy; and he most definitely does not find himself financially free to do whatever he wishes. Although born in Manhattan, he does not spring from a long line of New York “swells.” At a time when the believers in progress are bemused by the rise to riches of those struggling out from under racial, ethnic, and religious clouds, Lindsay is the product of a phenomenon peculiarly untimely, at least in literature: a white, Protestant, Anglo-Saxon, upwardly-mobile family. His middle name—Vliet—marks him as having Dutch blood somewhere, but he must share this distinction with a vast number of people named “Fleet,” a form to which many Vliets anglicized their name over the centuries. Lindsay derived his Vliet from his mother, who is presumably connected with Vliets who lived in Westchester County before the American Revolu-

tion. Lindsay's first home was not in Westchester, however, but on West End Avenue, and in his youth his parents made a journey so often and so particularly described in New York literature that most readers probably have the impression only Jews made it. The Lindsays moved from West End Avenue to Park Avenue; finally, in the early 1930's, advancing beyond the end of the familiar literary track, they moved for the first time into the New York Social Register.

The pilot and motive force of this trip was George Nelson Lindsay, the Mayor's father, who is reported to be the son of a bricklayer from the Isle of Wight. George Lindsay attended New York University Law School at night (like many lawyers of his time, he never attended an undergraduate college). He worked on Wall Street during the day, and in that hectic hurly-burly he became a vice president of Bancamerica-Blair Corporation, whose long since vanished name is as redolent of the 20's as Goldman, Sachs. After the firm vanished, George Lindsay turned his attention to international finance and international insurance operations. He became president of the Swiss America Corporation, while Poor's has listed him as a member of the boards of a number of insurance companies, predominantly those with foreign, non-British affiliations. George Lindsay was elected chairman of District 13 of the National Association of Securities Dealers and a governor of the Investment Bankers' Association. He died in 1961, leaving an estate of approximately three-quarters of a million dollars which, after taxes and divided among four sons and a daughter, would scarcely provide any one of them with a comfortable income. The boys had been well educated, however; all had become lawyers.

Like other fathers who have moved their families from West End Avenue to the other side of Central Park, George Lindsay saw to it that his sons attended more highly regarded schools than his own. Unswaddled in scholastic memories of illustrious older cousins or uncles, John Lindsay was sent to Buckley School, perhaps the best and surely the most exclusive of the private East Side schools of New York; from Buckley he went to St. Paul's, at Concord, New Hampshire, the coldest, and one of the more rigid and churchly, of the Eastern preparatory schools; from St. Paul's he entered Yale with the Class of 1944, majoring in English history. America's entry into the war caused a speedup in the undergraduate scheme of things; Lindsay left in 1943 with his degree, taking a commission in the Navy.

Lindsay's Yale record was excellent, especially when judged by the criteria of the time. He did well in his studies, even if not taking an honors degree (few did) and not making Phi Beta Kappa. He participated in intramural athletics, headed the Berkeley Association, belonged to the Elizabeth Club, which owned a small wooden structure where undergraduates and faculty members

who shared an interest in English literature gathered to eat lettuce sandwiches, drink tea, and make what they pretended to think of as intellectual witticisms. Lindsay did not join the Yale Political Union, a debating society to which guest speakers were invited to discuss topics of importance with undergraduate speakers.

YALE in the early 40's—like Harvard and Princeton—was respectfully attentive to social rank and distinction. The admissions officers were curious to learn the maiden name of every applicant's mother, a fact which would appear to have only a minimal effect on intellectual or moral capacity for undergraduate work. Although the residential colleges for upperclassmen had their own dining halls, six fraternity houses—for eating only—continued to exist. John Lindsay became a member of the Fence Club, which Yale cognoscenti agreed was the most desirable socially. Even if one believes that a college campus is not well served by eating clubs set off from the campus only by religious and caste lines (race need not be mentioned because there were practically no undergraduate Negroes in Yale in the 30's and pre-war 40's), Lindsay's acceptance by the Fence is an inescapable index of his popularity with his peers. The same is true of his having been tapped for Scroll and Key, one of the two principal senior societies, whose activities are so secret that only their members are reputed to understand whether or not they are significant. Lindsay roomed in Berkeley College with a succession of five roommates, including one Rockefeller. Of the five, one was killed in World War II.

American involvement in World War II hit a Yale as deeply unprepared as most of America; its 1941 campus appears charmingly pastoral to an observer three wars away. One tends to romanticize the view. Yale's leading undergraduates in those pre-war days accepted the stately value system that had been ordained for them, a courtly world of tweed and button-down shirts, loyalty to one's own kind combined with good manners for all, charity for the *genuinely* hurt (and how hard they were to find), combined with a gently deprecating humor for oneself, and a wary coolness toward enthusiasts. The university was a closed world whose virtues look better now than they did then; no one recognized that when the windows were opened, the roof would blow off.

The traditions of an earlier landed gentry were reflected, with great fidelity, in the subjects on which the Yale College faculty spent its own time in the Lindsay era: Wilmarth Lewis was producing what became twenty-one volumes of the Yale edition of the annotated correspondence of Horace Walpole; in Malahide Castle in Ireland, Frederick Pottle was digging up long-lost writings of James Boswell; Frederick Hilles worked on the life of George Eliot, all with impeccable scholar-

ship. But the faculty of the university was not entirely lettuce sandwiches and watercress epigrams; another world could be glimpsed from time to time through the small leaded panes of the residential colleges. John Dollard, author of *Caste and Class in a Southern Town*, a brilliant pioneering work in American sociology, was working in the Institute of Human Relations, where Mark May and his associates were completing their long study of frustration and aggression in human affairs. In the Department of Anthropology in the 1940's, Yerkes conducted his great study of the apes; while in the Medical School, Arnold Gesell and his associates were compiling their record of human behavior in the young. In the Graduate School, Frederick Fitch built a world reputation in symbolic logic; and the "new" literary criticism was starting to make headway there too.

There were other signs that the university was not set off by itself in green gardens. Some members of the faculty did recognize that Hitler was more than a windy bogeyman to make Jewish students restless. And, although there were no Negro undergraduates, the Yale literary magazine did publish the work of a solitary Negro drama student, a bittersweet and restrained lyric about the burden of a black skin. A few blocks from the center of the campus, New Haven's young Negro males lived in a separate world, almost impenetrable by any white man, the cracked plaster walls of their rooms covered with pinups of white movie stars. At the Yale Divinity School in the early 40's, a perennial student named David Dellinger preached noninvolvement in the European war, and debated the morality of the draft with the naval officer assigned as commander of the Yale Naval ROTC. On Chapel Street, near the Old Campus, an impecunious recent Yale graduate who had spent a year in Mexico City as Leon Trotsky's secretary and bodyguard, and who now lived on the WPA writer's project, used to spend lazy afternoons talking life and literature with a dissatisfied shoe salesman named Mitchell Sviridoff. Despite their propinquity, Sviridoff and Lindsay would not meet until 1966, when Lindsay brought him to New York to become first administrator of the Human Resources Administration.

There was, in short, more to Yale and to the city world of New Haven than the traditional wisdom of the Fence Club; many undergraduates, ready for a business career, knew this by instinct; others, interested in social causes, felt it had to be so; others never reached for it, perhaps because, as a member of the Class of 1944 wrote, they had come with such a splendid set of values that new experiences were unnecessary: ". . . We brought with us, as part of our natural heritage when we came to this place—deep-rooted beliefs in such abstractions as beauty, truth, justice, morality, the integrity of the human soul, and a host of

others," said Orin S. Purinton, at the commencement exercises of Lindsay's class in June 1944, just about the time of the Normandy invasion. Lindsay, as we have seen, had already left college for the Navy, and missed the speech which threatened moral bankruptcy to any nation which neglected these trusts. Purinton and Lindsay later turned up as classmates at the Yale Law School. According to the latest records available, Purinton is a lawyer in Milwaukee; no one in the Class of 1944 claims to have guessed that Lindsay's career would differ in anything but place.

III

THE YALE Law School, like Yale College, has always been a constituent part of Yale University, but while the College remained an ancestral vault in which ancient ideals were kept safe from rot and rust, the Law School was Yale's toehold in the pragmatic present. Its strengths included the youth of its deans and some of its professors, its willingness to quarrel with the transmitters of hereditary wisdom, and a certain impish disrespect for the conventional. *The Folklore of Capitalism*, written by Thurman Arnold, a long-time professor there, was a typical product of the Yale Law School mentality. So was the work of Robert M. Hutchins, who served as dean at the age of twenty-eight; so was the character of Eugene V. Rostow, a dean, one of a pair of New Haven brothers who made good at Yale (the other was Walt W. Rostow). The Rostows' stature on campus proved to the satisfaction of all in the Yale community who sought to be so satisfied that their university was indeed receptive to new faces, new backgrounds, and new ideas, and that it provided a grid of ideals against which the new could be unkinked.

Despite policies that stressed the admission only of those students whose ultimate graduation was almost a certainty and the selection of students from all parts of the United States, a considerable fraction of its matriculants were Yale alumni. In 1945, when Lindsay returned from the Navy and enrolled at Yale Law School, he was recognized as a member of the Ivy League faction—one of the "white shoe boys," as a contemporary described him, a group that always stood slightly aloof from their motley classmates who included Thurman Arnold, Jr., at the beginning of the alphabet, and Adam Yarmolinsky, at the end.

Going back to school in 1945 was not the easiest decision in the world for a former officer in the armed forces. The world was changing before one's eyes, while none knew exactly what shape it would keep.

The doubts and arguments expressed themselves in the pages of the *Yale Law Journal*, in the Moot Court Trials, in discussions over meals and in classrooms. In 1945 and the years directly afterward, when the economy faced shortages of white

shirts and houses, automobiles and meat, the arguments among politically-minded young lawyers dealt with questions of government intervention in the economic process; price controls were still in effect on almost all commodities. Unification of the armed services, reform of military justice, the completion of desegregation in the army—these were important issues. The Yale Law School in those postwar years contained almost two separate student bodies. Members of one trended toward government, hoping perhaps to adjust the law to the reality of social flux; the members of the other prepared to claim their natural right to ill-paid apprenticeships in the big Wall Street firms, expecting, perhaps, to firm up social reality to fit the law.

Lindsay decided that his future lay in private practice. His older brother, George, Jr., had graduated from law school one year earlier and joined the prototypical Wall Street firm: Debevoise, Plimpton, McLean; twin brother, David, would follow him a year later, joining another mammoth Street firm, Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Sunderland, and Kiendl. Within a year after leaving Yale with his LL.B., John Lindsay married Mary Harrison, a Vassar girl from Greenwich, the descendant of a Virginia family that traced its ancestry to two Presidents of the United States, William Henry and his grandson, Benjamin, and even, according to some genealogists, to Pocahontas.

AFTER an appropriate Greenwich wedding, the couple moved into an apartment in Stuyvesant Town, a vast partially tax-exempt slum clearance project for families of moderate means, constructed as a housing investment by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Lindsay had joined the law firm which is now—following a merger—known as Webster, Sheffield, Fleischmann, Hitchcock, and Chrystie. At all times Bethuel Webster has been the dominant figure in the firm. An outstandingly serious member of the New York Bar, Webster has never played a noticeable role in New York partisan politics, but he is known as a political thinker of incorruptible principle. Lindsay, according to a close associate, still quotes his precepts on politics and their moral grounding. On his part, Webster seems to have been quite taken with Lindsay, accepting him in a sense as a protégé. Lindsay made good progress; after four years, he became a partner.

At about the same time that Lindsay joined the law firm, he also joined the Republican Club for the Ninth Assembly District of New York County, including an area of the East Side of Manhattan which journalists had long ago called the Silk Stocking District; the same vague appellation, suggesting wealth and solid Republicanism, also attached to the 17th Congressional District which in great part overlapped the Ninth Assembly District. There was little to suggest that the decision to join a political club would turn out to be more

crucial in Lindsay's life than his decision to join the Webster law firm. Although one of his biographers has been at pains to suggest that Lindsay prepared for a political career by serving as a page at the Republican Convention which nominated Wendell Willkie for the Presidency in 1940, no trace of this early influence appears during his undergraduate career, nor during his days at the Yale Law School. He seems to have started in politics, as do many young lawyers, to keep wide the gates leading to political advancement, ending perhaps in a judgeship. In Lindsay's case, however, something sparked; politics attracted him, not because he represented a constituency trying to change American life for its benefit, or to prevent its being changed to its detriment, but because he liked the competition, the feeling that in politics he could sense his movement forward even without compromising his "deep-rooted beliefs." Lindsay—though his manner makes others forget it—enjoys power and success, without being satisfied with or even interested in the dollar standard of success that would almost automatically have been his if practice of the law—or the corporate affiliations that frequently grow out of it—had continued to occupy most of his time.

A suggestion of his distaste for the dollar standard appears in the answer he gave a close associate to the question of why he had left his partnership with the Webster firm (in 1955) to go to Washington for a job in the Justice Department. The associate reports that Lindsay said that while he had deeply enjoyed the practice of law when he first started out, the love waned when he became a partner. As a partner, he found he had to concern himself with the money a case would bring in, whether or not it would be profitable. This spoiled the fun, he said. He left the firm in the recognition that partnership was a first measure of a lawyer's success, but that partnership imposed the obligation to care about money.

This explanation of the attraction to Lindsay of politics—that it is an area in which success is not measured by money and in which you can seek success without committing yourself to the pursuit of dollars—is studded with ironies. One—and only one—would reflect the fact that only a short step separates suspicion of money from suspicion of those who are frankly activated primarily by making money. Lindsay appears uneasy still with those who are neither so rich that they can afford uplifting leisure nor so poor that they do not seek money for station, but merely for survival. On Lindsay's first day as Mayor of New York City, when the city faced strangulation and disaster from the effects of a total transit strike, the new Mayor went on television and urged his listeners to stay home. He told each to look in the mirror and see whether his job was important enough to bring him to work: a thought which seems to carry with it the suggestion that many

people work primarily for the self-important feeling it generates rather than for the income they derive from it. Secondly, he promised that he would speak to the employers of the city to see that they should not discipline those of their employees who listened to the Mayor and stayed home. Did he expect employers to pay their absentee workers? Could they afford this out of charity? Lindsay's words apparently emanated from a man to whom earning a living is on a lower order of reality than what he considers justice, less significant, less worthy.

ATTITUDES TOWARD money may indeed have been the distinguishing mark—if there has been any—between the liberal Republican, which Lindsay surely was when he joined the club in 1949, and the Northern Democrat. In 1949, which seems in retrospect a golden age of happiness, Harry S. Truman had just been re-elected President over the candidate of the Eastern liberal Republicans, Thomas E. Dewey. Those were the days in which "Creeping Socialism" was alleged, by Midwestern Republicans, to be a real and present danger to the nation; the same voices accused the Democratic party of seeking to produce the "Welfare State" in America. The "Welfare State," it should be remembered, had nothing to do with welfare as we know it. No one talked much about poor people then.

The Midwestern Republicans were busy telling their Eastern liberal colleagues that a vast army of true conservatives was camping in the hills, presumably in West Virginia, on election days; and that the only way for the Republican party to win the Presidency was to lure them down again by abjuring their adopted Democratic practices. The Eastern liberal Republicans, meanwhile, were convinced that the only way to win the Presidency was to get a genuinely popular candidate. Many believed that Eisenhower was an outstanding prospect. It is a mark of the narrow difference between the Eastern liberal Republicans and the Northern Democrats that many Democratic leaders thought that Eisenhower would be a good candidate for *them*, too. Eisenhower himself had no trouble deciding whether he would run as a Republican or as a Democrat; neither did Lindsay, who, three years after joining the Ninth Assembly District Club, was serving as chairman of Youth for Eisenhower. Despite their closeness, the two groups did differ.

The Northern Democrats and the liberal Republicans in 1949 shared attitudes on Negro "liberation"; on the enforcement of the first eleven amendments to the Constitution; on the importance of international commitments, including treaty obligations to oppose "aggression" and foreign aid. Both groups were primarily concerned with the well-being of the individual citizen, believing that the health of the state followed from his health. The difference between them might be

described as a difference in the importance they *generally* attached to economic matters in their assessment of individual well-being. A Northern Democrat was more likely than a liberal Republican to believe that insufficient income nullified the protection granted to the individual citizen by the Bill of Rights against the acts of his government. The liberal Republican, on the other hand, was more likely in 1949 to take an unequivocal position in support of Negro rights in the South.

This disposition suited John Lindsay perfectly. His interest in economics was not so strong (it was not, in fact, strong at all) as to lead him to weaken his principled position on the Bill of Rights in order to assure the passage of appropriations bills that might employ some of his constituents. He often, in the House of Representatives, roughed up the Democrats, including both President and Senator Kennedy, for their failures to press for principled civil-rights legislation because, as he suggested, they had to keep the Southern Democrats on friendly terms. Lindsay may have become a Republican, in part, because it was the *natural* party for a Buckley, St. Paul's, and Yale man without a strong bent toward political economics; he may have remained a Republican because of his personal ties to Bethuel Webster and, subsequently, to Herbert Brownell, Eisenhower's Attorney General. One cannot imagine Lindsay as comfortable with a Democratic elder statesman—Herbert Lehman, say. Finally, however, as a Republican, he had more scope for the principled advocacy of civil rights which, at least in his Congressional career, constituted the most important political frontier of his time. Several times he was quoted as saying that the only "justification" of the Republican party (one can almost imagine the sentences springing originally from Bethuel Webster) was its firm stand for legislation to make effective the Constitutional protections of individual liberty. If it did not stand on its principles in this pursuit, the Republican party would have proven itself worthless.

The Northern Democrats who considered that postwar civil rights have involved primarily the admission of the American Negro (now the black American) to full citizenship did not overlook the economic consequences of past deprivation. Full citizenship, therefore, must depend at least as much on economic as well as legal equality. This constituted the essential difference between the groups. The liberal Republicans could work for Negro progress while saying that they were radical in social matters and conservative in economics. For the Northern Democrats, this distinction was difficult if not impossible.

Shortly after the Eisenhower victory, Lindsay became president of the Young Republican Club of New York County. He had been active with his Assembly District Club in the campaign of Frederick Coudert for Congress against Irving Engel in 1950, was extremely active in the Eisen-

hower campaign against Adlai Stevenson in 1952, and supported Ives actively against Harriman in the latter's successful run for the Governorship in 1954. He had become a member of the Committee on Admissions of the Bar Association of the City of New York.

In 1954, Brownell invited Lindsay to come to Washington as his executive assistant, taking charge of the preparation of a voting-rights bill and other pieces of legislation. Lindsay accepted, spending 1955 and 1956 in Washington, on a leave of absence from the Webster law firm. Of course, one might argue that he had advanced so fast because he had benefited from lucky breaks. He had started a youth drive on behalf of a man subsequently elected President of the United States; he had been invited to join a law firm headed by an *ex officio* party leader; he had met and been admired by a fellow district club leader who became Attorney General of the United States, and who brought him for the first time into national politics. Yet even without these good breaks, it is hard to believe that Lindsay would not have been successful in Republican politics. His qualities include his good looks, as he must be tired of hearing. They also include an agile intelligence, capable of abstracting the central significance of a specific proposal, as long as the proposal interests him. Many people who have reported that Lindsay doesn't seem very bright to them have simply failed to interest him. "If Lindsay seems dull to you," a former associate has said, "it's either because you're taking too much time, or because you're on the wrong subject." The strength of his ambition, incidentally, has widened his arc of interest, although he continues to find it hard to maintain his interest in people who fail to meet his standards.

Highly competitive, he has the Yale-trained talent, vital in a New York constituency, of hiding his drives behind humorous self-deprecation—so long as his principles are not involved. An enthusiasm for battle—and a clear disinterest in its victims—spurs his perceptions during a campaign. Oliver Pilat, an experienced reporter who handled Lindsay's press during his 1965 campaign for mayor, said: "There isn't a better quick study in the world than John Lindsay on his way to address an audience on a subject he never heard of before he got into the car."

Would these talents have carried him as far as a Democrat?

One cannot say yes with certainty. In the "safe" Democratic Congressional Districts in New York, competition is tougher. One does not usually get the Congressional nomination on a first try without prior public service, usually in the State Assembly or the State Senate. Ideological differences between candidates become important in the heavy competition, and political mortality runs high among attractive young Democratic candidates. One of Lindsay's few shortcomings as a

campaigner—a tendency to lose his temper—might well have been more fully exposed in the clubhouse battles and doctrinal duels that have become standard entertainment among the majority of Democrats of Manhattan. Democrats in New York suffer also from the responsibilities of being in the majority. One of America's curious ironies made Lindsay a member of a minority group because he was a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant in New York County. As a Republican in Congress, he fell into the same category once again. His competitive intelligence turned membership in both minorities to personal advantage; he could remain true to his principles without disappointing his constituents through failure to accomplish legislatively what they expected. They expected nothing.

LINDSAY CERTAINLY enjoys the power and privileges of being Mayor of New York City, and, presumably, he will enjoy the even greater power and more impressive trappings of higher office, should he seek it successfully. It is doubtful, however, if he will ever again be as happy in a post as he was for the eight years that he represented the 17th Congressional District in Washington.

Many men have been deeply interested in politics, and yet could not abide the processes of the legislature in which nothing that happens seems real to them. Others have enjoyed serving in the Senate, after unhappy years in the sprawling House of Representatives; some legislators find, usually in retrospect, that they were at their most contented in the halls of a state legislative body, where the subject matter is clear and specific, the people and places affected by laws can be conjured up in one's memory, and one knows one's colleagues so well that the process of modifying and guiding legislation has the quality of a good poker game with familiar equals. For Lindsay, service in the House of Representatives provided him with an opportunity to work for the extension of civil rights for Negro Americans, and for the protection of the individual rights of Americans generally against the actions of their government. He concentrated particularly on matters which involved freedom of speech, discrimination in immigration, unfair restrictions on employment in positions which affect the national security. He was interested, too, in investigating the Title I Urban Renewal Program—a subject quite popular in Greenwich Village, where many of his constituents believed that the program was intended to move them out of desirable old homes in order that apartment-house developers might make money.

While the Title I matter had specific implications for his district, most of the other issues in which Lindsay was interested did not. They were, nevertheless, issues on which his constituents felt much as he did. Living in a section of New York

City which was proud of its sophistication, his constituents were happy that their Congressman stood up against reaction. Democrats were particularly pleased that he was a Republican, because it marked them as living in a district so advanced in its views that *even* a Republican representing them had to sound more advanced than most Democrats from other places.

Lindsay's important contribution was made primarily in standing up and discussing the issues; the ultimate legislative failure of a Civil Rights Bill in 1961 hardly scratched him; and Greenwich Villagers were as pleased by his asking for a full Congressional investigation of Title I as they would have been had he been successful. As a member of the minority party, particularly after the White House went to the Democrats in 1960, he was not really expected to do anything.

He had discharged his responsibility fully when he got to his feet, and, sometimes in clear defiance of senior members of the party, took a principled position in support of the Supreme Court, or in opposition to a proposal to codify the right of the states to preempt fields of legislation so as to prevent federal interference. There were, however, occasions on which Lindsay, in company sometimes with other Republican Congressmen, provided the margin by which a bill introduced by the Democratic administration passed the Congress, or was protected against damaging amendments, as was the case with the Civil Rights Bill of 1964.

As a member of a minority, he was not needed by his leadership to provide crucial votes in favor of issues to which he was indifferent or possibly opposed. As the representative of one of the most favored districts in the nation, needing nothing from Washington in the form of a military base, crop supports, or special treatment, he did not require favors in return for favors he might have had to grant over his scruples.

This most favored position, the result of minority-party status and the character of the district he represented, does not fully explain Lindsay's Congressional success. He succeeded also because he was vitally interested in the details of legislative drafting and of legislative politics. The precise wording of a law had fascinated him from his days in the Justice Department, when he learned that the language of a good bill not only had to pass Congressional scrutiny, but also to provide a path for enforcement; it had to be workable.

Lindsay was a popular Congressman; he did his job well; he made the House seem an important place; he provided a measure of strength across the aisle for liberal Democrats. And yet, reading his speeches carefully, his strictures against government interference in the lives of the citizens, his cry against government programs which produce "unimaginative housing which the average taxpayer cannot afford," one could scarcely find anything to offend a majority of his own party.

He managed to remain friendly even with Congressmen with some of whose views he strongly disagreed; Francis Walter, the Pennsylvanian who stood for precisely the kind of discriminatory immigration policies abhorred by Lindsay, was a splendid example. Walter was very helpful to Lindsay in the passage of private immigration bills, one of the few demands persistently put on him by members of his district. And, of course, nobody objected to his consistent attacks on the late Robert Kennedy. "I have looked in vain for vigorous action on the part of the Department of Justice," Lindsay said when Kennedy was Attorney General. He wrote a very strong letter to the State Department complaining about Robert Kennedy's and Edward Kennedy's foreign tours on behalf of the administration: "We question whether it is necessary for you and your office to be either burdened or embarrassed by freewheeling foreign missions on the part of highly placed amateurs who do not have the background, training, language ability or capacity. . . ."

Lindsay raised serious questions about the national involvement in Vietnam, long before a significant section of the population recognized the possible scale of the onrushing involvement. In January 1964 he told the House that Defense Secretary McNamara had given two contradictory reports on the future in Vietnam within a single week. "Is Vietnam's war against the Vietcong improving or deteriorating? Will the United States be able to complete the major part of its military task in Vietnam by the end of 1965, as the White House said last October? Or must this country prepare to step even deeper into that war. . . .?"

BUT EVEN while the Congressman played out his role in the deliberative assembly in the national capital, his staff saw to it that he remained closely in touch with events in New York. This staff was led by a young man named Robert Price who had made such contributions to the direction of Lindsay's first campaign that everyone connected with it sensed he would be Lindsay's future political manager. During an earlier Republican campaign, Price had managed simultaneously to complete his law-school work, cram for and pass the New York State Bar examination, support himself, and contribute eight hours a day to the campaign. Soon after one gets to know Price, one finds that his physiology must use a fuel different from that consumed by other people, producing a far larger output of energy per ounce than can be extracted by customary metabolic processes. To keep himself operating at a reasonable percentage of full efficiency, it appears often to have been necessary for Price to perceive the outside world as determined to thwart him and his colleagues. Clearly, the business world, in which performance can be quantified, provides the ideal locus for a human

phenomenon like Price. Election campaigns, however, have some of the same quality, and, for a young and impatient man, they have the virtue of quicker results. Price has been described by a colleague as the kind of scoutmaster who would arm his charges with brass knuckles and switchblades in order most efficiently and without interference to conduct old ladies across the street. One can imagine the feats of intelligence-gathering and the logistic calculations that would precede such an adventure; together with the prodigious misapprehension concerning his motives that would afflict anyone who observed the arming of his adolescent troops and listened to their battle orders.

As campaign manager to Lindsay—the assignment he took in 1960—Price had inestimable advantages: total recall, freedom from the vanity of wanting to be loved by stranger or associate, a keen intelligence, and, according to several newspapermen who have followed Lindsay's campaign, a lack of scruple, which some consider refreshing, others reprehensible. It enables him to tell unblushingly whatever the campaign strategy dictates the newspapermen should be told at any given moment. If, as some contend, men naturally are attracted to colleagues who, like adjoining pieces in a jigsaw puzzle, provide the psychic bumps to fit their psychic hollows, Lindsay, with his aristocratic hauteur, tendency to measure people initially by their manner and background, and quick, prickly response to any suggestion that tactical considerations had compromised his principles, would seem to have found a perfect supplement in Price with his indifference to the opinion of others, cold assessment of reality rather than manner, and disdain for traditional principle in the execution of his designs. But the men share qualities as well: a strong competitive spirit, ambitious drive, a reluctance to form long-term intimate relationships with anyone, impatience with those who cannot help them forward. Ultimately, too, both men are guided in a final sense by abstract notions, though of a very different sort. Price, indeed, may have been motivated by an intense loyalty to the Republican party, not on the basis of its principled stand in favor of civil rights in the United States, but as being a party free of cant, the liberal dogmas which so often and in so many ways interfere with the achievement of quantifiable goals of economic activity. Years after their first election campaign, Price and Lindsay broke up in a manner which has never been explained to anyone's satisfaction. Most explanations have stressed the probability that Price had become an embarrassment to Lindsay. It is probably as pertinent to suggest that Lindsay, or at least the Lindsay administration of New York City, had come to disturb Price because it was no longer what he thought of as a Republican administration; while there were undoubtedly other reasons for Price's wanting to leave as well—the uncertain

measure of success or failure must have disappointed him—Price, too, had his values.

IN ANY CASE, these problems lay far ahead in 1958, when Lindsay first went to Washington. Price came down immediately to make a logistical survey of the potential of a Congressman's office. How large a staff had he? How much could it put out to constituents in a day? What were the problems of printing and mailing? What would be an appropriate budget for communication with the people at home? Price also kept score on political events back home; he and Lindsay presumably worked out the strategies for each election, for handling the several factions in the party, for dealing with local New York appointments and patronage, and for maintaining liaison with leaders, both the local district and clubhouse party leaders and the leaders of national stature, those outside New York State, and the two men in New York State on whose decisions and action would depend so much of Lindsay's future: Javits, the senior Senator, and, far more important, the superbly self-confident Governor who had won his first elective office in the same election in which Lindsay had won his—Nelson Rockefeller. Both Rockefeller and Lindsay have had every reason for wanting to get along splendidly with each other: they are members of the same party, share the same general liberal-internationalist view of American potentialities, both are extremely good vote-getters, both benefit from having each other on the same ticket, and, finally, they differ enough in age so that they should be able to follow the same path successively, with enough time-space between them to avoid blocking or tripping each other.

At the same time, both men have every reason for not getting along. Their constituencies were very different when Lindsay was in Congress and Rockefeller was in Albany. They remain different with Lindsay now in City Hall. Rockefeller must deal with the upstate Republicans, who are far nearer to the Midwestern Republicans in spirit than are Lindsay's metropolitan constituents. The difference in age is as much challenge as reassurance. Rockefeller is no hastier to acknowledge his seniority than was the Marschallin in *Der Rosenkavalier*; and if Lindsay hears his national gong striking, as Rockefeller knows he may, neither man would expect Lindsay to stand aside because an older boy should come first. Again, like old Capulet and Montague, their bristling is often intensified by their retainers.

The two men differ temperamentally. While Rockefeller seems always to be straining for the common touch, emphasizing a flatness of accent in his own speech and relishing personal contact, Lindsay stiffens at the prospect of what he appears to consider cheapening himself. Rockefeller, seeking to balance his upstate voters with his city

voters, and, as well, expressing the fundamentals of his character, tries to solve each problem with a pragmatic adjustment which he usually bases on a shrewd assessment of what a man of limited means will pay for. Lindsay's insistence on rectitude often seems to imperil the adjustment. He has often said that American difficulties require a "reordering of natural priorities" and cannot be straightened out by further expedient compromises. On occasions when the public likes principles—as during the sanitation strike of 1968—he has been able to turn Rockefeller's apparent "flexibility" to his own political advantage. Lindsay remains suspicious of a man rich enough to afford a high moral code who yet seems publicly wary of it. Both men believe themselves to have been right in their uneasiness about the other. Rockefeller is said to feel that Lindsay cost him the Republican nomination for President in 1968 by his demand that the Governor bring in the National Guard during the sanitation strike. Lindsay is alleged to believe that Rockefeller cost him the Republican nomination for mayor in 1969 by secretly encouraging Senator John Marchi.

Even while Lindsay sat in Congress, his differences with Rockefeller on patronage created an atmosphere of instability which time itself accelerated. He could not stay where he was much longer; he could not run in a primary in 1964 against a Republican senator, nor wait for a general election in 1970 to follow what seemed likely to be the expiration of the first term of the victorious Senator Kennedy. There was only one place to go, in pursuit of the hierarchical principle that everything is possible on the political ladder except immobility. Against every sense of ease and comfort, against his own understanding of what he wanted for himself, Lindsay found he had to run for mayor, and, in the course of combat, he naturally forgot that this was not what he had wanted in the first place and why.

IV

AT 4 A.M. on January 1, 1966, Lindsay's Inaugural Day, the members of the Transport Workers' Union, led by Mike Quill, went on strike to support their demands for considerably higher wages. For the first time in the city's history all public transportation stopped dead except ferries and railroads. Since the basic principle that keeps New York City alive is mass transit, the city was crippled far worse than any other American city would have been. Private cars cannot do the job.

Lindsay had refused to take any serious action which might have headed off the strike. He had been unwilling to pay a visit to Quill in Quill's headquarters, or to go to meet him in private. He had announced that the labor negotiations were the responsibility of the outgoing Wagner

administration, and that his own obligation did not begin to accrue until the morning of January 1. Inescapably Mike Quill heard in these words, and saw in the Anglo-Saxon countenance of Lindsay (whom he called "Linsley"), a reincarnation of the English landlord who would not dirty his Savile Row trousers by sitting down beside an Irish cottage to meet a tenant man-to-man. The perception, rooted in Irish, and more particularly, Irish-American history, was somewhat garish, and its historical antecedents were askew, but there was a sense in which it was quite right. Lindsay did not want to dirty his hands, or the hands of his administration, with a labor-management relationship which, as he saw it, perpetuated the fundamental inadequacies of everything that had gone before in New York city politics.

In retrospect, it appears that Lindsay wanted to avoid not Quill himself, but bargaining, a process he must consider distasteful. His uneasiness over money has been noted; it was accompanied, or perhaps motivated by, the traditional conviction that any kind of bargaining involves an abnegation of principles. Many Americans, in this spirit, pay Oriental merchants their asking price, considering that saving dignity for both sides is more important than saving money for themselves. They do not recognize that the man across the bazaar counter feels precisely the opposite; for him, meeting a serious challenger in the artful sport of bargaining is more rewarding than getting the highest price from a fool.

Pre-Lindsay New York City labor peace had, since the acceptance of municipal unions, depended on long bargaining between the mediators, the union leader, and, in the last analysis, the Mayor himself. Only at the end could the union leader, his energies spent by the long struggle, offer his members a victory smaller than they wished. In support of the compromise, he had to show he had used his services without stint, and had, as their champion, met the Mayor as an equal. The Mayor, to make the process work, had to convey to the men that he knew, in his bones, how hard they worked, how much they needed more money, but how much also all the other working men and women in the city needed the services they alone could supply.

As a system, this bargaining would not have prevented substantial increases in the inflationary trend of the past four years. Even after making such an allowance, however, one must be shocked by the sharp rise in labor costs the City of New York has incurred under Lindsay. Sharper automatic rises will follow year by year under the present contracts, and will give Lindsay and his successors an even more terrifying budget gap between expenses and income. Of course, there was some brief initial compensation for the citizens who watched their Mayor take the principled stand that ended the bargaining system. In the course of the transit strike, the Mayor

explained on television that the city would not submit to threats by paying what the union then asked. Those New Yorkers not on strike were greatly heartened by the vision of their young and righteous champion. The strikers, having heard themselves reviled by the Mayor, stiffened their resistance. Ultimately, the city gave the strikers approximately what had been described as an illegal demand; it has been suggested that about \$30 million could have been sliced from the demand by a less public, though perhaps less gratifying method of negotiation.

Negotiation, which may simply be a more polite generic name for bargaining, is not one of the Mayor's favorite activities. This is not because he cannot be persuasive; he can, on the contrary, be extremely persuasive, particularly when he tries to recruit a new official on his team. His problem, in negotiation, is that when he has become convinced of the good faith of the other side, he seems inclined to go along with their wishes; he characteristically, for example, overpays the people he has recruited. Since, as is the case with most successful politicians, Lindsay reads another man's support of him in an election as *prima facie* evidence of good faith, one wonders how he will be able to keep control over the several political factions—Alex Rose and his Liberal party, the Reform Democrats, the Negro leaders, the Puerto Ricans, the Independent Democrats, and the Manhattan Republican organization—which formed the loose coalition that re-elected him in 1969.

This difficulty was not nearly so great in the days right after Lindsay's first election, because almost all of the men who came to power with him shared a simple creed, of which the insistence on changing the labor system was one example. Their belief was that everything that had happened in City Hall before their arrival had been venal and corrupt. They believed that Wagner's defects, as they saw them, accounted for most of the sorry condition of New York City.

In this spirit, Woody Klein, the Mayor's press secretary and a former reporter, announced early in the first term that "power brokers will no longer be welcome at City Hall." When someone asked him what a power broker was, Klein replied that the power brokers themselves knew who they were. This policy decision was ascribed to Robert Price, the campaign manager who, to the astonishment even of Lindsay's running mates, had become Deputy Mayor. The point of the policy was that Price wanted the Mayor to be able to make a fresh start, uncontaminated by contact with anyone who had been regarded by Wagner as the natural or elected leader of any private organization or national, religious, or racial group. Lindsay would therefore be able to deal with the people themselves. Such a suspicious view of contact with one's predecessors cannot profitably be held even by military governors of

conquered lands. They must recognize that they cannot deal with the native population at all except through those who are acknowledged by that population to have a measure of authority and acceptance, which must mean that they had ties to the status quo ante. Price himself admitted after he had left the administration, that the words he would most have liked to swallow were his strictures against power brokers which, he said, had made effective government impossible.

The Lindsay administration's suspicion of the previous administration began to fade only after Robert Sweet—an extraordinarily likable and generous man, a classmate of Lindsay's at law school—had become Deputy Mayor *vice* Price. But it—the suspicion—was widely shared by many people who were not actually involved in the administration, but whose support of Lindsay constituted a first plunge into local politics. Some, but by no means all of these, were young; others were wealthy; others, attracted to the arts, were traditionally apolitical. Lindsay was to many of them the first man who ever ran for Mayor of New York City in whose reality they could genuinely believe; he was the first who resembled people they knew; for others, he was the first candidate for public office in the city with whom they could imagine themselves having dinner or discussing the theater; for others, he was the first who seemed idealistic or visionary. Those Lindsay people who actually worked in the administration began to lose their pre-incumbency suspicions when they found that the greatest part of New York City government is actually carried on by career civil servants; without them—including the middle-management supervisors and even the assistant commissioners—no administration could survive. But to the enthusiastic supporter of Lindsay who never actually entered government, the civil service remained an invisible great sloth. Many of them said so—in print. The administration itself bore the brunt of the resentment this sort of talk engendered.

THE AWAKENING of a local political interest in sections of the city population where it had previously slept constituted elements of both strength and weakness for Lindsay during his first term. Politically, he would seem to have been helped by the new civic consciousness on which the newly aroused prided themselves. In a smaller city, perhaps, civic consciousness affects events; men and women volunteer to do municipal work which would otherwise be left undone. New York is too big to permit much municipal voluntarism. The Lindsay Building Department tried for a while to put volunteers to work taking complaints over the telephone, but the effort gradually palled. Civic conscience really doesn't solve the basic problems of the city: brotherhood slogans in the buses do not really change living conditions in the tene-

ment houses; the budget deficit of the city administration is not made good by contributions to such causes as the Urban Coalition; drug addiction and crime resist the efforts of well-meaning amateurs; private charity cannot begin to make up even the cuts in the 1969 state welfare standards, let alone raise them to a level which would satisfy organizations of welfare clients.

To the extent that the newly politicized by Lindsay were rich, they provided campaign funds for 1969; to the extent that they were young, they promised future strategic support; to the extent that they were literate, they provided excellent newspaper and magazine publicity. But the euphoria of the highly-placed and wealthy involves an inevitable liability. The not-so-well-off, reading how the Lindsay administration exceeds its predecessors in good works, begin to believe that they are getting less than their fair share. The Negro and Puerto Rican minorities, reading how devoted Lindsay is to their interests, raise their expectations and then wonder why reality does not change to fit them.

Another political cost to Lindsay of severance with the past involves the irritation felt by the large establishment of private agencies in New York City devoted to good works. The executives of these agencies had worked closely with the highest officials of the Wagner regime—many of them were in fact Democrats, but they had not regarded themselves as political partisans. Most of them—and their board members—had actually voted for Lindsay. Suddenly they found themselves exiled and described by this administration as “power brokers.” In the first few months of the Lindsay administration, they were among the angriest people in the city. Some of their wealthy board members sympathized with them.

ANOTHER group of people followed the election of Lindsay as Mayor of New York with quickened interest. This group included what James Q. Wilson has described as the modern mayor’s “audience” (as contrasted with his constituency). In this term Wilson includes the foundation executives who are keenly interested in urban problems at this juncture of American history. No matter how sophisticated they may be in political theory, and how much they may have come to respect the genuine contribution made to American cities by boss rule in the 19th century, the executives and their trustees continue to suffer from a personal uneasiness in the presence of what they take to be modern descendants of the old-time boss politicians. The election of Lindsay as mayor provided them—as did the election of the black Carl Stokes in Cleveland—with an opportunity to play a role in city government without having to filter through the political process as they ordinarily, and somewhat superciliously, conceived it.

Whatever may be the difference in “style” that

moved them, the foundation people clearly considered that the advent of the Lindsay administration offered them an opportunity to experiment in New York City government under laboratory conditions free from contamination by base political bacteria. A long list of foundations, including the Ford Foundation, the Russell Sage Foundation, the New York Foundation, the J. M. Kaplan Fund, contributed money for studies and pilot programs which could conceivably form patterns to be copied by other cities confronted with present urban problems. One of the tasks to which the Lindsay administration assigned first priority was a rearrangement of the city’s administrative structure. The Institute of Public Administration acted as project manager for this assignment, commissioning several reports on specific aspects of city government, and providing the technical framework for a special committee, the Craco Committee, which ultimately proposed legislation for introduction into the New York City Council. Howard Mantell, of the staff of the Institute of Public Administration, served on the Craco committee, which was chaired by Louis Craco, a lawyer and associate of Lindsay’s in his campaign.

The administration accepted the Craco report, and introduced the legislation in the Council in practically the same form as presented. The report, like the legislation, urged the consolidation of separate departments and agencies into large so-called “administrations,” of which there would eventually be ten, each including a number of agencies with related functions. The Police and Fire Departments were to continue independently. The Craco committee claimed that this reorganization of municipal government would endow the city with these blessings: “. . . opportunities for better planning, more sophisticated budgeting, sounder management . . . the development and implementation of more creative and effective programs and more satisfactory participation in state, regional and federal programs. . . .”

The report also promised economy, a pledge which should be discounted because the cost of everything has risen so sharply that it is practically impossible to calculate whether the costs of administration are less or more than they would have been, had the reorganization not taken place. The other blessings remain equally difficult to trace. What constitutes “better planning,” and how does one know when one has it? What are the new programs which consolidated “administrations” make possible? Before the Craco committee’s consolidation took place, Mayors of the City of New York had available to them the office of the Deputy Mayor for administration, as well as a personal staff of assistants who provided coordinating and liaison services between the commissioners of separate departments and the office of the Mayor. In addition to

this, some departments and agencies with common subject matter were coordinated by joint control boards; the agencies concerned with housing *before* the consolidation were represented on a Housing Policy Board, whose executive committee met regularly and did manage to establish city policy in this complex and difficult field. Once separate agencies—each of which, in fact, has a clearly differentiated area of authority—were combined into a single administration, there is some reason to believe that the effective coordination diminished rather than increased. Coordination between individual commissioners, each with final responsibility but all reporting equally to the Mayor, may well have been more natural than hierarchical staff meetings among the different branches of a single administration, in which the chiefs of large, constituent branches were likely to find themselves vying for status and success within the administration.

Another serious defect has appeared. City Hall's distance from even its most remote organized constituency can be covered, cheaply, by chartered bus within an hour. The citizens of New York have become accustomed to presenting their grievances, *en bloc*, only to the person in full charge of the department against which they have them. This, too often, means that the time of the administrator must be taken up with meeting groups which will not be satisfied to talk to anyone less than the highest boss. Instead of the efficiency of centralized authority, in which the administrator can select which of the several areas of his domain he is to focus his attention on, the administration system in municipal government makes the administrator—chief of a much broader area than that of a single department commissioner—focus his attention on whatever organized group among the population demands his attention.

IN SHORT, the establishment of major administrations may have made good sense from the point of view of an administrative scientist, but it failed to take into account the pressure of practical politics. The mayor of a city government is so close to his constituents that he must at all times be prepared to move into the field from which the shrillest squeals are rising. When the Lindsay administration first began, it seemed to have two alternative strategies through which to "redeem" the mistakes of the past: first, by improving the government function; second, by developing new programs to meet the city's social problems—raising the morale and sense of participation of the black and Puerto Rican poor, beautifying the city, elevating the tone and quality of public life. Before long, however, Lindsay found himself more and more deeply involved in meeting particular crises, and learned that instead of being able to depend on periodic reports from the administrators of the ten major

administrations, he had to rely also on a personal staff of assistants who took on responsibility for specific political problems: riot prevention, liaison with black and Puerto Rican dissidents, educational matters, labor crises, blockages and delays in public works, relationships with other levels of government.

The expectation that a change in the administrative pattern in the city would be followed by the "development and implementation of more creative and effective programs" also dimmed somewhat as time passed. First of all, one finds after getting into city government that the duplication and overlapping responsibilities do not immediately disappear as a result of the consolidation of independent functions of government. Picking out the duplication is difficult, and since many overlaps resulted from excessive responsibility, not from simple madness, the saving is never quite as great as one might have expected. Each of two agencies doing the same work has a logical reason for doing it; its staff does not fade away simply because one agency consents to a curtailment of its field of action. When the Lindsay administration had completed its reorganization, the daily business of government remained remarkably as it had been before; the same people worked at pretty much the same tasks, and government, which was never so bad as the newly elected imagine it was, and never so good as they imagine it will be, continued as though by itself.

There were no creative programs—or at least no more of them than might have been expected without reorganization—and where there were new emphases, as for example a new emphasis on urban beauty, the Lindsay method was no different from that of his predecessors. A temporary commission was set up under a prominent New Yorker (William S. Paley, in this case). A report was brought in, after a while. A new permanent agency was established, and the original commission members hardly retained their interest long enough to see whether the new agency (the Design Group of the City Planning Department) actually improved urban design, or, if it did, at how great a cost in the speed and efficiency with which such programs as housing or school construction were carried forward. In all too short a time the new agency becomes a part of the city government, providing not so much the new ideas with which it began but rather imposing another stage of review and approval in the process of putting up buildings to meet city needs.

Discouraging as it may be to the innovator, the tendency of city government to become routinized constitutes its strength rather than its weakness. It enables the government to persist without serious crises that would arise from the total collapse of a haphazard, nervous, or imaginative staff under new, incompetent, or highly individualistic leadership. Under Lindsay, as under his

predecessors, routine services in the city tend to deteriorate little by little; equipment ages, and, in inflationary times, replacements are always more expensive. The demands for service increase as the population changes and the newcomers require greater degrees of public service than did their predecessors. Technological change also makes public service *more* not less expensive, as the hospitals need new apparatus, the schools new and more modern equipment, and even the business machines in the city offices become far more complex and expensive to purchase and maintain. Higher salaries spread over a wider scope, and the higher cost of tools reduce the units of work available for the routine jobs of government. The streets are somewhat dirtier, the routine police services spread somewhat thinner, the fire department (responding to four times as many alarms in 1968 as it did in 1958) wears out its equipment somewhat faster. Even had Lindsay foreseen the inevitability of this decay, he would apparently have expected that his "creative" government would have overshadowed the practical but routine defects.

His re-election may justify his otherwise absurd faith in the abstract over the specific. Manhattan was certainly dirtier and more dangerous in 1969 than it was in 1965; nevertheless, the borough turned out enough of a pro-Lindsay plurality to carry him in over the deficits he accumulated in Brooklyn and the Bronx. The reason, presumably, for his victory was the acceptance by Manhattanites of the Lindsay "commitments" on behalf of the future prosperity of the black poor and on behalf of urban beauty. The dedication of money to urban beauty, incidentally, plays a vitally important part in the Lindsay political recipe—whether conscious or not—by which he appeals to the urban rich and the urban poor simultaneously. Urban beauty constitutes the reward to which the wealthy citizen considers himself entitled for his altruism in adhering to the cause of the poor. He serves his social conscience by making a political contribution for the poor blacks, and he receives a political green stamp: the promise of a more beautiful city. In fact, economics being what they are, he probably gets a small bit of the more beautiful city long before the poor black man gets what he thinks he needs and what has been committed to him.

COMMITMENT—without apparent programs—may be enough to keep rich men happy with municipal government, but the middle class and the poor, together for once, each demands something at once more specific than a vague promise and more general than the immediate response to the telephoned complaint which so gratifies the big contributor. The first Lindsay administration learned that developing creative programs in municipal government is hard, much harder than one suspected from the outside. The

first surprise came when the administration discovered that it was not so easy to attract the men of national reputation whose participation had been promised. Some appointments met this qualification perfectly: George McGrath came from Massachusetts with a national reputation in penology to take over the Department of Correction; Joseph V. Terenzio, a well-known hospital administrator, took over the Department of Hospitals; Howard Leary, bringing with him a fine national reputation, resigned as chief of the Philadelphia police force, to come to New York and perform a similar office for Lindsay; J. Lee Rankin, most recently noted as Counsel to the Warren Commission on the assassination of John F. Kennedy, agreed to serve as Corporation counsel.

Many of these men were, in fact, attracted by Lindsay's manner and obvious dedication to the public service; he has been described as extremely hard to turn down when he exerts his charm and persuasiveness. But it is clear also that these were career men in government or public service, to whom New York City service was an important upward move. Some, like Mitchell Sviridoff, served in the Lindsay administration for a period much briefer than expected; the departures may be inevitable, for some because the fillip of New York experience at the top of a *curriculum vitae* enticed prospective employers to make irresistible offers; for others because municipal administration turns out not to have been what they expected of it. To the experienced professional administrators, however, Lindsay added a rather surprising number of men whose claim to a post in the administration was simply political. They had worked with him in the Republican party, or on his campaign with the Liberal party. The most flamboyant of these, perhaps, was Thomas P. F. Hoving, who took over the Parks Department on the basis of a "white paper" prepared in the course of the Lindsay campaign. He generated great excitement over the use of the parks, setting in motion such contrary trends as the appointment of curators to preserve Central Park and Prospect Park in their pristine condition, and at the same time, or shortly thereafter, scheduling a series of "happenings" in Central Park, an incidental effect of which was to trample the shrubbery, scuff the grass, and generally leave the park in a condition resembling the washrooms on a commuter railroad car. Hoving left, as everybody knows, to become the director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; in no sense can it be said that, apart from generating interest in cycling in Central Park on Sunday and stopping the construction of the Richmond Parkway and the Columbia gymnasium, that he had developed a "creative" program for the parks or for recreation.

Other Lindsay political appointments worked out with consequences ranging from personal difference, as in the case of Sam Kearing, who

served with rare energy as Sanitation Commissioner but clashed with the Mayor over public statements and basic policy issues, through stark tragedy, as in the case of James Marcus, to solid accomplishment, as in the case of Richard Lewisohn, administrator of Economic Development. New programs of importance emerged in some cases, notably in the economic development field, where the city is aided by the Public Development Corporation, a body established under a state law which permits the city to extend a form of tax subsidization to industrialists, and to acquire land for development as joint industrial parks. In the Police Department, also, new programs were developed, primarily to provide for better utilization of manpower, and for deployment to meet major crises—riots and demonstrations. A number of events, including particularly the long teachers' strike of 1968, put the New York Police Department under great strain; its members earned a reputation for wise forbearance, though not without cost, measured by the property lost or destroyed which *might* have been saved with a more rigorous policy of enforcement. In any case, those who lost their property in riots or demonstrations felt that it might have been saved, a supposition as important in politics as fact.

One new program that Lindsay regarded as having the highest priority was a civilian review board in the Police Department. The battle over this issue was an angry one. The Mayor, making it one of supreme personal importance, summoned all the help he could, including both United States Senators Javits and Kennedy. Governor Rockefeller, although he announced sympathy for the review board, declined to campaign with the Mayor in the streets, noting that this was a local rather than a state issue. The Mayor, on his part, announced that he understood and sympathized with Rockefeller's point of view; this was the type of announcement which in effect proclaims its converse.

As the campaign wore on in the summer of 1966, it became clear that Lindsay increasingly regarded the issue as one of principle. While he might not say so, in his instinctive view those who were opposed to him on this issue were anti-black bigots, while those who supported him were among the elect.

Those who agreed with him regarded Lindsay during this campaign as a gallant figure, risking his personal destiny against great odds, willing, if necessary, to sacrifice his career for the sake of human dignity. Unquestionably, his stand on the civilian review board referendum solidified for him the support of many New Yorkers who had long been identified with liberal urban causes—the executives and board members of organizations devoted to the care of children, to race relations, to settlement houses, and civic reform in almost all of its aspects, except perhaps those concerned with fiscal policy and industry. These peo-

ple, and their sympathizers and supporters, had originally supported Lindsay during the campaign. The exclusion of "power brokers" from City Hall, the hard-nosed Price style, and the apparent willingness to regard anyone who had collaborated with the Wagner administration as an enemy, had disaffiliated them to a rather surprising extent. The civilian review board brought them back to stay. The civilian review board issue also tended to firm up pro-Lindsay feeling among black and Puerto Rican voters, although perhaps not so much as one might have expected. While these voters would have reacted negatively to any political figure who took a strong stand against the civilian review board (Frank O'Connor, the Democrat President of the City Council also supported it), mere support of the board did not constitute a serious political stance that would have kept their loyalty against attractive opposition.

AGAINST THESE positive factors, Lindsay's stand on the review board offended many. The suggestion that anyone who opposed the board was *per se* a bigot affronted those New Yorkers who considered themselves free of bigotry and who were nevertheless afraid in the streets. Many of these people simply felt that the issue was one of personal safety, and did not bother to analyze the issue further; others believed, with former Commissioner Broderick, that any disciplinary system which supplements the command responsibility of the chief of the department weakens the structure of the department and ultimately interferes with the way in which the individual policeman does his work: he must consider not only how his superiors will regard his work, but how it will be seen by a civilian appeals board. The people who took this question seriously did not enjoy being put in the ranks of the know-nothings and the bigots by the Mayor.

More important was Lindsay's willingness to put on the counter, where it could be weighed, his ability to persuade the electorate to follow his advice. When he failed to accomplish this, he granted immunity to all the elected officials—councilmen, state legislators, and borough officials—whose help he might need in the future. By making clear his inability to retaliate against them at the polls for any failure to cooperate with him, the Mayor indicated to them that they could deny his wishes without risk.

To those who consider that the principle of the civilian review board was essential, these disadvantages in Lindsay's program of support appear niggling: the old politics at its worst. His gallantry appears more important; but gallantry in a good cause resembles petulance in a poor one. Once the civilian review board was outlawed by the referendum, the issue disappeared from public attention. The Police Department established once again its own board to review complaints

from the public; there is scarcely a deader issue in New York City today than police brutality. What then was the point in raising the issue as a matter of principle in the first place?

The battle over the civilian review board marked the point at which the Lindsay administration found that it had picked the strategy of social progress over the strategy of "good government." The choice was surely not altogether conscious, nor as neat as the description suggests. It reflected not only the political pull of the wealthy Democrats and the social-welfare community on Lindsay, but also the unexpected difficulties faced by even a principled Republican in providing New York City with good government. These difficulties were made all the worse by Lindsay's natural tendency to treat money as a moral issue. It took him quite a while to discover that a preference for firm prices over bargaining can be maintained only as long as you can afford it. New York's Mayors can't.

Since the end of World War II, New York's Mayors and their budget directors (Lindsay's, Fred Hayes, was exceedingly well qualified) have devised an extraordinary series of shrewd maneuvers to keep the city technically within its legal obligation to spend no more on annual running expenses than it receives in taxes, fees, and state and federal aid. They charged the painting of municipal offices as a capital expense, used up emergency "rainy day" funds for routine expenses, and, finally, got permission from the State Legislature to balance the budget by borrowing against a future tax increase.

LINDSAY had resolved before taking office to end this disreputable finagling. Shortly after taking office, he asked the State Legislature to allow New York City to impose income taxes on those who lived in the city as well as those New York State residents who merely worked there. He expected that the Governor and the State Legislature would give him the power to tax at high enough rates to apply fundamental Republican doctrine—sound governmental fiscal policy—to the tangled Democratically-corrupted treasury of New York City. His astonishment over the refusal of the Governor to care about New York City's lapses from principled accounting methods turned to visible disgust when the legislative leaders backed Rockefeller. They were willing to give Lindsay the power to balance his budget—with some part of the taxes contributed by commuters—but they balked at the idea of taxing someone to provide future reserves meeting the principles of the Mayor of New York City. Setting up reserves hurts you at the ballot box, they knew; the funds later may be helping someone else—your successor.

Other politicians and political journalists were fascinated by Lindsay's obvious Albany irritations in his first year in office. He had, after all,

raised enough money to keep the city going without further borrowing, even if not enough to solve his fiscal problems permanently. Ordinary politicians, coming to Albany expecting to compromise, would have considered themselves victorious if they had achieved what the Legislature gave him, a tax increase, part of which was to be paid for by someone else's constituents, the out-of-city New Yorkers who would pay a commuter tax.

Lindsay, however, expected not only to get what he asked for; he seems to have expected to be praised by someone on high for having asked it. The failure to win this reward, coupled with the sense that he had been treated rather like a child for having taken fiscal principles seriously, probably dampened permanently Lindsay's appetite for dedicating his administration to the goal of achieving fiscal soundness. He had learned that to bring the men he wanted to city service—even those men without national reputations—he had to pay them salaries substantially above what they had been earning previously. Of course it was impossible not to grant major increases to the members of the unions working directly for the city, and to pay higher fees to the private corporations with unionized officials who do work under city supervision. The result of all this is apparent in the record: the last annual expense budget of New York City under Mayor Wagner amounted to approximately \$4 billion. Three years later, the Lindsay budget came to slightly over \$6 billion, a 50 per cent increase in four years. The increases in the next two years will be equally striking.

When Mayor Lindsay talks about money and government these days, he talks about a three-quarter billion dollar deficit in the 1969-1970 budget; or he talks about a \$55 billion grant from the federal government to make New York whole again. Staring at deficits of this size, it appears, no one in America can afford fiscal principles, any more than they can cling to the gold standard in a world capable of so high a level of production and trade. By now, Lindsay's administration has exploited the same kinds of shifts from operating to capital budgets that its predecessors had used. And the Republican fiscal principles have disappeared in the face of political demands. For example, 22 city-financed housing projects were in default on their mortgages in December 1969, without incurring city foreclosures. Even delinquent cooperators vote, and their hardships, in the face of rising costs, must be taken into account, even by the most principled Mayor.

Finally, the last blow to "good government" scarcely needs to be recalled; this was the Marcus episode, the first case in many years in which a commissioner of the municipal government was found guilty of taking bribes in office. The case was tragic, and personally quite painful to Lindsay, although Marcus could by no stretch of the

imagination be considered a close friend or associate of the Mayor's. Marcus's delinquency proved that man does not develop innocence by association. You can be a Lindsay supporter, and still be dishonest. Lindsay's close associates say that since the Marcus episode, he has become more wary, more suspicious, and somewhat less trusting of people. This description provides a misleading emphasis. Lindsay has always been somewhat wary of those who were not part of his entourage. After the Marcus episode his natural wariness extended even to the character of those with whom he was deeply involved. As the years pass, Lindsay, in office, makes up his mind, particularly on appointments, with the same deliberation, the same sometimes exasperating slowness that characterized his predecessor. In the long municipal night, all cats sooner or later take on the same gray color.

V

THE MAIN TROUBLE with designing New York municipal policy primarily to help the black and Puerto Rican poor is that just about anything New York government can accomplish is already being done. Their vast remaining needs are as far outside New York City's governmental competence as a city-sponsored space program. Giving the Negro and Puerto Rican poor psychic cushions—promises of your deep concern and interest—doesn't help them much, and ultimately they discover it. The same promises sound like threats to the other New Yorkers (including middle-class Negroes and Puerto Ricans) who only a few years ago were seeking to make their way up from what seemed to them the bottom of the American heap. It may well be true that the bottom was neither so deep nor so sticky as the bottom on which black and Puerto Rican arrivals now find themselves, but this qualification hardly matters to those who, in any case, feel that the government intends to push them back down. With aid from the foundations and from the federal government, the Lindsay administration has tried to help its black and Puerto Rican citizens move forward; but its accomplishments have been too small to satisfy any significant number of those who most need help. The pro-Lindsay vote rolled up in the last election in Negro and Puerto Rican districts could not be read so much as approval of the Lindsay record but rather as fear of the alternatives.

To move forward the poor blacks and Puerto Ricans of the city require advance on several different fronts simultaneously. Most important, of course, is the elimination of discrimination in employment and housing; this has by no means been achieved everywhere, but there are no apparent legal devices which the city has not tried.

No one, of course, will let the city rest on a simple program of non-discrimination. The founda-

tions, and many outspoken black and Puerto Rican leaders, demand that the government overtly recognize the handicaps imposed by past (and present) discrimination. To move their constituency ahead, they demand special favors from government—a quota of high officials in the city government, favored treatment of contract awards in the ghetto sections of the city, special admissions standards in the institutions of higher learning, and special appointments to principalships in the public-school system. While it is true that unofficial racial and religious quotas existed in the past, these were not overt; making the political appointments overt, bending the merit system in civil service to provide for the principalships, and finding ways to give out contracts to bidders who are not necessarily low or well-qualified on the record—all of these acts cause problems with other factions of the population. They may be questionable benefits—bankruptcy of an unqualified black contractor in the course of performing city-sponsored housing rehabilitation raises the cost of the housing without appearing to help the racial situation in the slightest. Qualifying the unqualified is a costly, slow process with uncertain results.

The endeavor not merely to stand upright on the issue of anti-Negro discrimination, but to bend backward, has caused Lindsay the greatest embarrassment during his administration. His appointment of William Booth, former president of the Queens NAACP, as chairman of the city's Human Rights Commission put into office a man who clearly considered that the New York Negro was suffering more than any other citizens from a denial, present or past, of his human rights. This sometimes caused him to brush off lightly the complaints of other groups who felt that their rights were not being protected with equal vigor, though admitting that their deprivations may not have been equally great. He was thus bitterly criticized by some Jews, particularly Jews of limited means. When Booth's term expired in 1968, he was not reappointed to the chairmanship; a political tempest stormed about his office, in which he continued to serve without tenure. He had the strong support of most Negroes whose words were printed in the newspapers and broadcast on television, and of wealthy Jews who were part of the social-welfare apparatus of the city. Lower-income Jews opposed him, partly offended by his somewhat abrasive personality, and partly frightened by his stand on such touchy issues as the refusal of taxicab drivers, many of whom are Jewish, to pick up Negro fares. Ultimately, Lindsay appointed Booth to the Criminal Court bench, a device made familiar by his predecessors. He was replaced by Simeon Golar, a member of the Liberal party and one of three commissioners of the New York City Housing Authority. Golar, also a Negro, was replaced by Roger Flood, a career civil servant

in the authority, also a Negro. Not a word of protest was heard from anyone at Booth's disappearance.

This style of politics, so foreign to the early days of the administration, was generally credited to Robert Sweet, Lindsay's appointment as Deputy Mayor to succeed Price. As political accommodation it was a splendid maneuver; it was a demonstration of the creative use of politics to avoid or minimize conflict. This, however, is not the "new" politics demanded by the foundations and the social-welfare constituency. These interests put the city administration under pressure to improve the educational progress of the ghetto residents, strengthen the quality of their communal pride, and contribute to their economic prosperity. How are these to be accomplished? The efforts of the administration in the field of education led directly to the long teachers' strike of 1968, with, as yet, no measurable progress in the educational achievement of the pupils involved in the experimental districts. The attempt to strengthen communal life in the ghettos has largely been focused on programs which the government can undertake in housing—so-called "model cities"—and social services connected with health, hospitals, and day care. In the area of economic prosperity, the city government is limited practically to trying to increase welfare benefits, and to permit or even to encourage pay increases by private agencies to the employees of unions with heavy concentrations of low-paid Negro and Puerto Rican workers, such as, for example, the hospital workers.

The teachers' strike has so often been discussed that little remains to be said about it, except that in retrospect it appears incredible that the Mayor could have permitted the establishment of an experimental district in Ocean Hill-Brownsville without ground rules and without recognizing that this was one of the most bitterly divided areas in the city.

THE PROGRAM of community development and community "control" in housing, model cities, and social services generally, has also produced a slowdown in the making of decisions. This has been denied by the chairman of Lindsay's Planning Commission, but it may be at least partly responsible for the fact that after four years of the Lindsay administration the city was having continuing difficulty in actually getting its capital projects into construction. In the last year of the Wagner administration, the city was actually spending about 28 per cent of the capital funds it had allocated to construction during the fiscal year. Four years later, the percentage had dropped to 21.1 per cent. Surely the increased communal participation in the planning of ghetto projects was not responsible for *all* of the added delay which these figures reveal, but it certainly was responsible for *some*

of the delay. Heightened community consciousness—which some social scientists believe is the necessary preliminary to individual pride and improved school and work attitudes—is clearly a preliminary also to heightened divisiveness between blacks and Puerto Ricans, among black leaders with different constituencies, among local groups with different economic and class interests. The divisiveness slows down the decisions as to what should be done where, and raises the specter of physical interference with actual construction. The disagreements in some of New York's poor neighborhoods have reached the point of physical violence. While it may be true that this intra-communal violence does not directly affect white citizens and that they should therefore remain indifferent to it, its effect is to stiffen the resistance against neighborhood integration which is characteristic particularly among working-class white New Yorkers in the outer boroughs.

Similarly the programs staged by the Lindsay administration to upgrade black working conditions have led to ponderous nonsense, inflaming the resentments of the white working population (and some of the black working population), while apparently escaping the Mayor's attention. An example of the cause of irritation was provided by Cyril Tyson, manpower commissioner of the Human Resources Administration, who told a radio audience in 1967 that he would not attempt to place an unemployed Negro as a taxicab driver. "This dead-end job has no future, and involves too little pay for too much work," Mr. Tyson told his listeners, in effect. Naturally, the taxicab drivers of New York, many of whom have sent children through college and graduate school, regarded Tyson's comments as a gratuitous insult. Their temper was not improved by the Lindsay administration's relatively favorable treatment of so-called gypsy cabs which are not licensed to solicit passengers on the street. (This helps to account for the peculiar bitterness against Mayor Lindsay expressed to their passengers, by most licensed taxicab drivers during the recent mayoral campaign.)

The administration's interest in permitting gypsy cabs to operate, primarily with Negro drivers—even though the manpower commissioner decried taxicab driving as an occupation for unemployed Negroes—indicates how difficult it is for the city to accomplish something constructive in the area of job improvement. Far more progress in Negro employment has been provided by the New York Telephone Company and Consolidated Edison—two private corporations among many, and listed here only because of their current widespread apparent unpopularity—than by all of the city's manpower programs. Some would argue that so-called innovative programs in the manpower field by city government hurt more than they help the economic progress of blacks and Puerto Ricans by raising ex-

pectations too high, by stimulating people to search for non-economic characteristics in employment, and by reducing adaptability to the real job market.

The result of this, from the point of view of the administration, is that the programs to improve the lot of the inner-city Negro have aided the black man only a little, while irritating the white middle class a lot, perhaps way out of proportion to the actual damage they have suffered. The Lindsay administration was peculiarly slow to notice the extent of its growing unpopularity in the outer boroughs. Its consciousness appears actually to have been awakened by a purely fortuitous circumstance, a heavy snowfall in the winter of 1968-69, following which the Sanitation Department was extremely slow to remove the snow from the streets of Queens. This aroused the bitter venom of Queens residents, not so much because of the snow itself, but as a supernatural confirmation of their view of the Mayor's neglect and disinterest in anyone but poor blacks and wealthy whites.

AN EXPLANATION of his slowness to respond to the political troubles he was facing in the outer boroughs cannot simply be based, as many explanations have been, on his indifference to the political consequences of his acts. He is, on the contrary, a highly political animal, anxious to preserve and expand his political potency, and quite well aware of who votes and who doesn't. He did not wish to offend the middle-class outer-borough voter in the search for programs to help the low-income inner-borough voter; he simply did not understand the extent to which he was incurring this liability. Partly Lindsay may have overestimated the importance of moves which he thought augmented his popularity: the tussle between the city and the Sanitationmen's Union in the winter of 1967-68 ended with an apparent political victory by the Mayor. He had demanded that the Governor bring in the National Guard to remove the garbage left behind by striking workers; the Governor, refusing, because of his genuine apprehension of the consequences, was made to appear a tired, morally insecure, and political timeserver. Lindsay looked and sounded like a bold hero. His popularity soared; the editorial pages were full of letters attesting to his political courage. The triumph must have been as sweet to Lindsay as it was bitter to Rockefeller. For Lindsay, it wiped out public recollection of the Marcus debacle, which had occurred only two months before; Rockefeller, on his part, has grounds for believing that his own sense of responsibility had been exploited by Lindsay to destroy his potential emergence as Republican candidate for President.

The triumph was so sweet for Lindsay that he did not recognize for more than a year that it was

also incomplete. New Yorkers in the labor movement were not impressed favorably by the Mayor's willingness to call in the National Guard to do labor's work. Housewives may have applauded Lindsay's courage; their working husbands condemned his anti-labor attitudes. Within a few months the episode had been forgotten by everyone. In April 1968, Martin Luther King was killed while visiting Memphis to intervene in a sanitationmen's strike in which the Mayor had adamantly refused to give in to a union whose demands were much further apart from his proposals than New York's sanitationmen had been from Mayor Lindsay. The Memphis Mayor was roundly criticized in the New York press, presumably with the acquiescence of many of the same people who had praised Lindsay for behaving in the same way that they were now condemning in Memphis. In the following year, the Mayor himself stated that his handling of the strike had been one of his worst mistakes.

Exaggerating the effect of his psychological triumphs was only one reason for the Mayor's failure to understand how his popularity had slipped in the outer boroughs. He probably also misread the nature of New York City's liberalism on racial matters. More particularly he may have expected that New York's egalitarian traditions of unionism and Jewish liberalism would keep the city free of racial fears. Unfortunately, the exploitation of the Negro in America has been so thorough that a strain of it even runs through the movement to liberate him. Some New Yorkers sensed in the development of black consciousness within the city a gathering force which might be used to offset the force of other organized sections of the population, notably labor. And even if this were not really in contemplation, there are people in the labor movement who would be prepared to believe it anyway.

The line of conjecture and influence is tangled but traceable. Thus, the building-trades unions are, to greater or lesser extent, discriminatory. Many who support the right of Negro Americans to full citizenship, attack the building-trades unions for their discriminatory policies. The building-trades unions are also monopolistic, economically restrictive, costly, politically regressive. One would have to be quite simpleminded never to have thought of the possibility that the Negro push to be admitted to the building-trades unions might also be used to pry open the ironfisted grip those unions have on the economics of construction. Similarly, the teachers' union has managed to clamp the New York City Board of Education into a rigid embrace in which individual merit is sometimes crushed while many procedural rules survive. It must seem quite reasonable to many parent and taxpayer groups to expect that the Negro push for more responsibility in teaching will also undermine some of the powerful positions held by the teachers' union in the city.

Naturally, the members of the unions involved perceive this threat to their power, and wonder if the wealthy are not assuming the guise of racial progressivism in order to accomplish some old and long-deferred union-busting objectives. Their wariness of Negro progress if it appears to endanger their own stature in the specific field in which they make their living may grow into hatred of the Negro himself. But this does not necessarily follow. The resentment may instead be fastened on the political leader who can be held responsible, particularly when the union members themselves do not wish to confront the shadow of a racial feeling somewhere within themselves that they did not know was there.

THE CASE is somewhat different with respect to the Jewish liberal tradition. Lindsay may well have believed that this tradition would dampen resentment against his efforts on behalf of the Negro. It would require extreme sensitivity to Jewish tradition to understand that Jews are characteristically liberal in racial matters in America at least partly because this helps the comfort of the Jew. Despite all the financial success that Jews as an average have achieved in post-World War II America, many New York Jews remain somewhat uncertain of their real position in American life. Some have managed to obliterate their private uncertainties by concerning themselves with the far more terrible plight of the Negro. The structure of this inner defense is given away from time to time in the most embarrassing of bromides: "I understand how you Negroes feel, because as a Jew I have been the victim of prejudice myself." Implicit in the statement—which outrages blacks—is the Jewish belief that the Negro is a vastly bigger and physically more powerful junior brother who can be relied on for joint defense against ethnic tyranny and violence. When it turns out that some Negroes do not wish to become the natural allies of the Jews in mutual protection, against the uncertainties of life in the Gentile world, the essential core of sympathy is weakened. For those older Jewish citizens who live in fear of violence, and more especially for those in the ghetto whose livelihood or life itself are threatened, the further suggestion of Negro violence (and its apparent acceptance by the Mayor) collapses the structure of sympathy altogether. Suddenly the Jews see in the Negro not a younger brother, but their ancient enemy, the bully boy who will stone a Jewish scapegoat because he has been diverted maliciously from seeking his natural goals.

This charge against Lindsay only becomes worse when those Jews who do not feel themselves particularly threatened by immediate violence lecture their co-religionists on the Jewishness of racial justice.

No one should have expected Lindsay himself

to understand these distinctions in Jewish thought, and even his Jewish advisers, who did not consider themselves immediately vulnerable and concentrated their attention on the long-range aspects of Negro life in America, could not help him much.

Far more important, however, in setting Lindsay's slow tempo in seeing how far he had alienated the middle-class non-Manhattanite with his turn to social welfare, was the lack of any quality in his training or temperament to prepare him to respond sympathetically to the working-class people involved. Too poor for gallantry or the acceptance of risk, and too rich to be worthy recipients of charity or sympathy, those people are the ones whom Pete Seeger has been singing about as "ticky-tacky." The term encompasses a set of attitudes common to many of Lindsay's closest associates. In fact, the Planning Commission, making a movie about its Master Plan in the last year of Lindsay's first term, used Pete Seeger on the sound track singing his "ticky-tacky" song to describe the kind of Queens one-family home development to which the Commission objected. The movie was not released, incidentally, until after the election.

On those occasions when Lindsay goes to visit the outer-borough, middle-class people, perhaps in the course of a campaign, they pose him no problem. Then they excite his own sense of obligation, they present a challenge to be met by the exercise of his great powers of charm, tested, as it were, on the battlefield of politics. But the same people seem very different when they come to him at a meeting at City Hall. There in the meetings of the Board of Estimate over which he presides, Lindsay does not feel his competitive spirit challenged by them; rather, his deepest sense of honor is outraged by what he was trained long ago to feel is the selfish quality of their demands: lower taxes, more services, protection of their little corner of the earth from invasion by anyone not qualified, as they, by having worked long years and schemed to put together what he sees only as a graceless way of life. When they are in front of him in City Hall, he finds himself disturbed by their repetitions of their demands, their willingness to forget that their needs are in fact less pressing than those of the impoverished thousands caught in the rundown tenements in the inner city. To the wealthy—and those raised with them—there is a quality of shamelessness in the insistence of an American working class that the government must help them particularly because they have *worked* during their lives, when it is so clear that they, in their own lives, have done nothing to achieve other qualities equally important to the preservation of the Republic. They have not thought about their national heritage, their land, their political traditions, their Constitution; they have no sense of having brought with them to City Hall "deep-rooted be-

liefs in such abstractions as beauty, truth, justice, morality. . . ." Certainly, alike as peas, and yet each one different, they agree that sportsmanship and fair play to poor people and black people are good but not, after all, when it means that your son won't get a decent education and won't get admitted to the city college (free) to make room for a black kid with worse marks. Although he tells himself that he must understand and sympathize with them—these working people who think that two hundred dollars in taxes are more important than justice—Lindsay finds himself too often quarreling with them at the meetings of the Board of Estimate. He argues not as an equal pointing out that they are trying to kid him a little—"It's not two hundred dollars this will cost you, but more like ninety"—but as a Sunday School teacher telling them to choose virtue and avoid repetition. "John should spend more time at the Board of Estimate hearings," said one of his close associates after the administration had been a year in office, "but frankly, we don't encourage it any more. Every time he gives somebody a lesson in the Ten Commandments, we lose fifty thousand votes."

Worse even than his arguing with these people from Brooklyn, Queens, and the Upper Bronx, when they come to City Hall, Lindsay seems to forget them when they do not come. The problems that seem so real to the people in the middle range of the city, to him do not seem real at all. He seems to conceive them only abstractly. Although he has spent large sums of money to meet their real problems, he and they meet nowhere: even with a smashing plurality in Manhattan, he ended up a minority Mayor, carrying the city with a smaller percentage of the total vote in 1969 than he had in 1965.

VI

AN AMERICAN politician who cannot command the allegiance of the working class, that non-revolutionary invention of American egalitarianism, American natural resources, and American industry—what chance would he seem to have for further advance on the political scene? Isn't it common knowledge that without capturing the old middle ground in American politics, no one can succeed in winning high national office, or in seriously affecting the course of American life? How then can Lindsay, having captured the rich and the poor New Yorkers, while losing a considerable majority of those between them, expect to extend his political triumph to other constituencies differently composed?

First, of course, Lindsay expects to extend his political base during his second administration. He is aware now of the weakness manifested during his first administration, and will try to combat it. In the course of his second campaign, he rallied to his support men and women with a

sense of working-class attitudes who supported Lindsay because the alternatives were clearly unacceptable. Presumably these people, experienced in day-to-day business management, will try to make the administration more popular with the middle class by increasing the number of physical projects that will satisfy middle-class needs, and tempering down those programs which offend middle-class attitudes. The Mayor himself has announced a new emphasis on getting things done—hospitals and institutions of higher learning, built particularly in the outer boroughs, would seem to have high priority.

But the effect of this influence on the second administration will be offset by the countervailing pressures from the other side. The inner-city Reform Democrats will, of course, continue to take special pleasure in stimulating those programs which will most outrage the outer-borough residents. And, after all, they can with justice claim that they won the election for Lindsay. He will continue to be vulnerable to attack from the Left, including the militant black leadership and local black community groups, who will be pushing him to take on more programs on behalf of the inner-city poor, while tending inevitably to ignore the question of whether the programs are actually effective. The pressures that pushed the administration in its first term will still be there. And though the Mayor has been told about the importance of responding to the section of the population to which he does not automatically respond, and will make a conscientious effort to do this, the net result may be somewhat like that of the tone-deaf child in music class. There is a big difference between moving your lips and really singing.

There is, however, the ultimate possibility that politics in America can be carried on without reliance on the old middle, or at least without reaching the middle through its working-class affiliation. If this is the case, Lindsay becomes a prototype, if a curious one, of what may be a more and more significant future politician, one who has moved away from the interest in *production* which has been the characteristic subject matter of American politics.

Production politics have been primarily concerned over the years with whether the nation should favor agricultural over industrial production; slave-labor over free-labor production; unionization or management prerogatives; production by cartel over freedom to compete. Politics has identified the combatants, offered an arena where the battle—not always non-violent—could take place, and generally found a way to effectuate a decision with which all sides have lived more or less peacefully. But a large and growing fraction of the American population has passed beyond the consummate interest in production that once preoccupied it. Even if that fraction is wrong, or partly wrong, and has not freed itself

from dependence on industrial products—if hippies must have twelve-transistor hi-fi sets to carry on their life style—the fact that they think of themselves as “freed” from slavery to “things” may still be important. The “sides” in politics may be shifting from an identification with conflicting producers’ interests, to an identification with consumers against producers generally; for a large and growing part of the American people are no longer involved with economic production at all. The students, whose length of study continues indefinitely now, are not part of the production process. The aged, who live longer than they ever did before, are no longer part of it. The wealthy, for the first time coming to resemble in America the “leisure” class of Europe, have involved themselves in art and pleasure and statesmanship. The poor are no longer significantly a working-class poor, and the assertion of their rights to a larger share in the wealth of the nation must depend on something rather different from the threatened withholding of their services. Other, new interests in the nation whose whole doctrine is anti-production make their entrance significantly into the political arena: the greatly augmented forces of the conservationists, for example. Lindsay has already announced that he believes an important role of government in the future will be the control of large corporations to an extent and degree never before seen. It is not inconceivable that a politics based on the identity of Americans as consumers, rather than in relation to their production role, could gather wide support from all those outside production, and even that it might attract some who are themselves concerned with the production process but who might tend to consider that a different identification is in the end more important. Remarkably, and probably not coincidentally, these are the groups that re-elected Lindsay.

Many obstacles would remain in the way of such a permanent alteration of the political lines. The non-working blacks and Puerto Ricans would soon be emerging in vastly increased numbers into the ranks of the working people, demanding their share of the products they helped to make, the services they helped to provide. They, in their turn, would resent as much as their predecessors the demands made by non-workers to be paid as well as they. Furthermore, Lindsay understood—as some of his advisers constantly insisted—that a government which tries slavishly to meet the demands of consumers ends up by destroying the productive process, satisfying nobody. Rent control, which keeps rents low for the benefit of some tenants, interfered with the production of new homes and quickened the deterioration of existing homes, unless it could

be administered with an eye to the needs of the landlord-producer as well as the tenant-consumer.

If, in a final effort to regulate production for the consumers’ sole benefit, government takes over the productive system, it turns out to be the most rigid producer of all. A rejection by the consumer of the products of government imperils the stability of the state. No force is left outside of the government producer to intercede on the consumers’ behalf.

BUT these are rational arguments. The bony structure in Lindsay, his deeply rooted system of beliefs, simply cannot accommodate itself to the idea that the government exists only to give people what they want, demand, or cry for at any particular moment. At any particular moment, the people may be wrong; their demands may be selfish. Truth is real and objective for him: it is not established on demand. Without, perhaps, analyzing the depth of his own uneasiness in the face of a relativistic morality, he finds he cannot accept it. Ironically, the system of beliefs that he brought with him to Yale, the system reinforced by Bethuel Webster and his own taste for the law, is the system of a producer economy of an earlier age than this one: an age in which the owner-producer could stand on fixed principles and fixed prices, when he gave his workers what *he* thought they deserved, an age in which, ideally at least, the producer judged himself by the same rigid scale he applied to others. Lindsay’s principles turn out to be the principles of Ruskin: the principles of the best possible product, judged by the creator’s own taste. The very qualities which have made it difficult for Lindsay to sympathize with the working people in this more flexible era that recognizes their right to determine what they shall earn, also make it difficult for him to adjust to a world in which the consumer sets the values, looking only to his short-term demands. When Lindsay’s drive for political success ultimately strains the last conscious flexibility in his principles, what will happen to him?

He is a little too old, perhaps, for a full run in the “new” consumer politics, a little too rigid to adjust, on a nationwide scale, to the “old” working-class politics. This would seem a reasonable prognosis of the Lindsay future. One would have to conclude that his final future may lie outside politics altogether. But then any reasonable prognosis of John Lindsay in 1944 would have placed him in 1969 as the senior partner of a big, respectable New York law firm; no sensible man would ever have guessed he would be twice Mayor of New York, and sensible people can clearly be wrong.

Zionism for the 70's

Robert Alter

You see, we would like you to be a Jew for the Jews and not to be a Jew for the Gentiles, because Gentiles reject moralism when it comes from a man without an army.

—Uriel Simon, reply to George Steiner at the Sixth Annual American-Israel Dialogue

The loss of the past, whether collective or individual, is the great human tragedy, and we have thrown ours away as a child tears up a rose. It is above all to avoid this loss that peoples desperately resist conquest.

—Simone Weil, *L'Enracinement*

BACK IN THE mid-60's, in that period which through the violent lurch forward of subsequent events now seems almost at an archaeological distance from us, a young Israeli writer named Ehud Ben-Ezer began to conduct a series of interviews with prominent Israeli intellectuals under the general title, "The Price of Zionism." The publishing history of Ben-Ezer's venture is itself an instructive instance of how the Zionist founding fathers managed to create a society which is far more open to scathing self-criticism than most outsiders would believe and yet preserves perennial tender spots of national defensiveness. Ben-Ezer's interviews appeared in *Moznayim*, the monthly magazine of the Hebrew Writers Association and thus the staidest of union house-organs, an official instrument of an aging cultural establishment. For several months, one could marvel at the paradox of finding sandwiched in between effusive appreciations of octogenarian third-rate Hebrew literati the most uncompromising statements by the subjects of Ben-Ezer's interviews on the "fascist mentality" of Israeli leadership, the moral wrongs perpetrated upon the Palestinian Arabs, Israel's betrayal of world Jewry, the capitulation of the Israeli intelligentsia to the blandishments of the governing clique. When, however, an interview with a leading spokesman of the so-called Canaanite movement produced an assault on the idea of Israel as a Jewish state, the editors of *Moznayim* balked, and the publication of "The Price of Zionism" was halted. Within a few months the Six-Day War broke out, and the interviews suddenly became historical documents.

It made a great deal of sense to be taking stock of Zionism during those long months of malaise that preceded the Arab encirclement in the spring of 1967. This was the period, one recalls, when Israelis were talking about a "crisis of values" in the Jewish state. The initial élan of the pioneer generation and the fighters of the War of Independence seemed to have spent itself; the Zionist goal of normalization of Jewish existence had been realized with a vengeance, producing, so it appeared, a way of life devoted chiefly to the creature-comforts of a consumer society; and Israelis were becoming aware of a newly-emerged "espresso generation" of self-indulgent, provincial young people to whom considerations of Jewish history, Jewish destiny, bonds with the Diaspora, were so much antediluvian twaddle. Armed confrontation with the Arabs, once thought to be a transitional stage, now seemed clearly a fixed condition of Israeli life for the foreseeable future; and in a confluence of declining morale and economic recession, emigration was beginning to exceed immigration for the first time since the founding of the state.

It is no wonder, then, that more reflective Israelis began to ask themselves whether, in retrospect, it had all been worthwhile, and Ehud Ben-Ezer's questions to leading intellectuals sought from them precisely an articulation of the moral, spiritual, and cultural cost of having fulfilled the ideal of a Jewish state. Had the Jews lost the intellectual breadth and sharpness of perspective generated through their Diaspora position of marginality by becoming in Israel the majority culture of a sovereign state? Surrounded by enemies, pervaded by a "siege mentality" (*toda'at matzor*), isolated from the great centers of Western culture, had they dwindled from a universal people into nothing more than the purblind inmates of an armed province? Had the Jewish state even fulfilled the most basic purpose Herzl conceived for it, the assurance of the physical survival of persecuted Jews, or, on the contrary, were two million Jews gathered in the Middle East only in order to be threatened continually with physical extinction, as they were nowhere else in the world?

For such unsparingly ultimate questions of self-justification there are no final answers, and there-

fore much of the meaning of both question and answer depends upon the mood in which the asking is done, the moral and political contexts of the question. I would guess that few of the participants in the interviews would substantially alter their responses today—and though there could be no consensus among such sharply divergent views, one can say that their answers were generally characterized by a reassuring freedom from evasiveness and an impressive ability to combine unblinking criticism with a reasonable thinking-out of the positive gains in the fact of national independence. Nevertheless, the contexts for these questions, which many Israelis continue to ask themselves, have changed strikingly since the mid-60's; some of the questions have been partly answered by the experience of the June 1967 war and its consequences, or at least have been pushed into the background of consciousness by the course of events, while other questions, or facets of questions, have become sharper, more urgent, more inevitable.

Perhaps the most important contextual change is a new sense of confidence in the viability of Israel's national consciousness, in Israel's inner coherence as a society. Especially coming from America, where we seem to live more and more in a state of mutual suspicion, estrangement, perhaps even dread of one another, one is struck by the solidarity—and I mean solidarity, not nationalistic fervor—that makes itself felt now in Israeli society. Israelis have long been known for the abrasive, abusive, intrusive ways in which they tend to relate to each other, at least in public intercourse, but one is more frequently aware nowadays of the obverse side of this abrasiveness—a familial assumption of familiarity, an involvement in one another's fate not just as fellow citizens but quite simply as fellow men. Factionalism, to be sure, remains as sharp as ever; Orthodox and secularist are still separated by mutual hostility; and the genuine integration of the Jews from the Arab countries is far from an accomplished fact. But after having faced together the idea of annihilation in June 1967, this people is imbued with a sense that it is, after all, one vigorous people, belonging together, self-reliant, firmly committed to building its life and to playing its role in history on this particular strip of tragically disputed, blood-soaked soil. The question of physical security is of course now a more central concern than ever before, though it is by no means an exclusive concern, for building a life is hardly identical with fortifying a bastion, and Israel's most remarkable achievement—both before and after the Six-Day War—has been in its sustained ability to pursue the two tasks simultaneously, the one it wants to perform and the one historical necessity imposes on it.

The very paradox of this achievement makes it difficult at any time to generalize very safely about the Israeli national mood. During the past

two-and-a-half years that mood has been marked by a new confidence and a new grimness, a sense of excitement about the multiplying possibilities of social, economic, and cultural development, occasionally darkened by forebodings, a sober determination existing side by side with something like genuine ebullience. This contradictory compound of moods is well to keep in mind, for it is above all a full awareness of paradox that is necessary at this uncertain point in history in order to make some sense of what the realization of Zionism has actually meant.

THE EARLY Zionist leaders, we might recall, were divided on the ultimate rationale of the movement. According to Herzl's political Zionism, the return to Palestine was above all a solution to "the problem of the Jews," the only logical means, in an era of exclusionist nationalisms, to provide for the physical security and basic civil rights of the beleaguered Jews of Eastern Europe. The position of Ahad Ha-am's cultural Zionism, on the other hand, was that the purpose of settlement in the Land of Israel was essentially to solve "the problem of Judaism," to create, that is, a viable autonomous community which, in a modern secular context, would preserve and develop whatever was precious in the ethical and spiritual heritage of the Jews, thus serving as a focus of meaningful national identity for Jews everywhere. Subsequent events would demonstrate in the most horrific way the greater realism of Herzl's emphasis, while the utopian and moralistic aspects of Ahad Ha-am's approach would come to seem increasingly more dubious; but the two large goals remain the ones against which Zionist achievement must be measured, and all that can be asserted with confidence now is that seven decades of Zionist enterprise in this century have provided no clear answer either to the problem of the Jews or to the problem of Judaism. What has happened is that the fulfillment of Zionism has radically shifted the grounds of both problems, and the nature of this shift has been especially apparent since June 1967 in regard to the problem of the Jews.

One incontrovertible fact which is clearer now than ever before is that the existence of Israel has actually introduced a new element of threat to the physical security of Jewish populations in many parts of the world. The hundreds of Jews wasting away in Egyptian prisons; the Jewish victims of Iraqi public murder dangling in the squares of Baghdad; the thousands of Polish Jews hounded out of job, home, and country; the masses of Soviet Jewry subjected to official campaigns of hatred, risking penal servitude or worse for any attempt to express their identity as Jews—all these would not have suffered the harsh fate they have suffered, at least not on the scale they have, if there were no independent Jewish state. This is, it would seem, a grim but inevitable price

to be paid for Zionism: Israel's existence, after all, has not in itself generated completely new hostility toward Jews in the countries where we now see it expressed, but it has provided a most convenient reason for hostile nativist masses to hold Jews in sharp suspicion, and a ready pretext for official persecution, even as it gives some of these same Jews a new source of pride and hope.

The more crucial arena, however, where the prospects of Jewish survival are in question, is on the soil of Israel itself. Most of us, I suppose, after nearly two decades of Jewish statehood, had come to take Israel's existence more or less for granted. The new and terrible idea that forced itself into Jewish consciousness in those last days of May 1967, as enraged mobs waved skull-and-crossbones banners in Cairo and the incendiary rhetoric of Arab leaders promised "final victory," was the notion that it really was possible to destroy Israel, that a holocaust might yet be a future possibility, not just a trauma of the past. When an unthinkable possibility suddenly becomes thinkable, one's whole imagination of a subject is transformed, and this is, it seems to me, what has occurred in our consciousness of Israel since June 1967.

In Israel itself, the security situation now acts more than ever before as a vast Rorschach test that elicits expressions of everyone's private neuroses, insensitivities, psychological quirks, secret fears and desires. Most Israelis, however, feel very little apprehension about the physical safety of the state but rather a firm sense of confidence in the nation's defense capacity coupled, in some cases, with a cautious uncertainty about ultimate eventualities. In the June war, the world, the Israelis themselves, and, most important, even the Arabs, were given irrefutable evidence of the incredible resourcefulness and skill, and the devastating effectiveness, of Israel's armed forces. There is good reason to believe that in the two-and-a-half years since the war, despite Russia's massive rearmament of Egypt, the military gap between Israel and its Arab enemies has actually widened, as Israel continues to perfect the techniques and implements of modern warfare and the whole country begins to feel the impulsion of a major technology explosion. Since June 1967 there has been an exodus of scientists and technicians from Egypt, while Israel, by contrast, has seen a flow back of highly trained Israelis long resident abroad to fill the many new jobs in the expanding electronics and aeronautics industries, in the growing research and development enterprises that are now attracting European and American capital.

According to the projection of Herman Kahn and his associates in *The Year 2000*, Israel's gross national product per capita by the end of the century will be close to \$6,000, Egypt's something like \$480, which hardly suggests that time is on the side of the Arabs, as they like to say.

Israelis are aware of this, see it all around them in the signs of rapid development in the country that make the feel of the place so different from the lagging years of the earlier 60's. And so there is confidence in the nation's future, together with a sober coming to terms with the possibilities of personal danger or bereavement, whether through reserve duty or at home, as the border war and the terrorism go on. Learning to live with continuing crisis has been a historical necessity for Israel; compared with the fear and hysteria rife in some American cities and on a good number of our campuses, Israel feels almost like an island of tranquility.

YET it is hardly possible for Israelis to view "the problem of the Jews" within their borders complacently. The price of "solving" this problem appears almost every morning on the front pages of the newspapers in the photographs of the two or three young men who have been killed somewhere along the borders during the preceding twenty-four hours. Israel is, after all, such a small country—one can hardly talk to half a dozen people without running across at least one who has not just lost a close friend, a neighbor, a relative, in the interminable fighting. History becomes a kind of Moloch for Israel—the more familiar biblical comparison with the binding of Isaac no longer seems adequate—exact as the price of national existence a repeated delivery of the first-born to the sacrificial flames. When I said something of this sort not long ago to a historian friend, he concurred in the sentiment of distress but suggested a perspective of comparison: the Nazis in one day at Babi Yar killed many more times the number of Jews than the Arabs have managed to kill in three wars and all their attempted incursions and campaigns of clandestine murder in between during twenty-two years of conflict. Israel's existence is an affirmation by the Jewish people that it will suffer no more Babi Yars; those nineteen-year-olds whose faces stare out from the front page of *Ha-aretz* die so there will be no more Babi Yars.

And, of course, even about this there can be no ultimate assurance. It is encouraging to note that the Arabs, however irrationally self-destructive, have never been openly foolhardy in the steps they have taken toward Israel—even Nasser in 1967 acted on what must have seemed to him a reasonable risk—but given the violence of Arab frustration, one cannot entirely rule out the possibility of their resorting to cataclysmic—and suicidal—means of attack like poison gas or biological warfare. Perhaps more imminently, with Russian now audibly the chief language of communication along the west bank of the Canal, the specter of more direct Soviet intervention cannot be easily exorcised, despite the awareness that Russia positively needs Israel's continued existence in order to keep Egypt, Syria, and

Iraq in a state of dependence upon Soviet military aid.

Certainty, however, is not a quality that really obtains in the realm of history, and it is probably true that Israel's predicament differs somewhat in degree, but not at all in kind, from that of most other nations. Yeshayahu Leibowitz, the intransigently critical neo-Orthodox thinker, may be right in claiming that the whole Zionist notion of guaranteeing Jewish security was based on a 19th-century assumption about collective physical security as an integral part of normal national existence, but that in an age of proliferating weapons of ultimate destruction, no one anywhere can really count on such security, certainly not over a long range of time.

As far as "the problem of the Jews" is concerned, then, national independence could not be a final answer but rather a means of asserting as much autonomous control over the uncontrollable as is humanly possible. Against the contention that nothing has substantially changed, that Israel's predicament is merely a replica on a worldwide scale of the situation of East European Jewry, a ghetto surrounded by hatred and suspicion, under the heavy shadow of potential attack, it must be stated emphatically that everything has changed because of the fact of sovereignty. Millions of Jews from the First Crusade to the Final Solution were passive victims because their location as a minority, as resident-aliens on sufferance, made it politically, tactically, psychologically impossible for most of them to be anything but passive victims. By establishing a sovereign state, Jews have resuscitated the possibility of initiating action rather than merely responding to the action of others, of controlling in some significant degree the conditions that are literally matters of life and death to them. If the painfully limited options open to Israel in foreign policy draw our attention to the naiveté of the old Zionist slogan about the Jews being able to "make their own history" again, it is nevertheless true that the State of Israel represents a radical reorientation of the relationship of Jews to history. Israel above all does not *feel* like a ghetto because its citizens have a strong sense of being able to exert a large measure of control over their collective destiny—a stronger sense, ironically, than many Americans are likely to have at this point in history. If the sense of mastery is in part illusory, it is not different in kind from the pragmatically necessary assumption of free will most of us live with as individuals, however illusory *that* may be in the dizzyingly complex and murky interplay of forces that determines our actions. Whether illusion or provisional fact, it has worked, keeping fifty million bloody-minded neighbors at bay for two decades and allowing a new society to develop which, whatever its psychological needs or inadequacies, is remarkably free of fear.

Since I have stressed the value of sovereignty, it is worth pointing out that Israel has escaped the self-hypnotizing fanaticism of many nationalist movements at least partly because sovereignty was not a sacrosanct ultimate principle for the Zionist consensus but rather a highly desirable condition that circumstances eventually made, quite simply, a necessary one. Ben Halpern, in his detailed history of the Zionist idea,* reminds us that the unique situation of Zionism among all the nationalist movements of the past century and a half made possible a certain flexibility in the basic conception of national fulfillment: "Zionism could afford to be ideologically reasonable, because it was not bound to the nationalist myth of an autochthonous populace aroused to rebellion against foreign rulers. It could regard sovereignty, like any other national aim, either as end or means, according to the circumstances." The nature of circumstances in the twenty years between the Balfour Declaration and the UN Partition Decision made it progressively clearer that sovereignty was the only possible means of attaining even a minimal fulfillment of the most fundamental, and the most morally unassailable, of Zionist goals, saving the lives of Jews. The series of murderous assaults by armed Arab mobs on the Jewish populace of Palestine beginning in 1921; the British Mandatory's abrogation of even the humanitarian aspect of the National Home clause of the Balfour Declaration in cutting off Jewish immigration as Hitler was preparing the gas-chambers; the refusal of the Arabs to co-operate politically with Palestinian Jewry or to consider any bi-national alternative, and, finally, their unwillingness to agree to the admission of even 100,000 survivors of the death-camps in 1946—all these made a sovereign state inevitable if the physical safety and minimal human dignity of Palestinian Jews were to be protected and if a dependable place of refuge anywhere in the world were to be provided for persecuted Jews.

THE FACT THAT sovereignty does not have an absolute logical priority in Zionist thought may seem at this historical juncture a matter of purely academic interest, but I think it helps explain something about the distinctive tenor of Israeli nationalism. One should not, of course, pretend that Israelis are never myopically nationalistic, or at least often preoccupied with their own pressing national concerns to an exclusion of any vivid imagination of problems elsewhere. Nevertheless, the fact that national independence has in some respects been conceived as an indispensable means to other ends helps make possible a degree of critical distance from it, allowing an indeterminate middle-point between the extremes of patriotic reflex and dis-

* *The Idea of the Jewish State*, Second Edition, Harvard University Press, 493 pp., \$15.00.

affected recoil so commonly observable in national states elsewhere. At least one global, and moral, perspective is imposed on Israeli nationalism through the unquestioned sense of obligation it preserves to provide a place of refuge for any Jews in the world who need refuge, no matter what the social, economic, and cultural cost to Israeli society. (Conversely, the outpouring of support from Diaspora Jewry during the Six-Day War, together with the increased isolation of Israel in diplomatic forums and in public opinion, has led many Israelis to feel that all they can dependably count on in the world aside from themselves is other Jews, and there is perhaps a greater readiness now to recognize Diaspora Jews on their own terms rather than imagining them in the old Zionist stereotype as columns of refugees with packs on their backs preparing to go up to the Land.)

The rhetoric and ideology of classical Zionism were emphatically messianic, and one can still encounter in Israel an occasional unreconstructed messianist, like David Ben-Gurion, but by far the most prevalent conception of sovereignty among Israelis is instrumental, not messianic. This is, I would contend, the single most reassuring fact about the Jewish state as it has been realized. The history of the past fifty years has made hideously clear what mad realms of uninhibited ruthlessness are opened when a political state imagines itself as the dawning fulfillment of some chiliastic process. Nations obviously relate to one another in terms of power, not morality, but power may at least be qualified or held within certain limits by considerations of morality—provided one does not regard all other nations as instruments of one's own eschatology and thus lose all concrete imagination of the humanity of people on the other side of the border.

Classical Zionist messianism, it should be said, was uniquely humane and gentle-minded among the political messianisms of this century, but the people in whom it most prominently survives in Israel today, the Greater Israel group, however far from resemblance to the ideological butchers of Europe and Asia, are precisely those who find it possible to dismiss the human and national claims of Palestinian Arabs in the interest of a manifest destiny of Jewish rule within "biblical" borders. We have heard again and, alas, again, about the messianic cast of the Jewish mind, in everyone from Marx and Freud to the last Jewish SDS leaders (German or American) at the barricades. Against this rather facile cliché one might well set an observation by Ernst Simon in an essay called "Are We Still Jews?" written in the first years after the founding of the state. The most essential posture of historical Judaism, Simon argued, has been its resistance to false messianisms, its refusal to say with Christianity, with Islam, with Sabbatianism, with Marxism, that the redemption was already unfolding. The most Jewish quality, then, of Israel would be its resis-

tance to a messianist conception of its own existence, and what Simon was urging as a moral necessity for the new state in 1952 seems, as we enter the 70's, largely the assumed attitude of the majority of Israelis.

BUT THIS brings us from the problem of the Jews to that of Judaism, and here the sorting out of assets and deficits becomes even more complicated because so much of vital importance that cannot be weighed and measured is included under the second problem. Ahad Ha-am, a profoundly secular mind of a sort that is no longer so common, did not of course have the survival of institutional religion in mind when he spoke of the problem of Judaism, but rather the sustenance of Jewish values, identity, cultural tradition, and, above all, the continuing of the millennial pursuit of absolute justice which, with some apologetic strain, he saw as the distinctive Jewish vocation among the peoples of the earth.

As a matter of fact, the moral and spiritual authority of institutional Judaism has only been compromised by the mode of coexistence with political power that it has assumed in Israel. Having become, in the proper sense of the term, an established religion, official Judaism in Israel has in far too many instances been more narrowly self-interested, more venal, more cynically indifferent to serious social questions and ethical concerns, than it ever was in its decentralized, non-political condition in the Diaspora. Perhaps the final proof of the spiritual bankruptcy of the partnership between Orthodox religion and nationalism is the fact that since June 1967 unconditional annexationism has enjoyed much currency in the National Religious party, and one can even hear the precedent of the genocidal wars against the ancient Canaanites invoked in certain Orthodox circles as a guide for the present. Fortunately, the spectacle of former Head Chaplain Goren sounding triumphal blasts on the *shofar* at the newly-conquered Wall does not in any way mirror the ethos of the Israeli army, and while the Arabs repeatedly announce their conception of the conflict as a *jihad*, a holy war, the corresponding rabbinic notion of *milhemet mitzvah* has been applied to the present situation only by a small, and powerless, minority of Israelis. The only kind of "holiness," in fact, that is allowed to get into the actual Israeli conduct of the war is the Israeli army's inculcated policy of *tohar ha-neshek*—literally, "purity of arms," that is, killing only when necessary, never wantonly, always with a weighty sense of what it means to take human life. And in contrast to the occasional holy warriors, the prevalent Israeli attitude toward the conflict was stated with pointed succinctness by the journalist Amos Elon in a response to Mordechai Piron, Goren's successor, during the 1968 American Jewish Congress American-Israel Dialogue: "I would rather fight for Dayan than fight

for God. I feel much safer! I can also exercise my rights as a free citizen, as a voter and as a citizen of a democratic state. I can hope to depose Dayan, if I disagree with him; I cannot hope to depose God!"

THE CREATION, then, of an essentially secular Jewish state, within which a secular Hebrew culture could flourish, is itself a healthy condition. But is it, ask critics of Israel with increasing frequency since the Six-Day War, a morally justifiable condition? What is at issue is not Israel's actual behavior toward the Arabs, now or in the past, though that in itself has been incredibly distorted in some circles, especially on the Left, and has scarcely been properly appreciated anywhere. It is probably a demonstrable fact that the civilized restraint exercised by the Israeli army in June 1967 is quite unparalleled among conquering armies in modern times, and since the war the West Bank administration, while minimizing military interference with civilian authority, has actually established a greater degree of legal equity than ever existed under Hussein. In the treatment of the terrorists themselves, Israel has not only afforded every protection of due process, but it also exempts them from capital punishment, under the general provision of Israeli law for all crimes except genocide. All this, however, admittedly does not answer the one basic question that is pressed with greater urgency these days from many sides: Does a Jewish state *belong* in an area where, even as late as 1947, the majority of the population was Arab? How can Israel be imagined, even in the most diffuse sense, as a continuation of the moral heritage of Judaism if its existence depends upon a manifest historical injustice?

Much obfuscating ink has been spilled on this question, and it seems to me that tendentious simplifications on either side are to be avoided at all costs.* It helps, though it provides no full answer, to be able to dismiss as a cynical fabrication, or the result of appalling ignorance, the frequently voiced notion that Zionism was a premeditated scheme to dispossess the Palestinian Arabs and drive them from their land. (Even so revered an intellectual guide as Paul Goodman could allow himself, in a letter to *I. F. Stone's Newsletter* immediately after the June war, to refer to the Zionist "invasion" of Palestine in 1948!) What is morally crucial from the point of view of the Palestinians is effect, not intention. For this reason, the familiar Zionist argument may well alleviate, but cannot finally answer, the moral question—the readily documented argument, I mean, that the Zionist settlers came to build, not

to exploit or conquer; that they purchased the land they worked, *dunam* by *dunam*, reclaiming much of it from swamp and desert at an enormous cost to themselves in lives and effort; that their labors brought a marked improvement in the material condition of the whole region, thus actually stimulating a sizable Arab immigration to Palestine; that they resorted to arms, scrupulously restricted to defensive use by all except extremist splinter groups, only after repeated Arab attacks; that there would have been no mass of refugees in 1948 if the surrounding Arab states, and the Palestinian Arab leadership, had abided by the UN compromise decision instead of trying to wipe out the Jewish settlement. These are facts that it is important to keep in mind, but they do not in themselves clearly justify Jewish sovereignty in a country where there had been an Arab majority for twelve centuries, even with the persistence of a continuous Jewish settlement since ancient times. Buying land is basically a private transaction, even when the purchaser is a National Fund; reclaiming desert land and ameliorating the economic, hygienic, and ecological conditions of an area are communal, but still not political, acts; in any case, the connection of any of these steps, however legal or laudable, with political autonomy is far from self-evident.

It was the strenuous belief of most Zionist leaders that conflict between Jewish and Arab nationalism was not inevitable. For a fleeting moment, in King Feisal's famous declaration to the Zionist delegation before the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, this belief seemed to have the possibility of becoming fact. "We are working together," Feisal had stated, "for a reformed and revived Near East, and our two movements complete one another. The Jewish movement is national and not imperialist. Our movement is national and not imperialist, and there is room in Syria [i.e., the region including Palestine] for both. Indeed, I think that neither can be a real success without the other." This was precisely the Zionist ideal of relationship between Arab and Jew, but given the imperative inner logic of Arab nationalism as an autochthonous movement of national self-determination, it could not so easily afford to compromise any part of its putative sovereignty over Palestine in this high-minded fashion, and Feisal himself soon hedged in his own beautifully diplomatic statement with qualifications and equivocations.

That Zionists could continue to believe for so long in the compatibility of the two nationalist movements was probably, as the Israeli political scientist, Shlomo Avineri, has suggested, a psychological defense-mechanism on the part of the Zionist leaders. Humane, idealistic men, many of them fervent socialists, they could not easily have gone on with their own enterprise in the clear knowledge that it would necessarily mean depriving Palestinian Arabs of their right to self-

* For a rare attempt by an Arab to look at the question dispassionately, with a sense that there is more than one legitimacy involved, see George Hourani, "Palestine as a Problem of Ethics," *Middle East Studies Association Bulletin*, February 15, 1969.

determination and would probably lead to armed conflict as well. It is an essential part of this whole historical tragedy that Jewish and Arab nationalism were virtually coeval, a fact that lends to their relationship an almost biblical aspect of two siblings struggling over a single birthright. One of the siblings, to be sure, was quite willing to compromise and share the birthright in a variety of ways; but it takes two to make a compromise, and it must be said of the Arabs, whatever the destructive expressions fanaticism took among them, that there was no clear *legal* reason for them to compromise, unless one is misguided enough, or hypocritical enough, to invoke the biblical divine promise of the Land to the Jews.

THESE IS, then, no easy way out of this moral dilemma for Jews, but everything depends upon how one balances one's sense of contradictions and opposing claims of justice. I would like for a moment to compare on this issue a view "From Without"—actually the title of an essay—by George Steiner with one from within by an Israeli. Steiner's statement appears in an eloquent argument against nationalism presented as a paper at the 1968 American-Israel Dialogue,* and I will later refer to it again because it is such a fine articulation of a universalist reaction to Zionism. After an initial apology to his audience for presuming to address himself to these sensitive issues as an outsider, Steiner proceeded to describe Israel's situation in this fashion: "The existence of Israel is not founded on logic; it has no ordinary legitimacy; there is neither in its establishment nor present scope any evident justice—though there may be an utter need and wondrous fulfillment."

The doubleness of attitude here seems to me just, yet there is something disquieting in the neat polarity with which the ambivalence is expressed, that yawning gap marked by the disjunctive dash between the barely qualified statement of moral censure and the concessive affirmation of imperious necessity joined with quasi-theological rhetoric ("wondrous fulfillment"). One's doubts increase as Steiner goes on to evoke the suffering of the Arab refugees almost as though Israelis were unaware of it, and to claim that it might well be "our job in the Diaspora" to be the bearers of Jewish conscience, to preserve allegiance, when Jews have a physical homeland, to the morally prior Jewish "homeland of truth." (Could Steiner have been aware that he was echoing, of all people, Lamartine, who in his fervid French nationalism once asserted, "*La vérité, c'est mon pays*"?) I would contend that Steiner, for all the honest anguish of conscience reflected in his position, has taken an easy way out. If one stops to consider the ambiguities that are involved in personal morality, not to speak of political morality, one must conclude that his view of the conflict is not really moral but only moralistic. That

is, he allows himself to describe historical events in absolute moral terms, and because, obviously, they cannot measure up to these terms, he must conclude that there is not "any evident justice" in the establishment of Israel. On the other hand, since, intuitively, he cannot condemn the actual existence of the Jewish state, since, in fact, with his Holocaust-haunted vision of Jewish fate in the Diaspora, he positively needs Israel in his world-picture, he has to leap rhetorically from censure to wondrous fulfillment across a vacuum.

Let me set against this position a very different formulation of the same dilemma by Shlomo Avineri in his interview with Ehud Ben-Ezer.† After stating quite candidly that Zionism could only have been realized by subjecting Palestinian Arabs to a manifest injustice, Avineri continued:

It is nevertheless possible to see the justification of Zionism vis-à-vis the Arab question in morally meaningful terms. Not in black and white terms, in the sense, "the country is ours and they have no right here," but in terms relevant to the nature of a moral choice, that is to say, a choice between two alternatives neither of which absolutely satisfies all moral requirements but one of which will be a lesser violation of morality than the other. At least after the Holocaust I think this much can be said: that if the alternatives are that the Jews should have a place they can call their own at the cost of uprooting several hundred thousand Palestinians from their lands and resettling them in another part of the *same* Palestine, or that the Arabs should continue to occupy their own lands while the survivors of the Holocaust have no place to go—then, it seems to me, the establishment of the State has a justification.

From the viewpoint of a Palestinian Arab, this moral calculus may seem brutal, but its sober balancing of claims is persuasive, and it is especially admirable in the way it works out in painstaking moral terms, as Steiner does not, the problematic connection between "utter need" and evident injustice. The history of Zionism has been a progressive foreclosure of historical alternatives. Conceived as the only logical solution to the problem of the Jews in Europe, it was unfortunately a national movement in need of a territory which arose at a time when the regions of the earth had already been parceled out, when the indigenous peoples of colonized areas were already beginning to conclude that they had a right to political autonomy and to the absolute disposition of the lands where they lived. Even if there had been a feasible territorial alternative to Palestine, the profoundly felt historical connection with the Land of Israel made it the only place in the world that could stir Jews sufficiently to unite in a national movement and take the steps necessary to save themselves, as the fiascos of colonizing

* *Congress Bi-Weekly*, February 24, 1969.

† *Moznayim*, July 1966.

schemes in Uganda, Canada, the United States, Argentina, and elsewhere abundantly demonstrated. With the new restrictive immigration laws in the U.S. and other Western countries after World War I, only the nationalist alternative was left open for rescuing the masses of European Jewry, and only in Palestine. Finally, as I observed earlier, the complete intransigence of the Arabs during the Mandate period, supported with increasing thoroughness by official British policy, made an independent Jewish state the only way to insure Jewish survival.

It should be noted, moreover, that the vise of historical necessity grips as powerfully now as ever, so that Avineri's moral calculus must be projected on the future as well as set against the past. Since June 1967 a good many high-minded humanitarians have tried to argue that in view of the unending bloodshed in the Middle East, it is "immoral" for the Jews to persist there as an independent political entity. From such observers, one hears vague and naive—or are they cynical?—mumblings about "bi-nationalism" or "confederation," in utter disregard of the fact that the Arabs are even less willing now than they were in the past to contemplate anything of the sort. More frequently, the suggestion is made that the Jews, in all justice and reasonableness, ought to be prepared to accept the status of a minority with equal rights in a Palestinian Arab state. The only conceivable response to such a suggestion is that we have been there before. Apart from the American experience, two millennia of exile offer little evidence that Jews can hope for anything like equality in minority status, less so than anywhere else today among Arabs, who have suffered two decades of humiliating defeat and have been saturated still longer with the most vicious hate-propaganda.

But even if one grants the utterly fantastic assumption that Israeli Jews could become a minority in an Arab state without endangering their physical well-being or cultural autonomy, could any conceivable Arab state in Palestine be expected to maintain an open-door policy on Jewish immigration? Are, then, the enlightened moralists of the world, in order that the Jews should maintain a chemical purity of moral posture toward the Arabs, really prepared to see a repetition of the infamous spectacle of the 1930's, with the thousands of Jews driven from Poland today, or the three million in Russia, should they ever be given a chance to leave, or the Jews of Argentina or anywhere else where oppression is possible, abandoned, trapped, with no place on earth to go? On these grounds, it seems to me not only morally justifiable, but morally *obligatory*, for Israel to preserve at all costs its integrity as a Jewish state. History leaves us bitter alternatives, but if the only way to preserve that necessary integrity is through the deadly perspective of a gun-sight, then that is how it will be preserved, until

Israel's neighbors can bring themselves to allow a better way.

I WOULD like to return briefly to the contrast between Avineri and George Steiner on the moral issues of Israel's existence. It is, admittedly, a little risky to use the two as representatives of the Israeli and the Diaspora Jew respectively, because there are obvious differences between them of individual temperament, Avineri in his more prosaic thinking inclined to dispassionate analysis, Steiner exercising a gift for evocative lyric exposition that is not without its pitfalls of self-dramatization. Nevertheless, I think a good case can be made for the view that Steiner is able to sustain throughout his presentation such a high-sounding note of moral idealism precisely because he speaks from the irresponsibility of his position on the outside, morally judging a historical situation while remaining disengaged from its practical—and moral—complexities. From this lofty position, he can combine an eloquent enunciation of admirable principles with an impressionistic method of conceiving matters of political morality through symbolic images.

In the conclusion of his paper, for example, Steiner uses as an instance of the potential subversion of Jewish values in Israel a photograph he had seen in the newspaper of Israeli police swinging clubs at a procession of Arabs mourning the anniversary of their defeat. Now, one should not pretend that Israelis have never been guilty of callousness or moral obtuseness toward the Arabs, and Steiner may have been quite right in his interpretation of this particular incident. His remarks, however, show no awareness of the actual predicament the Israelis face, where an act of mourning could easily be the first stage in a plan of disruptive and incendiary protest, nor does he indicate any recognition of the restraint generally exercised by the Israeli authorities, and what that restraint must cost in the face of continuing provocation and acts of terrorism. Compared with the heatedly disputed decision of the mayor of Jerusalem, a few months after the 1968 Dialogue, to allow the Arabs in East Jerusalem to erect monuments to their war dead, the morality of Steiner's observation seems cheap because, quite literally, it costs him nothing. When Uriel Simon, professor of Bible at Bar-Ilan University, suggested to Steiner that the nations of the world do not trust the moralizing of a man without an army, he was not implying that morality or justice springs from the barrel of a gun, only that a man's morality becomes fully credible when he can still exercise it with a gun in his hands. Conversely, the force of moral right without an army, as no Jew should need to be reminded, carries pathetically little weight among the nations of the earth. Thus, it is at best a quarter-truth to say that the UN agreed to establish Israel because of

the bad conscience of the nominally Christian nations vis-à-vis the Jews. The Partition Plan was from the start quite unworkable without the fullest Arab cooperation, which surely nobody could have seriously expected, so that its approval was a way of deciding on no solution at all, ending the Mandate and leaving Palestinian Jewry to sink or swim in a sea of Arab hostility. Afterward, despite the fact that Israel had been established through a UN resolution, Britain, Canada, Belgium, and France at first refused to support its application for UN membership; and England, along with many of the enlightened Western nations, agreed to grant Israel recognition, and to concur in its admission to the UN, only after the decisive victory over the Egyptians in the Negev which demonstrated beyond any doubt that the Jewish state had the armed strength to sustain itself against its enemies.

It is easy enough to survey from a distance the great dismaying panorama of mankind and identify with the suffering humanity of the Czechs, the Vietnamese, the Biafrans, the Arab refugees, but it is a far more demanding, and morally credible, business to confront from day to day people who are trying to destroy you, and still retain some operative awareness of their humanity. Perhaps the most significant respect in which Zionism has shifted the grounds of the problem of Judaism is in again placing full political power in the hands of Jews, thus imposing on them the full weight of responsibility for their actions. For Jews outside Israel, especially when they are self-conscious universalists who consider it a higher obligation to remain free of serious allegiance to any nation-state, it is possible to excise historical events from their contexts, abstract them, integrate them into an elegantly consistent moral theory. In Israel, on the other hand, Jews are inexorably forced to confront moral problems in their full historical concreteness, to test the strength of their values against the brutally resistant medium of political actions.

Back in the 30's, proponents of a bi-national Palestinian state used to warn their fellow Zionists that the alternatives between which they had to choose were Athens and Sparta; that is, if they followed a course which would make statehood concomitant with encirclement by hostile neighbors, the new Jewish nation, instead of becoming a center of humanistic culture and social experiment, would be an armed camp, living perforce by a militaristic ethic. With the conflict still going on, there can be no grounds for complacency about such a grave matter, but Israel's greatest triumph in twenty-one years of existence is that it has proved those dire predictions to be so utterly wrong. The Israeli army has remained not only the one completely efficient institution in Israeli society, but the one that most fully preserves the egalitarian and pioneer ideals of the socialist movements in which it originated during the

Mandate period as an underground organization of self-defense; and in a nation of immigrants, it continues to play a uniquely important role in civic—not just military—education, in Hebrew-language instruction, in career-training, and in other processes of constructive acculturation. Israel, moreover, is virtually alone among the new small nations in the unquestioned subservience of the military to the civilian authority. The Israel Defense Force is an elite among armies, yet it has produced no military elite to threaten the integrity of Israeli democracy, and given the nature of both the army and Israeli political institutions, there seems little likelihood that it will do so in the future.* While one must concede that there are individual Israelis who have been hardened, or worse, by the continual exercise of military power, and while the question of whether Israelis have come to hate Arabs cannot be answered simply—especially in the case of Jews from Arab countries!—the persistence in this embattled people of humane values under inhuman stress is for the most part quite remarkable.

ISRAEL CAME INTO being as the embodiment of a historical paradox. The Zionist idea would not have been conceived, could have had no motive force, without a deep emotional and imaginative loyalty to the Jewish past, not only the biblical past, but, in a more complicated way, even to the Diaspora past where, after all, much of the life and memories of the people to be saved was embodied. On the other hand, Zionism was of course a manifesto through action that the previous two thousand years of Jewish history were all wrong, that the national values implicit in the experience of exile, helping to prolong it, had to be radically transformed. In Israel that radical transformation has been consummated, and now it seems, surprisingly, far less radical than some of the early Zionist thinkers had imagined. In other words, the doubleness of attitude of Zionist beginnings continues today in the ongoing ambivalence of Israeli society toward the Jewish past, which alternately appears as an oppressive dream, a haven for nostalgic imaginings, a happy hunting-ground for passionate antiquarians, a rippled, time-pocked mirror of identity, and even, on occasion, a wellspring of values. Ahad Ha-am was both right and wrong about Zionism and the problem of Judaism; the Jewish state has "solved" the problem by keeping it urgently alive, by turning it into an inescapable dimension of the daily life of a nation.

Simone Weil, commenting on the inner collapse of the French nation in the face of Nazi attack, observed that peoples resist conquest to preserve their past, while the French had will-

* For a thorough analysis and documentation of this whole extraordinary phenomenon, see Amos Perlmutter, *Military and Politics in Israel*, Praeger, 161 pp., \$6.50.

fully discarded their own past as a child might tear a rose to pieces. The apparent incongruity of the image she chose reflects a fine perception of the facts under consideration. Protecting the past, which is, after all, protecting the integrity of one's identity, may necessitate the use of violent means in a world of violently exercised power. The past itself, however, is as delicate, as fragile and subtle, as a flower; its own intrinsic existence is not in the sphere of power, so it may be protected, but never sustained, by the implements of power, while its possessor can easily destroy it, almost with the casualness of an afterthought. At a time when, in the profound malaise that has beset most Western societies, we proceed to obliterate our past in the most cunning, reckless, and smugly self-deluding ways, Israel tends to be set apart by its consciousness of the past as an obscure but peremptory necessity of identity—a necessity felt, moreover, by the younger generation as well as by the founding fathers. Inevitably, it is because of a shared past, onerous yet precious, that these men and women have come together from many lands to live a renewed destiny on this soil. However rapidly Israel rushes into the avant-garde of the new technological future, it continues to feel the gravitational pull of the past from which it so self-consciously derives.

This suggests still another paradox embodied in the realization of the Jewish state. One of the chief features of Jewish existence since the breakdown of the old belief-system and the old sequestered social world has been its decidedly ideological character. Zionism, Bundism, Enlightenment Hebraism, Yiddishism, Reform, neo-Orthodoxy, and a good many forms of Jewish political liberalism or radicalism, were attempts to articulate a particular set of cultural, political, social, or theological ideas into a programmatic rationale for continued Jewish existence after the collapse of the traditional world order. Israel came into being through the implementation of one of these ideologies, but the program having been achieved, there is no longer a need for ideology as a sustaining medium of cultural life. Instructively, Israel is the one place in the world now where one needs an ideology in order not to be Jewish—hence the Canaanite movement, which looks back to a pre-Judaic past among the Semitic peoples of the ancient Near East in order to find a historical point of departure for its conception of Israel as a Hebrew-speaking nation fitting into the larger geopolitical “Semitic sphere” (*merhav shemi*), unconnected with the Diaspora or the Jewish past.

I do not mean to imply that being a Jew in Israel, as many Israelis still like to say, is a completely “natural” state. No condition so perplexed, so insistently problematic, deserves to be called natural. But in Israel it is more easily possible to be a Jew without the tendentious-

ness endemic to ideologies; definitions of Jewishness can be modified empirically instead of being dictated by a *a priori* principle. Ideologies all relate to history, though in a peculiar and often unsettling fashion. Beginning with ideas conceived in order to interpret history and to affect its future course, ideologies absolutize the ideas they incorporate, cutting them off from their empirical ground and elevating them into quasi-theological principle. Such principle, moreover, is often treacherously unreliable because, overtly or covertly, it usually turns out to be a principle of self-justification.

LET ME CITE a very pure instance of an ideological statement, among the declarations of an anti-Zionist manifesto issued in 1897 by the Executive Committee of the Association of Rabbis in Germany on the occasion of the First Zionist Congress: “Judaism obligates its adherents to serve with all devotion the Fatherland to which they belong, and to further its national interests with all their heart and with all their strength.” Deuteronomy does enjoin us to love the Lord our God with all our heart and with all our strength, but surely not to love the Fatherland in identical fashion, and even the accommodationist principle of rendering unto Caesar what is Caesar's is Christian, not Jewish. What the good rabbis were doing, of course, in the crude tendentiousness of this fabrication, was to convert their own political and social self-interest into a theological principle, supposedly grounded in history (or, in this case, tradition)—it was not the rabbis' personal preferences but “Judaism” that required every Jew to be a loyal German.

Virtually anything can be asserted of “Judaism,” conceived in this ideological fashion, and in fact George Steiner, acting on a much more ennobling impulse than those German clerics of Mosaic persuasion, has affirmed exactly the opposite—that the Jewish vocation in history is to be a citizen of doubtful loyalty, an eternal guest, a figure who, unlike the benighted nativists of the world, considers a passport as a dissolvable bilateral contract, not a sign of membership in a mystical community. One would hardly want to begrudge George Steiner his personal commitments, but it seems a little suspect for him to insist on elevating a historical predicament into an eternal imperative. Thus, in the crescendo of a universalist credo, speaking on behalf of the historical Jew, he writes: “Yes, I *am* a wanderer, a *Luftmensch*; ‘unto the elements free.’ But I have made of my harrying, and of the ironies, stress, sophistication such harrying provokes in the Jewish sensibility, a creative impulse so strong that it has recast much of the politics, art, and intellectual constructs of the age.” The language here gives intimations of self-justificatory strain. The Jewish contribution to modern civilization has been quite remarkable, but the moment one

converts this fact into a Mission ideology, one can easily slip into an apologetic overstatement of even so remarkable a case. To cite the much-exaggerated instance of the Jewish contribution to Western literatures, in perfect candor, it is hard to think of many Jewish writers beside Heine, Kafka, and Babel, who are not, after all, second-rate. In any case, there are clearly no Jews among the giants of Western literature—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Tolstoy—all of whom, in fact, were in their various ways passionate if liberated nationalists. Continuing in this fashion, however, the next, and concluding, sentence of Steiner's credo verges on the maudlin because its tendentiously selective view of historical facts makes it seem what he surely did not intend it to be, a gesture of self-congratulation: "I am a fellow-citizen of Trotsky and Freud; a *Landsmann* of Kafka and Roman Jakobson; I need the same visa as Lévi-Strauss."

Steiner's universalist argument on the intrinsic moral deficits of Jewish statehood is flawed at the core because, having conceived universalism itself ideologically, he posits ideological nationalism as the only kind of nationalism. Working from this premise, he can suggest that the darkest treason of all may be "to yield one's intelligence, one's moral uncertainties, one's instincts, into the hands of the nation-state." But surely this characterization does not fit the relation of the individual to the nation-state as such; what it does describe aptly is the individual's relation to the *totalitarian* state, or at the very least, to a blindly chauvinistic national entity. Fanatic nationalism is a grave moral danger indigenous to the nation-state as a form of human organization, but to equate the two is like equating woods and forest fires. In this age of splintering nationalisms and tribal battles dignified by the name and amplified by the weapons of international war, the terrible danger of forest fires is all too evident, but it does not follow that they are the necessary consequence of letting forests grow. At any rate, the evidence on the whole is now more persuasive than ever that it

is not granted to most human beings to identify with all mankind in one great leap of the imagination. Most men seem to need first the sense of solidarity with friends, family, clan, class, and nation; and though far too many emphatically stop at that point, it is surely possible to move through those spheres to an embracing sense of human solidarity at large—indeed, arriving at the universal through the route of particularism may well mean arriving with a fuller, more realistic sense of what mankind is.

THERE IS no life without potential disease, and all states of being have their moral dangers. If the nationalist Jew may swell into an intolerant chauvinist, the wandering internationalist may shrink to a cultural parasite, protecting himself from the perception of his condition with a doctrine of elitism. But these are inherent dangers, not inevitabilities; in both cases, it is a spiritual imperative to work for what one hopes—that life may prevail over disease. In regard to Israel, a clear sign of hope is the fact that Jewish nationalism has largely abandoned its sense of Mission, which leaves it free to strive for the realizable goal of being humanly decent, trying to perpetuate admirable cultural ideals rather than embodying an Ideal. "The life in ideology," Lionel Trilling has written, "is a strange submerged life in which to ideas we attach strong passions but no very clear awareness of their consequences." With the translation of the Jewish state from the realm of ideology to history, the strange, submerged life Zionists led has surfaced in Israel, whose citizens are daily confronted in a variety of ways with the palpable consequences of the ideas from which their nation has drawn being and sustenance. It is not an easy confrontation; at times it may seem almost an unbearable one; but at least it makes unillusioned clarity a necessary element of national existence, and as we try to imagine a future we would want, for Jews, for all men, perhaps the last thing we can afford to be is self-deceived.

Whatever Happened to Criticism?

Alfred Kazin

JUST WHEN did criticism cease to be an influence? Of course more stylistic analyses of Hemingway, Faulkner, Stevens, Yeats, Joyce, Lawrence, and other acceptable modern classics are published every year. *Explication de texte* has become so mandatory that college freshmen have to learn how to read *The Catcher in the Rye*. Textbook publishers never put out a new edition of *The Heart of Darkness* or *The Red Badge of Courage* without adding professional analyses of these works by critics, Freudians, Marxists, anthropologists, social historians. There are collections of critical essays on each of the acceptable modern classics, ever more anthologies of the most available short novels glossed by the most helpful—and available—commentary. Critical opinion has settled on each English department in the land like mud. And meanwhile publications which could once be depended on to be unfailingly square blossom out with the same brightly insolent opinions that once bound the readers of *Partisan Review* into an elite. The New York Times Book Review, Life, Playboy, Book World, Newsweek, Esquire—these true and tried organs of American commercialism publish in each issue reviews wholly subversive, written from the point of view that Lionel Trilling called the “adversary culture.” And the majority culture goes on as usual.

This is an age of many critics, but significantly, the young ones have little influence. When Randall Jarrell complained years ago that we had fallen into an “age of criticism,” he meant that critical ideas were too influential and that critical practice by certain names was more esteemed than imaginative writing—especially by unknowns. Once an editor of *Partisan Review* was heard asking another—“Anything interesting come in today?” “No,” was the reply, “just some short stories.” That was the age of criticism—which came in after the war, in order to explain and to justify the avant-garde that, as we knew only later, had just died. The age of criticism was the

last group action in behalf of traditional literary values. It was the period when many an intellectual not only took his opinions from Brooks and Warren, Tate and Blackmur, Ransom and Burke, Trilling and Wilson, but believed in nobody else. Jarrell said of this period that certain critics had the influence on intellectual couples that liberal clergymen used to have. How quaint it is now to remember that Allen Tate and his fellow agrarians opposed big cities, industrialism, science, secularism, socialism—all in the name of literature! Literature, Tate said many times, was the highest way of knowing reality and perhaps even the only way. During the age of criticism Southern poets and critics stood out against Leviathan, defended the Confederacy as a classical Greek republic, excused slavery on the ground that it had made possible “high culture.” So the age of criticism was still one of a faith in spirit and culture made possible by literature. If many an imitator with no desire for ideas of his own reproduced the idiosyncratic style of Blackmur in pursuit of Melville’s so-called heresies, the telegraphic logic of Kenneth Burke, Yvor Winters’s marvellous impersonation of a hanging judge as he condemned Frost and Stevens as “hedonists,” the elegantly anguished debates between Lionel Trilling the professor and Lionel Trilling the Freudian radical, it was because these extraordinarily interesting writers were our thinkers, our moralists, our leaders. They knew literature as no specialist in the history of criticism now knows it. Literature was their life, and at once the way of logic and the way of beauty.

There are many excellent critics, but the age of criticism has been over for some time. No matter how many bright new insights into the structural patterns of *The Great Gatsby* by academics, how devastatingly bold about Nixon or sex mores the current reviews in *Life*: you do not have an age of criticism when literature does not occupy a central place in the *personal* culture of many people, when it is not a principal article of faith. Gertrude Stein said that remarks are not literature. They are not criticism, even when, by our modish standards now, they are “correct” as all hell. Reviewing in the mass media is especially bright today because so many old-fashioned expectations of propriety and conformism no longer

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hold. The values of the early 20th-century modernist revolution have been absorbed by every young middle-class intellectual. But intellectual has really come to mean "professional." There has been an obvious emancipation from the honest and/or rhetorical self-righteousness that once held American Protestantism together. The young are more and more a majority and a fashion. The facility with which students, so long as they are still young, strike revolutionary attitudes is like the facility with which, under modern means of communication and the diffusion of cultural goods, a whole generation of young have become consumers of culture—spectators—by way of those reproductions and reprintings that Malraux called the museum without walls—now also the concert hall and movie screen in the bedroom.

Sophistication once meant personal separateness from moralism as the unifying force. But from the time that technology got its unprecedented chance in World War II and helped to establish American society as the richest, most powerful, most promising and interesting, the only truly modern society, Americans brought back with this image of themselves abroad a cultural confidence that had never really existed here before. Sophistication now meant the unlimited consumption of cultural products rendered available by the new machinery. The emancipated young people who became specialists and experts, especially in the pervasive mass communications—advertising, television, publishing, in the new pseudo-sciences of market research, general "psychology," computers—equated their expertise with the creation of styles. They mocked the squares because the latter, being older, were not so quick to learn the technical codes that made the money that made you free of everything about the middle class except the money. But at the same time the subversions in this new professional mass were honestly felt, even if they were not very decisive. And as happens in all advanced societies—Russian intellectuals (not the old primary "*intelligentsia*") are now boiling over with this—the contrast between elite skills and mass delusions, between the real cadres and the politicians, helped to make the discontent that makes an eager audience for the kind of sophisticated reviewing now natural to mass magazines.

II

THE LITTLE MAGAZINE now exists only as an organ for one or another tiny band of poets. The cultural reviews are now almost all supported by one university or another. Even *Partisan Review*, founded inside the Communist party in the 1930's and during and after the war vital to radical intellectuals, now *has* to take articles by professors. The *New York Review of Books*, founded during the newspaper strike of 1963, has had an amazing success. This has prob-

ably little to do with the many fine English critics who appear in it. The *New York Review* stands out because it can still make people mad. It bristles with long and severe articles, brilliant caricatures and insurrectionary attitudes—like diagramming a Molotov cocktail on the cover—that are pleasing to those who are pleased and even more pleasing to them because it is displeasing to many more. A good cultural review should divide people, outrage them today with opinions they will accept tomorrow, snub them into admiring what the literary *maitre d'hôtel* in charge thinks is good for them. The *Smart Set* of Menck-en and Nathan said on its cover that it was not for the boneheads, the *New Yorker*, at least in 1925, was not for the old lady from Dubuque, and the *New York Review* is in fact not for a lot of the people who take it only because it is more disturbing than other magazines.

Yet the most significant thing about the *New York Review* is that it is an intellectual, not a literary, review. It pleases the intellectuals for the same reason that a critical essay seems easier to take than a short story. The *New York Review* has been sustained not by interest in new novelists or poets but by very early tapping the opposition to the Vietnam war and also, very presciently, to the New Deal-New Frontier faith in unlimited American expansion and benevolent statism. The analogy with aristocratically radical English weeklies is striking: it is an intellectual caste and its political *noblesse oblige* that speaks here. What has been most stimulating about the *New York Review's* politics has indeed been its sophistication: to have Auden on your right and Paul Goodman on your left. It is to Auden (and to Stravinsky by way of Robert Craft) that it owes its intimacy with Olympians. It is to Goodman that the paper largely owes its opposition to the big state, the revival of interest in utopian and anarchist doctrines, the espousal of Negro rights not in the abstract but as community schemes, and its specific interest in and knowledge of the agony of public education in New York. But in the *New York Review* the mingled voices of Oxbridge and for Bedford-Stuyvesant trouble me less than the lack of new names, the lack of concern with new imaginative writing. You cannot say of the *New York Review* that it is anti-literary in the style of the New Left. But wherever action politics is a pressing ideal, not only to the young who have no other but to literary men who see it as the counter-weapon to political despair, then literature as a living thing, literature now, literature the ugly duckling, gets despised.

The true age of criticism, as opposed to both the safe commentary on accepted masterpieces and crisis politics, is always one of intense relatedness to contemporary literature. Criticism is significant only when its ideas prevail as creative power—when alternatives are not just talked about but are being practiced. Up to the 50's and

the Korean war, the influence of the New Critics—something very different from the canned pedagogy that has served to instruct college students in stale symbols—reflected a disbelief in political progress, an obstinate faith in the possibility of Americans remaining different from each other. But the real influence of these traditionalist critics—a kind of magnificent last stand against the tyranny of megalopolis—is seen now not in the faded polemics but in the moral coloring of certain exquisite early pieces by Robert Lowell—deeply influenced by John Crowe Ransom—and the stories of Peter Taylor and Flannery O'Connor. The Southern critics, as critics, really backed an abstraction called Southern history. But as the novelists have shown, the real struggle in the South has been between the Faulkners and the Snopeses, the Robert Penn Warrens and the Willie Starks, the John Crowe Ransoms plus the C. Vann Woodward against the George Wallaces. The Snopeses and Starks and Wallaces were not interested in the Southern past but in the typical American future of unlimited national expansion, power, and domination. Lyndon B. Johnson, a figure familiar in Southern fiction, described himself as “the leader of the free world.”

The only real challenge to the traditionalism of the Southern critics had come from the historical-minded critics of the Left—some of them Jews who had dreamed of their own emancipation as everyone's emancipation from traditional forms holding people to the past. But as a result of the Nazi-Soviet alliance that unleashed the Second World War, the virtual destruction of Europe's moral legacy, the ever-increasing oppression after 1945 against every dissident in Soviet-occupied territory, some old radical intellectuals supported McCarthyism and many the cold war precisely because they still looked to ideology even when they had lost all political interest in everything except their own disillusionment with the Russian Revolution. There was to be no relief, for the leaders of the Committee for Cultural Freedom, from the rigidity of their own virtuous Americanism. They became cultural leaders only when the great crusade of the 50's could make use of their passionate anti-Communism.

ONE GREAT VIRTUE of all these critics, Old and New, had been their sense of being outsiders, whether as Southerners or as New York intellectuals. The better world they carried in their heads, whether it was the fiction of the old South as a Greek republic or the new Russia as a humane culture, had given a moral design to their studies. Criticism, as T. S. Eliot said to Paul Elmer More, describes the world as it ought to be; poetry, as it is. Soon the Southern critics were in Northern universities because there was, in their terms, no South to go back to. Their South existed now in Faulkner, Eudora Welty, Flannery O'Connor, Robert Penn Warren, in C. Vann Woodward's

exemplary histories of the South as the great exception to American success. As for the radical critics, who can doubt that F. O. Matthiessen was at least in part moved to destroy himself because he had pinned so much hope in his lonely life on the Communists who constantly used him and lied to him? That so imaginative a writer as Lionel Trilling has often silenced himself in these last few years because it is impossible to work oneself out of the post-radical dilemma by critical argument alone? Delmore Schwartz, in many respects the most gifted of the old *Partisan Review* group, at least still wrote poetry for the health of his soul when his mind was riddled with the new orthodoxy of the 50's. But Leslie Fiedler, the bad boy so necessary to the academy, showed in 1955, in a book published under the auspices of the Committee for Cultural Freedom, what was to be so dispiriting about radical disillusionment even in the title of the book, *An End to Innocence*. There he denounced a whole generation of radicals under the guise of attacking Alger Hiss for “substituting sentimentality for intelligence. . . . American liberalism has been reluctant to leave the garden of its illusion; but it can delay no longer; the age of innocence is dead.”

The contrary of what Fiedler called “innocence” is not wisdom but knowingness. And with knowingness alone one does not write *The Great Gatsby* or *In Our Time* or *The Sound and the Fury*. The mistake in Fiedler's presumption was its presumption. Position-taking has never been of the slightest use to art. Whatever was good in such rare creative works of the 1930's as *Light in August* and *Call It Sleep* came from talent solidified in isolation—whether in Mississippi or on the Lower East Side. This created countries of the imagination in symbols that remain truly parts of man's unconscious past and of the dreamlike sense of fulfillment which the logic of art makes possible. F. R. Leavis will deceive himself forever that a department of English built around him makes science and art equally unnecessary. But Leavis, that ox of instruction, is never wiser than what Blake called the tigers of wrath—poets most useful just now in their anti-social “madness.” Conflicts remain at the heart of every achieved work of literature. They are resolved without being diminished, and in such a way that we gratefully re-experience the conflict. But such conflicts now became, in the characteristic American soul-engineering of the postwar period, for many a critic more foolish in his intellectual pride than Kafka was in his private torment, oddly enough something for the critic to *expose*. Fiedler showed up Huck and Jim as lovers too dumb to know it, Mark Twain as too innocent to know what he was writing. Stanley Edgar Hyman wrote in awe that Yvor Winters had found a possibly homosexual theme in a poem by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Every work in American literature was soon getting psychoanalyzed according to one ar-

bitrary system or another. And as seems to happen in psychoanalysis, the only person getting anything out of the experience was the psychoanalyst himself, who in this case was usually an English professor trying to put thirty-nine phallic bananas into a story by Salinger where only one banana fish had existed before.

One reason for all this unnecessary chatter was the vast number of unlettered people in the universities who gave courses in "critical reading" based on cultural authoritarianism. If criticism is in any sense to be taught, it cannot be indoctrinated. A whole generation of unwary students have learned only what their teacher could absorb from a few pundits more clearly teachable than all the rest. But a more basic reason for this mad proliferation of third-hand, trivial, and artificial distinctions was the inferiority that so many people trained only in modern literature felt before those exciting forms of knowing proceeding from analytical philosophy, linguistics, anthropology, and the new biology. The training in critical method based on a few selected works was now too often all one's literary education. This parodied Eliot's famous dictum that the great works exist in our consciousness as simultaneous order, that every important new work recomposes this past. It turned out that we stored up only those works that we could most readily "explain."

In this respect the scholarship of certain European exiles—particularly marked in Erich Auerbach's *Mimesis*, Walter Benjamin's *Illuminations*, the reflections on literature in Hannah Arendt's *Between Past and Future*, Erich Heller's *The Disinherited Mind*—are a constant reproach to the intellectual servility of our literary education. *Mimesis* was written by a German refugee in Turkey, without the aid of those secondary works that, as Auerbach said, would have endlessly delayed him. It is also a work of politics—as a tribute to what in the European spirit could not be obliterated by Hitler. *Mimesis* incorporates the true spirit of the civilization from which the humanist was ejected by the Nazi. In the inclusiveness of its structure, in the perfection of its details, in the very patience of its method, *Mimesis* shows that what Erich Auerbach carried in his head, as a refugee's only baggage, was the *divina commedia* of European literature. It is typical of Auerbach's sense of the wholeness of tradition which was his subject that some later essays could be brought out under the title *From the Drama of European Literature*. As one who was also in exile, he made real, as a scholar, Dante's ideal of a book as an allegory of perfection. *Mimesis* will live as the most heroic idea of order in civilization created by a contemporary literary scholar.

SUCH A sense of history always presumes that one's own greatest effort in a book is to carry out a design. In this view literature changes but can never improve, for at its best it

returns to its deepest sources. And this involves a sense that literature is conservative by nature, that the relatively late art of writing is as deeply rooted in us as those language patterns that Noam Chomsky has found in the earliest self. Literature has in fact been a continuous record of man's repetitive expression of his natural destiny. But now the wars, the mass killings, so much political fanaticism, oppression, and terror, the awareness of so much unrelieved suffering that has led Sartre to denounce the cherishing of literature in favor of a new revolutionary puritanism—all have combined with the still incalculable thrust of science into the future, its frightening power for mutation, to create the discontinuity of our generation from the past. Surely Norman Mailer was right when he said in *The White Negro*:

Perhaps we will never be able to determine the psychic havoc of the concentration camps and the atomic bomb upon the unconscious mind of almost everyone alive in these years. For the first time in civilized history, perhaps the first time in all of history, we have been forced to live with the knowledge that the smallest facets of our personality or the most minor projection of our ideas, or indeed the absence of ideas and the absence of personality could mean equally well that we might still be doomed to die as a cipher in some vast statistical operation in which our teeth would be counted, and our death itself would be unknown, unhonored, and unremarked, a death which could not follow with dignity as a possible consequence to serious actions we had chosen, but rather a death by *deus ex machina* in a gas chamber or radioactive city; and so if in the midst of civilization . . . our psyche was subjected itself to the intolerable anxiety that death being causeless, life was causeless as well, time deprived of time and effect had come to a stop.

And surely the new biology is equally right when, as I note in a recent letter from the Salk Institute inviting collaboration with humanists, it asks us to study substantial genetic and other biological engineering as the way in which man increasingly tampers with the basic evolutionary process; the role of society in early learning and other "decision-makers which affect both individual freedom and democratic institutions; personality and mind-control; the revolution in our knowledge of learning, memory, the creative progress and aging; the chemical and biological bases of violence; human replication (which has already been done in other forms); the inadequacies of ethical and legal concepts to govern burgeoning biological-medical practices, including choices and definitions of life and death and abortion; the interaction of environment factors with biological and mental processes, including aesthetic considerations and the quality of life; the moral and ethical dilemmas involved in the development and use of biological and other human manipulative

devices for warfare among and within nations. . . ."

It is often said in discussion of tragedy that great literature deals with the unchanging elements in human nature. For some time now modern writers have acknowledged the truth of this by humbling themselves before the great human images in literature in order to stress the power of environment. Let Homer keep Ulysses and Tolstoy Anna Karenina; we—so ran the litany from Zola down—would imitate scientific objectivity and precision by sacrificing pure personality to the forces molding it. But naturalism, like all literary ideas, turned out to be only just as good as the people using it; as the power of language rather than of concepts to create forms. Zola, Maupassant, Dreiser created better than they knew—better than their theories promised. The naturalist yielded to—his doctrine was "proved" by—himself as an artist.

AT THIS moment we in literature are more than ever humbled by ideas of change, of utterly new proportions. We are challenged by the enormous vigor and directness of current painting, which presents many poets particularly with a working ideal of seemingly unlimited spontaneity and naturalness. These may be easier to achieve in colors and shapes than in words, for words already have so many associations that a literary construction based on design (either of sight, as in concrete poetry, or of sound, as in the declamation popular in coffee houses) is as vacuous as so-called pure poetry always has been. But admittedly, the abandon and even the savagery of some current painting have usefully loosened up the poets who follow painting as a model and have probably made prose narrative less rigid and solemn. We in literature are challenged by the new music. John Cage recently created at the University of Illinois the stupendous HPSCHD (computer symbols for the harpsichord) as one of the artistic "environments" of the decade. Cage said: "I used to think of five as the most things we could perceive at once; but the way things are going recently, it may be in a sense of quantity, rather than quality, that we have our hope. 'Chaos' means that there is no chaos, because everything is equally related—there is an extremely complex interpenetration of an unknown number of centers."

Richard Kostelanetz described the performance for the *New York Times*. There was an "endless" number of slides from fifty-two projectors. In the middle of the circular sports arena were suspended several parallel sheets of semi-transparent material, each a hundred feet by forty. A three-hundred-forty-foot screen ran around a circular ceiling rim. "From a hidden point inside were projected slides with imagery as various as outer space scenes, pages of Mozart music, computer instruction, and nonrepresentational blotches. Beams of light were aimed across the undulated

interior roof. In several upper locations mirrored balls were spinning, reflecting dots of light in all directions—a device reminiscent of a discotheque or planetarium. There was such an incredible abundance to see that the eye could scarcely focus on anything in particular; and no reporter [said the reporter] could possibly write everything down. The scene was bathed in a sea of various sounds with no distinct relation to each other—an atonal and structural chaos so continually in flux that one could make out nothing more specific than a few seconds of repetition. . . . In the audience each one registered a specific experience particularly his own. The sounds came from fifty-nine amplified channels, each with its own loudspeaker high in the auditorium. Fifty-two channels contained computer-generated music composed in octaves divided at every integer between five and fifty-six tones to the octave. . . . And since all these channels were all going at once . . . the result was a supremely microtonal chaos in which it was assured that no order can be perceived. . . ."

Cage himself describes HPSCHD as "a political art which is not about politics but political itself. As an anarchist, I aim to get rid of politics. I would prefer to drop the question of power. . . . Only by looking out the back window, as McLuhan says, do we concern ourselves with power. If we look forward, we see cooperation and things being made possible, to make the world work so that any kind of living can take place."

The English critic John Holloway has said that Dickens's innovation in the novel was his sense of simultaneity. Innovation in many arts today consists in a happy exploitation-combination of the materials. Dickens the Londoner had an instinct for the simultaneous happenings that used to be the joy and have become the torment of the modern urban environment. New compositions in sculpture, painting, music, audio-poetry—and especially in the post-Hollywood films—are these days often statements rather than achievements of the *possibilities* in new materials. Criticism, rendered superfluous by so much active experiment, becomes propaganda. The critic-exponent is forced to make clumsy explanations of the exaggerated claims for what has sufficiently established itself to our senses. These new arts are so disruptive in their effects that the critic-exponent too often sees them as philosophically more "radical" than they really are and praises them for living up to his own contemptuously gross definitions of society. There is a rhetorical, "apocalyptic" radicalism that is really not political in the least but tries to express the excitement now present in the non-literary arts. Thus a young critic, Richard Schickel, told us in the 1950's that "Society is dead at its very center . . . and the real life of it—the very raw material of novels—is to be found in the unorganized fringes." He quoted the novelist Ken Kesey, saying of his phrase, "The Neon Renais-

sance": "It's a name I hooked onto a thing I feel is happening nowadays. What this is I cannot say exactly, except that it's a need to find a new way to look at the world, an attempt to locate a better reality, now that the old reality is riddled with radioactive poison. . . ." Schickel praises pop art and the mass media as the real sources of the new novels—he does not say which—and then admits: "I am deeply conscious of my inability to communicate the virtues of this work in terms which a literate audience can readily understand. I am deeply aware of the inadequacies of customary critical usage in communicating the pleasures and adventures of the new American novel. I ask only that we abandon our game of categories . . . an important first step toward a re-evaluating of all sorts of new writing forms, in which I include even journalistic sociology, picture books, cartoon books, and all the other 'non-books' now so easily disdained, and so infrequently grappled with, by our serious critics. . . ."

The praise here is really for popular culture, for the national values. As so often happens with those professional technicians who have been given intellectual status only by the mass media, who despite their sardonic inter-office memos limitlessly admire the mass media for their ability to hold and manipulate the "great audience," praise of the post-literary arts is an argument in favor of existing power arrangements. Wherever literature is scorned as a classic form of argument in

favor of more immediate—and forceful—forms of persuasion, you can understand the contempt for literature that is so marked in revolutionary societies, ours not least. Material progress as a form of national vanity becomes all, as with ourselves—with the important difference that in totalitarian states collective thinking, not just collective working, becomes the norm.

WITH US, as with Russia and China, the problem is one of the overweening national ego, the primacy of the national power and "image." It is as George Kennan said—"Great countries are a menace to themselves and everyone else. People are not meant to live in such vast, impersonal political communities." As the country in fact gets too powerful for its own good, the real problem of culture is to preserve those differences which have always helped to produce the writers, the books, the local color that later get to be honored as the speech of the whole tribe. The problem of the writer indeed becomes how to preserve himself—how to avoid the gross abstractions, the slogans, which are the language of national power *and* the language of the masses—not of the individual in the deepest recesses of that intuitive consciousness which is his knowledge, his familiarity and kinship with others. Our society is getting more and more to be precisely just what people have prayed for. So the problem just now would seem to be how *not* to become the fools of progress.

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The Paradox of Prosperity

John Lukacs

THE PEOPLES of the Western world have come to experience a strange admixture of prosperity and disillusionment. This would have surprised our ancestors. There exists, of course, an old and simple explanation for this strange state of spirits. Human nature is such that prosperity does not necessarily bring contentment: when people have it too good they become spoiled. This, vulgarly put, certainly explains something of our present condition. But it is no longer a sufficient explanation. The current disillusionment with the availability of the goods of this world has not been merely the psychic consequence of the oceanic wave of popular prosperity that is now engulfing large portions of the world. The two conditions have not been successive: they have developed together. Our unprecedented affluence has been accompanied (and in some ways it has been furthered) by a sense of impermanence and of uncertainty.

Things were very different at the beginning of the 20th century. Money, at that time, was much more powerful than ever before or after. It could buy practically everything, including power and prestige. Conversely, people without money, including those who were only temporarily deprived of it, experienced personal humiliations and miseries that may have been unknown to their ancestors, and are largely unknown to us. On the one hand, wealth, more than ever before, was a most powerful and rapid solvent of class and caste barriers. It made social mobility possible to an extraordinary degree: it was, thus, a very important factor in the democratization of peoples. On the other hand, to many people this hard reign of wealth seemed to be more unjust and immoral than the injustices of earlier societies that had rested on distinctions of birth. At any rate, few people remembered the latter while they contemplated the former. Few people also realized that the capitalistic order (if that is the right word) was about to come apart by its very success, and in the very opposite pattern from the one with which Marx had knit his hoary theoret-

ical rug together: the rich, instead of becoming fewer and fewer, were becoming more and more numerous, and in the most capitalistic of countries such as the United States or Britain or Switzerland quite a lot of money was filtering down to the lower classes. The circulation of money increased apace with the circulation of people: sociologically, the decades before 1914 were decades of democratization, that is, of the inflation of society.

Surprisingly enough, monetary inflation did not follow. This is one of the most extraordinary phenomena of the hundred years before 1914, but social savants, not to speak of economists, devoted no attention to it at all. The social order, especially at the top and bottom, was becoming faster and looser, yet money continued to be as good as gold, and as solid as the rock of Gibraltar. In 1900 the pound, the dollar, the franc, the florin, the mark, the lira—all of these national currencies with names that reach back to the Middle Ages—were worth, in each other's terms, the same everywhere. Their value had not changed in decades, for some of them not in a hundred years. They were available in the form of gold pieces,* silver coins, and bills, freely exchangeable at one's convenience. Silver coins were heavy, gold pieces substantial, paper bills were larger than they are now. Money was solid, tangible, palpable, it carried its own weight. No wonder that to many people—especially to those who were habitually short of it—it seemed as if it were the prime, indeed the only, reality in the world. Some people, who should have known better, carried this article of belief with them to the Great War. In Britain the President of the Board of Trade told the House of Commons in August 1914: "No government action could overcome economic laws and any interference with those laws must end in disaster"—one of my favorite quotations. In reality, economic laws have affected our lives as have laws against adultery—not more and not less.

The Great War swept much of this away, in Europe. The nations exhausted their resources, their governments accumulated crushing debts to other states. This is the usual explanation for the collapse of the 19th-century economic order; it makes, of course, much sense; but there was more

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* Except in the United States during the Civil War.

to it than that. What followed the war demonstrated—or, rather, it ought to have demonstrated—that economic crises were the consequences, not the causes, of crises of national (and only sometimes of international) confidence. For one thing, during the entire First World War the solidity of money remained unshaken. In England, for example, paper money remained exchangeable into gold;* in Germany, where it was not, one gold mark in the summer of 1918 was worth 1.57 paper marks—considering the state of Germany at the time, not much of a rise. During the Second World War, however, the confidence in governments, and in their currencies, was no longer what it had been during the First.

For another thing—and this is probably more important—the inflation of society had begun to affect economic stability even before 1914. There was the beginning of the taxation of incomes, the first slight turn toward the welfare state. There was also a slight rise of certain prices. Probably this would have developed at a faster rate even if there had been no World War in 1914. Sooner or later the inflation of money would have caught up with the inflation of society, that is, with the inflation of minds. For the distribution of wealth is the consequence, not the cause, of the movement of minds: a simple truism which would not be worth repeating, were it not that it runs counter to the most widespread idiocy of the 20th century—the belief in economic determinism, and in Economic Man.

THE PRINCIPAL characteristic of the 20th century is inflation: inflation of money, of wealth, of production, of people, of society, of minds, of words, of communications. When there is more and more of everything, when things change hands more and more rapidly, they are worth less and less. It is as simple as that. Every state and every people on earth have been subject to it, in one way or another. At times, a crisis of confidence in the authority of a national government has led to a runaway inflation: this happened in Central Europe after the First, and in a number of other countries after the Second, World War. In the long run such fantastic and painful interludes of disorder were probably less harmful† than the continuous, gradually accelerating inflation of national currencies.

For a while the United States, alone among the great powers of the world, escaped this fate. After the First World War she was not only the most productive but the richest state in the world, she changed from a relative debtor to an absolute creditor among nations. During the 1920's her currency was still as good as gold, in some places even better. During the same time her entire society was being transformed into a shape without precedent, gradually inflating itself into an enormous bulge around the middle. Again the infla-

tion of society ran ahead of the inflation of money. The international value of the dollar remained the same, and within the United States prices hardly increased at all. There were a few exceptions: the prices paid for movie actresses, for Florida real (and also for unreal) estate, and for stocks and bonds had risen, beyond the dreams of avarice. The last were most important, because a large portion of the population was involved in them, not without a periodically nagging feeling of insecurity, or perhaps even of guilt. In late 1929 the stock-exchange boom caved in. Such stock-exchange panics had occurred periodically in the European and American capital markets before 1914 with few important effects in the long run. The panic of 1929, too, would have been no great loss for the United States and the world had it not been for two new elements without precedent: the speculation now included millions of people, not merely a few thousand financiers and fast-money men; also, the international economy of the civilized world was connected with the finances of the United States, otherwise a self-proclaimed isolationist power. The result of the American people's sudden collapse of confidence in their own speculations was the international depression that engulfed the entire Western world for five or six years. Eventually it was corrected by such men as Hitler, Mussolini, and Roosevelt who, to their own good fortune, knew nothing of the laws of economics.

This depression—no matter how widespread and temporarily tragic were its effects (in the United States the depression, not the two World Wars, was the traumatic experience of an entire generation)—was an anomaly, a flat footnote in the history of the 20th century, hardly qualifying even for the proverbial exception that proves the rule. The rule of the 20th century was inflation, not depression. Nineteen-twenty-nine was a 19th-century event in the midst of a 20th-century society. The next government of the United States discovered that its prime duty was to provide something like full employment, not only at the cost of balanced budgets, national debts, and other fictitious bookkeeping figures, but eventually at the cost of productive efficiency and of solid money. After 1934 Americans were no longer allowed to exchange their money for gold. Most other governments did the same thing. Money was now simply worth what the government said that it was. Where the government was powerful and prosperous, as, for example, in Hitler's Germany, this proved to be no trouble at all. Where the government was not prosperous, but very powerful, as, for example, in the Soviet

* The export of gold was forbidden (as also in the United States, from 1917 to 1919).

† Especially when such inflationary crises were followed by an intelligent restoration of the currency, as in Germany in 1924 and in 1948.

Union, this proved to be not much trouble either. Money and production followed power, not the other way around. During and after the Second World War the confidence of the peoples of Europe in their governments would collapse first, the deterioration of the value of their money would follow. Surprisingly enough, economic life and even the volume of production would go on, and even rise on occasion. Journalists would write of this or that state "on the verge of bankruptcy": no state ever became bankrupt, not even Egypt. Still, after the end of the Second World War only a few currencies remained solid: the dollar, the Swiss franc, and old coins of gold. The first had become the predominant international currency, because of the power of the United States and because of the prestige of her productivity.

This is still largely true today, but at the same time the solidity of the dollar itself has begun to crack. After 1966, for the first time in history, American money was no longer exchangeable into silver equivalents. Silver disappeared from American coinage that was struck, or in some cases pasted together, of cheaper and baser materials. The American people were told that all of this meant nothing, which they no doubt believed, though they did not act accordingly. The relatively moderate inflation of prices and costs that has marked their economies for thirty years now began to accelerate. The dollar bills themselves, for the first time in history, became dirty, soiled, and torn, since they were passing from hand to hand with increasing rapidity. They were no longer folded and handled and kept with a kind of anxious respect; they began to resemble the soiled and ragged and inflated money of Europe after the war. (When the finances of a state are sound her money is crisp and clean.)

In all probability this is not a superficial phenomenon. It is no longer explicable—reasonably, that is—let alone controllable, by professional economists. The raggedness of money reflects, as a matter of course, the raggedness of government. The debasement of coinage has always reflected the debasement of governmental authority. Now the purposelessness of money is beginning to catch up with the purposelessness of society.

AT THE beginning of the century not only the value of monies seemed permanent: so did the possession of goods. Private property and public property were two different things, both of them protected by the strictest of laws. The state did not and could not interfere with private ownership. There were a few exceptions. Taxation was slowly increasing because the role of government was growing: the movement toward the welfare state had begun. With the development of industry and of urbanization the primacy of the public domain had to be asserted, here and there, especially over real

estate. None of these exceptions counted, as yet, very much. The sense of their encroachment on private wealth was counterbalanced by the permanence of things that the latter could buy. The more one paid for some things, the more lasting they were. The solidest of bourgeois built the solidest of houses, with foundations twenty-feet deep and walls two-feet thick. The most expensive motor-car or overcoat was the longest lasting.

Much of this was true of the United States as well as of Europe, but there was a very important difference. This was due to the deep-seated restlessness of the American character. Americans, who are possibly the least materialistic people in the Western world, all of the clichés to the contrary notwithstanding, were moving from one place to another, and they were buying and selling and exchanging their properties at a rate which to most Europeans would have seemed incredibly fast. People who exchange their material possessions that fast (while their ideas change at a much slower rate) are not materialists, far from it. At the very peak of the money age, around 1900, Americans were not individualists, either: the primacy of their social considerations dominated their individual desires. In the Western part of the United States, superficially the openest and freest portion of America, legal limitations on private property existed (for example, the right of the public domain governing the use of bodies of water) that a Western European bourgeois would have regarded as intolerable, whereas to Americans these were matters of course. Unlike Europeans, jealous of their possessions and of their privacy, Americans did not build walls around their houses, far from it. They still don't.

These are profound matters that seldom figure in the statistics and practically never in the limited imagery of economists. They meant that even a century ago the sense of ownership, and of possession, among the American people was different from that, say, of the French. The consciousness of this most modern of peoples was different because their aspirations were different. Nor was the enormous wealth of the United States simply attributable to its prodigious production. That production was the consequence of the first mass market in history, not the cause of it. Until the Second World War more than 90 per cent of the goods produced in the United States were acquired or consumed by the American people themselves. This was a fantastic fact of success, from the consequences of which American businessmen have not yet recovered.*

* By this I mean: Americans were, and still largely are, producing for Americans. The conditions of their production (high wages), of their prices (dependent upon the expense accounts of an enormous bureaucracy of merchandising), and of their salesmanship (talking in American accents, to American men, women, and children) are not advantages, they are handicaps on a world market.

It was made possible, among other things, by giving credit (in more senses than one) to the masses. "*On ne prête qu'aux riches*"—one has to be rich to be able to borrow—was a common European witticism of the pre-1914, indeed the pre-1945 world. This had no meaning in America at all, certainly not after 1920 when the shape of the American society was beginning to bulge out.

The depression changed the development of this tendency toward mass ownership not at all. True, stocks and bonds could no longer be bought on the basis of tiny down payments (not many people wanted to buy them in the 30's anyway). More important was the change in the ownership of industries. During the 30's the line separating public from private properties was beginning to be washed away. Factories and corporations were no longer owned by capitalists and their families, they were governed by managers. Huge amounts of stocks and bonds, too, were no longer owned by individual investors and speculators: they were managed by financial bureaucrats for impersonal institutions and pension funds. During the Second World War the government became the single largest purchaser of American production. This practice continued after the war. Whether General Electric under Eisenhower was nationalized or not made as little difference as whether Krupp under Hitler was nationalized or not. Both depended on government orders, on government regulations; their employees had to be screened and supervised by the government. By 1960 perhaps as much as 30 per cent of American industry was dependent upon government orders, in certain industries more than 90 per cent. Business leaders would, on occasion, still make speeches extolling the virtues of the American private-enterprise system—a tribute to the national habit of self-deception, no doubt. Others would call this "people's capitalism" instead of recognizing what it was, and still is: a peculiarly American form of socialism, corresponding to American democracy.

At any rate, this American kind of national socialism, unlike the Soviet one, made for an unprecedented kind of affluent prosperity. The most important development in the lives of people after the Second World War was the mass consumption of new goods. Standardized mass production and standardized mass credit, helped along by the inflation of wages, made it possible for hundreds of millions to acquire and to consume things that they themselves had not thought of but a few years before. Around the turn of the century, the millionaire J. P. Morgan, in a somewhat wooden witticism, said something to the effect that a person who had to think what a yacht would cost couldn't afford it. By 1955 the reverse was true: the kind of person who was thinking of having one would go ahead and afford it. In this new, and increasingly classless,

society thousands of truckdrivers owned power boats if not yachts, the wives and daughters of plumbers went on winter cruises in the Caribbean. Millionaires now counted for much less than before, not only because of inflation and taxation but because in the new credit economy earning capacity—which for the overwhelming majority meant regular employability—counted far more than the possession of wealth. More important, this became a worldwide phenomenon. After 1950 mass production, mass credit, the welfare state, made it possible for the societies of Western Europe to move in the same direction. A few years later it became evident that even the miserable Communist states of Eastern Europe would not exempt themselves from this kind of development.

BY THE 1960's a new kind of disillusionment was setting in. People sensed that their newly found prosperity was somehow insecure, even though few of them knew why. Inflation was a tangible—or, rather, intangible but nonetheless visible—villain, especially in the United States. The economists and the financiers who had now converted themselves into preachers of the virtues of controlled inflation found that the controls no longer worked (if they ever had). Their mental constructions were upside down, as usual: inflation was a consequence, much more than it was a cause, of this widespread feeling of instability and mistrust. For there was more to inflation than the sinking value of money. The inflation of society led also to the inflation of goods, not only of their quantity but of their quality too—they have become impermanent. Unlike the situation of even a few decades earlier, the high cost of a certain item was now due to its relative rarity rather than to its durability. This was true not only of clothes but of machines and houses. It had something to do with the decline, and in some places with the virtual disappearance, of individual craftsmanship. It had much more to do with another subtle transmutation in the sense of ownership. On paper more Americans owned houses and cars by the 1960's than ever before. In reality they were renting and discarding them. Long before they paid off the last installments of their mortgages they would move away. Millions of people still found it more satisfactory to buy houses than to rent them. But since they were moving every few years, their sense of ownership was less intense than that of people who have been living in the same rented house or apartment for a long time. In Europe, too—indeed, on both sides of the Iron Curtain—the use of a company automobile for a businessman was quite a satisfactory substitute for its ownership.

In short, the consumption of things has become far more widespread and important than their possession; and the previously clear distinction

between the ownership and the rental of properties has begun to blur. Veblen, who castigated the wealthier class of Americans for their "conspicuous consumption" sixty years ago, was not too far wide of the mark, though he was a little premature. The principal instrument of keeping up with the Joneses—or, rather, of thinking of how to keep up with the Joneses—in Veblen's time was the conspicuous possession of things: their conspicuous consumption came only later. At the end of the 60's the meaning of the adjective "conspicuous" paled. Consumption remained the overwhelming reality. But this was different from materialism, for the very act of consumption involves the disappearance of matter. (Eventually it would also mean the narrowing of choice: but that is another problem.*)

You may expel nature with a pitchfork but it comes back to you, Horace wrote: no longer a very telling metaphor but a true one nevertheless. The transformation of society meant the transformation of goods and the transformation of money:† a credit-card economy in which most transactions were handled on paper. But even people who were habitually taking advantage of this felt unsure about it, in the long run. No matter what governments said, and no matter how they tried to keep its price down, gold remained attractive to a minority of hardheaded skeptics because it was secure. Already during the Second World War the price of gold outran even that of the dollar on the black markets of the world. After the restoration of their battered currencies most Western European governments, in the late 1950's, thought it best to insure confidence by allowing their people to exchange currency for gold. The United States government did not do so, but it is very questionable whether it will for long be able to maintain confidence in its money if inflation were to go on and on.

At any rate, since the late 1950's the most spectacular rise in prices has been for things that were not new but old: old paintings, old houses, old furniture, old artifacts—things that were irreplaceable and, therefore, permanent.**

THIS reflected something that was more than mere snobbery; it had, also, little to do with nostalgia or with the veneration of the past. Inflation, as I have said, means that when there is more and more of everything it is worth less and less. "It is as simple as that." Yes—but this simple reaction takes place in the most complex organ of the most complex organism in the entire universe: in the minds of human beings. The condition that what happens is inseparable from what people think happens is even truer in the "factual" and "quantitative" science of economics than anywhere else, since the value of material is not only inseparable from, it is determined by, what people think its value is. This has always been so. But the effects—including all kinds of

side-effects—of this truth are gaining momentum as people come to recognize its existence. That ways of thinking may not only modify but transform hard material economic facts would have seemed nonsense to people sixty years ago, to Americans even later. By the late 1960's a book entitled *The Money Game*, attempting to prove the commonsense truth that people are buying and selling stocks less for reasons of security and gain than to play and win, was a national best-seller. We may yet witness the most momentous transformation of economic life in perhaps a thousand years, involving a transformation of the meaning and of the function of money as well as of the welfare of peoples, eventually knocking the bottom out of the still prevalent dogmas of economists with their hopeless materialism. I say "eventually" because probably decades will pass before these new doctrines and new theories appear, having crawled up through the labyrinths of the meritocracy, following events at a hopeless distance, expostulating and explaining them when it is already too late. They almost always do.

We have already begun to experience some of the consequences of this mutation in our economic consciousness. Consider, for example, the extraordinary meaning of mass tourism in the relations of peoples. In this age of so-called "industrialization" there are kingdoms and republics in Europe, and states in the Union, whose principal source of income is tourism. This has become true of industrialized republics such as Austria and of the very cradles of American industry, the New England states. Entertainment, vaca-

* Deeply impressed with the privations of the 30's and with the bureaucratic cruelties of the modern police state, George Orwell in 1947 prophesied that in 1984 people would be reduced to mass poverty, they would be ill-fed, run-down. The opposite happened. Halfway to 1984 prosperity has increased, and the danger is not, as Orwell predicted, that entire generations of once prosperous countries would no longer know such things as wine, oranges, lemon, chocolate. It is, rather, that traditional tastes and table habits are about to be washed away by a flood of frozen and synthetic foods, available to us every hour of the day. It is true, on the other hand, that fresh vegetables, unfrozen meat, unprocessed and unchemicalized foods may become an expensive rarity. The mass distribution, even more than the standardized reproduction, of goods is beginning to reduce their variety. Therefore, increasing affluence may no longer mean increasing choice.

† In a society where most people were engaged in administration, not in production, costs of administration were not only passed on to consumers but this was now openly admitted. Thus, in the early 1950's, I was amazed to read how the president of a large American cigarette manufacturing company explained to a Congressional committee that the rise in the price of cigarettes was due to "increasing production and advertising costs" (my italics). No one questioned this argument which would have made our grandfathers turn purple with rage.

** Irreplaceable: but not only because of their historical uniqueness. By 1960 the price of a good 1900 reproduction of, say, a Louis XVI table had risen, sometimes to fantastic heights—probably because people knew that with the disappearance of craftsmanship even such reproductions were no longer reproducible.

tion, recreation have become more and more important in the economies of people and of the welfare state. The production of consumption has become more important than the consumption of production. There is every reason to believe that this tendency will continue.*

BUT IN A world where consumption has become most important, all kinds of new problems arise. On the one hand, the sense of the pervasive impermanence of most things may destroy the prospects of all civilized life. On the other hand, it is most unlikely that the mutation in economic habits would amount to a mutation in human nature: that consumption would ever become a satisfactory substitute for possession. In this sense the recently fashionable terms "acquisitive" or "affluent society" are off the mark. "Acquisitive" means an eagerness to possess and to keep; "affluent" means a kind of prosperous ease that flows from the possession of considerable personal reserves. Neither of these adjectives fits the new millions of buyers and renters and consumers who discard things almost as fast as they buy them. Indeed, this waning interest in durable possessions, together with their—less conscious—frustration with the pleasures of consumption, is characteristic of the "new poor": men and women and children whose poverty is not material but social, psychic, spiritual.

While large regions of the "old" poverty still exist, everything indicates that the "new poor" are becoming more prevalent. Increasingly, their poverty has less and less to do with their material conditions. Millions of people are now aware, often painfully, that they do not live by bread alone. And yet this is happening at a time when the mechanical interpretation of life and materialist interpretations of human nature are most widespread. This is no longer a paradox. It is a ridiculous condition of the modern intellect. Centuries ago there was often a real connection between the rise of a few pennies in the price of flour and the peasant riots that ensued. No such relationship between economic "causes" and "ef-

fects" exists in the recent history of the Western world; none of the revolutions in the 20th century is attributable to economic "causes." And yet today not only econometricians but political scientists and certain opportunist historians believe—or, rather, pretend to believe—that to all social wisdom the mathematical computability of economic "facts" is the key. It is high time that people recognize the antiquated character of this intellectual absurdity: for the categories of materialism and of its offspring, modern economics, are not "facts" but mental constructions, as indeed are most things in this world, our world.

* The original meaning of economics was "knowledge of the household," *oikos* meaning "house" in Greek, a word that still lives on in the German *Wirtschaft* which means both "economics" and "housekeeping." Over the last two hundred years a change in this meaning has taken place. Because of the availability of statistical information and because of the invention of modern accounting, modern economic information has become more accurate—but only up to a point. In the first place, after a while it became evident (or, rather, it should have become evident) that the increasing accuracy of economic information did not at all mean a corresponding increase in our economic knowledge. In the second place (and this is more important), during the 20th century the accuracy of economic information itself began to decay because of its inflated categories, such as the "national debt" which in the 20th century has become not much more than an abstract item within intra-national accounting. Certain international financial transactions have become abstract, too, in the sense that the movement of monies that they register are often transfers on the level of bookkeeping, not physical transfers from one country to another. This does not mean that they are meaningless, but it does mean that what happens in such transactions is something quite different from what we are told happens and that, as a result, some of the consequences of these transactions may be different, too, from what people would expect. Or consider the famed Gross National Product—what does it mean, especially for societies where most people are no longer employed in production? The two martinis that an advertising executive buys for a winsome secretary at lunch, the junket of a *kolkhos* secretary for a carouse in Moscow, they all figure in the computation of Gross National Product. As in the vocabulary of politics, these gross corrupt terms no longer fit realities. To paraphrase Tocqueville, a new kind of science of economics is needed for a new kind of world.

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Home Is Two Places

Edward Hoagland

THINGS ARE worse than many of us are admitting. I'm a brassbound optimist by habit—I'm an optimist in the same way that I am righthanded, and will always be. It's simpler to be an optimist and it's a sensible defense against the uncertainties and abysses which otherwise confront us prematurely—we can die a dozen deaths and then usually we find that the outcome is not one we predicted, neither so "bad" nor "good," but one we hadn't taken into consideration at all. In an election, though, for instance, where it's only a question of #1 or #2, I confidently assume that whoever seems to be the better fellow is going to win. When sometimes he doesn't, I begin to feel quite sure that perhaps the other man, now in a position of responsibility, will shift around to views much closer to my own. If this doesn't occur either, then I fall back on my fuzzy but rooted belief that people of opposed opinions at least do share the quality of good-heartedness, of wanting good things to happen, and so events finally will work out for the best.

The trouble is that they're not working out for the best. Even the cheerfully inveterate sardonists, whose chirpy pessimism is an affirmation of sorts, are growing dispirited and alarmed. And it's not just the liberals; the unease emanates from everybody, Republicans and Christian Scientists—the lapel buttons and bumper stickers and decal figures imply a kind of general clamming-up, a sense of being beleaguered, maybe a panic at the great numbers of people we each pass in a single day—this with the hardening of sects of opinion which have despaired of conversing with one another but only holler out code words and threats. Many people think about finding some peaceful holing-up spot, which may be in the suburbs, or if the individual has already opted for the suburbs, may be up toward Mount Katahdin. As soon as he can afford it he starts wanting a second home, a place to recuperate from the place where he lives while he works, and though it used to be that such a home was frankly a luxury, now nearly everybody who makes a middle-

class living starts to think about buying a cottage in the woods or a boat at the shore, if just for the sake of his health. The thirty-hour week, so heralded, may mean three hard ten-hour days of work in the city and then a fast retreat for everybody (in shifts) to what will pass for "the country" in twenty years, there to lead the leisure life, building canoes and greenhouses and picket fences.

I grew up in the suburbs. My father left for New York City every weekday morning and got home about seven P.M. The commuting was grueling and he liked a change of scene on his vacations in later years, but we didn't need to have a country cottage, since we saw deer in the evening and grew a Victory Garden during the war; there was a feed store in town, painted with checkerboards, where the local farmers talked about chicken diseases and trapping weasels. A man named Frank Weed trained pheasant dogs professionally, and my sister when she was growing up went across the road and watched a calf born every spring. Both she and I spent part of our childhoods developing a special sympathy for the animal personality. There was a magical fullness to my perceptions when I was with my dogs, a heat-lightning shiver and speed, quicker than words. Of course to rule is a pleasure, and yet as happiness, as intimacy, these interludes are not to be dismissed, and the experience of sensing other wave lengths in the world besides the human gabble needs woods and fields and isn't found as easily now.

The out-of-doors was everything to me. I spent the summer mornings on Miss Walker's big estate, vaulting the brooks, climbing the pines, creeping along the rabbit paths. Then I made lemonade for the afternoon heat wave and lay on the screen porch listening to Mel Allen broadcast the Yankee game. There'd be a thunderstorm and I would lie in the backyard for that, watching the black clouds brew, feeling the wind. Soaked, grinning, I'd go and sit inside the chicken coop for the clubbiness of the chickens, whose pecking order I knew all about. And later I traveled to prep school carrying my alligators wrapped in a blanket to protect them from the cold. But I loved Tommy Henrich too; I was a hero-worshiper. And at night, when I was jittery, I returned to the

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city, where I'd lived earlier—I jumped off the Empire State Building in the most frequent dream and flew with uneven success between the skyscrapers by flapping my arms. Winters were spent in galoshes, fooling on the schoolbus. Those bus rides were the best part of the day; we had no teacher accompanying us and the driver put up with anything. There was a boy who kept a Model A to tinker with when he got home; another was the quarterback who won our football games; another the school mathematician or "brain." The mechanic has since turned into a clergyman, the quarterback works humbly for General Electric, the mathematician is mad. One nondescript goof-off has made a million dollars, and his chum of the period is a social worker with addicts. Of my own friends, the precocious radical has become a stockbroker and the knockabout juvenile delinquent journeys now in Africa. The same sea changes seem to have affected even the houses that I knew. Mrs. Holcomb's, where I took piano lessons, is now the Red Cross Headquarters; Dr. Ludlow's, where I went for inoculations, has become the town museum. Miss Walker's woodsy acres are the Nature Study Center, and the farm where my sister watched the calves born—Mr. Hulendorf's—has been subdivided into a deluxe set of hutches called "Historic Homes."

Wherever, whoever we were, we've been squeezed out of the haunts of our childhood, and there is no reason why we shouldn't have been. The question is only whether we are gradually being squeezed out of all possible homes. To the fear of dying of the ailments that killed our fathers, of angina or driving badly, we have an added, overlying trepidation that life may be shortened anyway for all of us. Old age seems not to exist as a possibility culturally, and the generalized future seems incomprehensible—exploding, crazily variant developments to be fitted together. The more successful and propulsive a man of affairs is, the more freckled and browned he usually looks, so that when he finally folds up in exhaustion, he must correspond to a tree which has turned to punk inside the bark invisibly and which suddenly crumbles. Aging used to be a slow process involving wasting less and less of one's energy as well as having less energy, and so, for a long while at least, the pleasure in one's increased effectiveness just about balanced the sadness of winding down. And as a man lost some of his youthful idealism, he lost, too, some of the brutality that goes along with being young: a balance was maintained there also. Now he's either young or on the shelf, and if he's on the shelf he's savage.

WHEN MY FATHER was dying I had a dream which amounts to a first memory, brought up intact like some frozen fossil which the ice has preserved. I was diapered, lying on my back in his hands, well before I could talk.

From comparing my size in his hands to my daughter's size right now I would guess I was about ten months old. I was struggling, kicking, and he was dandling me, blowing in my ear, a sensation too ticklish, too delicious to bear. Squealing, powerless to prevent his doing it, I loved it, though at the same time I was dependent upon him to stop before it became excruciating—I was waving my arms in the air trying to protect my ears. But the best, vividest piece of the memory is the whirring, vital presence of my father, with deep eyes and a humming voice, at a peak of life; I remember his strong hands. Even his early baldness seemed to add to his vigor because it made for more area of skin. He was several years younger than I am now, and so the continuity of seeing him then and myself now, and seeing him die, is startling.

This memory feeds on to the pinpoint events of a train wreck in Nebraska a year later, and to the familiar jumble of childhood. During the Depression we lived in the city; there were singers in the air shaft whom the maid and I threw dimes down to, wrapped in toilet paper so that they wouldn't bounce too far. I pulled the bow of her apron to tease her twenty times a day and she took me to Catholic church, whose mysteries I remember better than the inside of our church, though once recently when I was hurrying along Lexington Avenue I was brought up short by the sight of a mnemonic, worn brick wall that shook me—Sunday School. My parents reappeared in youthful roles, and I could remember something about that whole extraordinary masquerade which one plays as a child—pretending to learn to read, as if we didn't know already, pretending to learn to tell the time, as if we hadn't known all about clocks for years and years.

My father was a financial lawyer. I went at first to an English-type school called St. Bernard's and to birthday parties at the St. Regis Hotel. I remember too watching King George pass in a cavalcade on Fifth Avenue from a dowager's wide windows. But Eisenhower, another wartime eminence whom I saw feted from those windows, represents much better my father's style. The side of Eisenhower that wasn't glamorous like Clark Gable resembled my father—the grin, the Kansas accent, the Middlewestern forehead, the level-headed calmness or caution, the sanguine and good-tempered informality. Each was a poor-boy democrat and a Republican; each stood out for rural, old-time values, though personally preferring to hang out at the golf club with industrialists; each was softer in manner than the average soldier or lawyer; and each had a Chinese face lurking behind the prosaic American bones which materialized inchmeal as he aged and died.

When it was possible to procrastinate my father did, being a dreamy man, but he was decisive at the end. He went for a sail solo overnight in his

little sloop before turning himself in, exhausted, to the doctor with cancer signals, and while he was waiting to die, still ambulatory, he journeyed to Sarasota with my mother. She could scarcely get him to leave before it was too late for him to go under his own power, but then he settled into the house in Connecticut for the last siege with gallantry and gaiety, so that the big busty hard nurse, accustomed as she was to seeing men die, actually fell in love with him and became inconsolable. He enjoyed the ripening spring weather, the phonograph, the house he loved, and kept hold of his self-command (what, after all, can one do with one's time in those last weeks except to be friendly?). He talked on the telephone, blinked in the brightening sun—to overhear him in the final conversations he had with friends was piercing. And he did want the Church to fulfill its appointed duties, so when a cub minister was sent to visit him he wasn't satisfied with the small talk they were able to muster. Then an old senior minister, a tippler with a crumpled face, came and told him that he faced "a great adventure," which he accepted as being probably about as good a construction as anybody was going to be able to put on it. My mother saw horses with blowing manes climbing the sky for weeks after he died.

IF WE ARE to contrive to lead two lives now, one in the city and one near Katahdin, we can draw some quick assurance from the fact that our backgrounds individually are even more diverse than that. I've got millers, tailors, and outdoorsmen in mine, real outdoorsmen to whom the summer soldiers' Mount Katahdin would be a tasty canapé. Though the two names, Morley and Hoagland, fit together neatly for me because I'm so used to them, the families—my mother's and father's—stretch back in complicated, quite disparate fashion, the Hoaglands to early Brooklyn; later they lived in New Jersey. They came out badly in the Revolutionary War—the branch of them I know about. A skirmish with the British a few minutes' walk from their farm put several of them out of commission for the rest of their lives. The ones who weren't too demoralized moved West and South shortly afterward to Lexington, Kentucky, where they did fairly well, except that again my own ancestors after a generation or so migrated on by boat and wagon to the farming country of Bardolph, Illinois, where they spent the Civil War. One who had marched with Sherman, however, creaked on from Bardolph by wagon to Hutchinson, Kansas, where he farmed a Soldier's Land Claim, and kept a hotel, and worked with team and wagon on the construction of the Santa Fe, and wound up as the County Agricultural Agent and a Freemason. Though there were proud Eastern Hoaglands who belonged to the upper crust all along, and

though other Hoaglands split away to seek lonelier, unknown destinies, most of my branch of the family were farmers consistently for two or three hundred years, right back to Brooklyn, and they appear to have filtered away into the soil finally, or else to have gone to Los Angeles with the rest of the prairie farmers who scraped together a few thousand dollars, there joining the middling middle class.

One early, pale fellow loyally fought cholera in the Kentucky epidemic of 1823, dying at his post, and my grandfather, who was a doctor too, died abruptly of meningitis in the 1930's after a somewhat bumpy career, mostly practicing obstetrics in Kansas City. He was a husky-faced, square-set man with a red complexion, certainly a kindly doctor, but he found it hard to make a living and for several interludes went down to the bayou lumber camps in Louisiana to work as a company physician. His oldest child died of a fever on one of these trips; his youngest died in his arms after being hit by a trolley a little bit later. And his wife, too, died young. I have the impression his happiest years were while he was in the Medical Corps during the First World War. He and my father got along quite well and my father, despite his coups and travels later on, would have gone to the state university and presumably stayed in Kansas City if he hadn't at the last minute noticed a scholarship competition for Yale on his school's bulletin board. Being a lawyer, and the son of a doctor, he thought we had become a family of professionals and hoped that I would enter one of the professions—if not either of those then what he called "the cloth"—rather than be a businessman. When I wound up a writer he was utterly taken by surprise.

The Morleys, by contrast, were merchants instead of farmers for as far back as I am aware. They arrived in the New World after the Hoaglands did, and whatever matters they applied themselves to when they first got off the boat, they were in upstate New York for a while, before settling in Painesville, Ohio in the 19th century. The Morley burial plot is still in Painesville, along with a rambling white house with long porches and a poppy and gentian field in the rear—a sort of American "seat," in other words, which the Hoaglands lack. It was partly the Morleys' clannishness that put me off them when I was a boy. By 1900 they were worthy people with fat family businesses, big family weddings—the marriages were patriarchal; none of your warlike American ladies there—and they kept right on flourishing until by the time Franklin D. Roosevelt campaigned through town, they wouldn't even walk down to the railroad depot just to set eyes on the man. Since I'd been brought up among the comforts my father's breadwinning had earned, these shrewd breadwinning businessmen from Painesville, and Saginaw, Michigan, and

Aberdeen, Washington, seemed like vaguely unsavory bores to me. The family dinners, occurring whenever there was a visit, intimidated me; the questioning was bluff, immediate, and intimate, as if blood were thicker than water. Yet I remember that when my great-uncle Ralph came East for the last time, knowing he was soon to die, he rented his suite at the Biltmore and invited my father up, and spent that last interview with us reading aloud with relish the notebook notations he kept in an inside pocket of what his stockmarket portfolio was. My father, who had nothing to do with handling the Morleys' money, was astonished. This stingy or mercenary quality afflicting many of the Morleys is in me also, but they were a varied, florid crew whom a less Protestant person than myself would have found fascinating from the start, and next to whom we of the present tribe are insipid fellows—the Morleys are following the Hoaglands into modest extinction, part of the Johnny Carson family.

Their pride and principal vocation during the time between the two World Wars was Morley Bros., a department store and statewide hardware dealership located in Saginaw. Before opening that, my mother's grandfather had had a saddlery business in Chicago, after leaving Painesville as a young man. While getting his Chicago operation going, he married a packinghouse heiress, a Kelley (the family had sold out to Armour and added the second "e"). Then, in Saginaw, he founded a bank as a kind of sideline. Banking intrigued him, but during the 1929 boom he sold the bank to a big Detroit bank that was looking for mergers. He happened to be in New York City on a business trip in October in the first black days of the Crash. Realizing the seriousness of the situation, realizing that the Detroit bank was overcommitted and might have to close, he hated to think of his own town's bank collapsing along with it, and so he caught a Pullman home. The panic was spreading West, the officers in Detroit already saw the handwriting on the wall, and, hurrying to rally the help of a few other citizens of Saginaw, he was able to buy back the Saginaw bank and save it, in a fine hour.

There is much to the Morleys that I don't know about and much to be said for them. Two women of Northern persuasion wrote action-filled, observant diaries during the Civil War, for instance—all about guerrillas and the battlefronts along the Mississippi. But for a long time, certainly throughout my teens, it was my wish to start from scratch and make my own way in the world without the help of relatives. The Morleys were always boosting each other, some were slightly Babbittlike, and they assumed, aggravatingly, that any relative was fair game for their gregariousness. Besides, my socialist sentiments leaned more toward the Hoaglands on their dirt farms—they were pleasingly faceless to me, the

few I'd seen having just been the Los Angeles transplants. Of course I'd traveled through enough Kansas farming communities to know how little tolerance people there would show for an oddball like me if they perceived my true colors; so, glad to let them remain faceless, I simply liked to think of myself as anchored (in theory, at least) in the heartland, in the Wheat Belt.

Lately it's become the rage to ridicule young radicals from middle-class backgrounds who pretend to themselves that they are black or are blue-collar, when actually all they need to do if things get tough is reach a telephone to raise bail money or be invited home. The ridicule has been a political weapon because what most bothers people about these young persons is their accomplishment in challenging the nation's stance. I was in their shoes in the 1950's, and we weren't challenging anybody successfully; we kept our heads down, lived privately, and we were few and far between: perhaps the troubles of the present time may owe a little something to our ineffectuality. But, like these activists, I'm sure, I was aware of the inconsistencies in my own position—being only too eager to give my parents' suburban address to officialdom, instead of my grubby Lower East Side street number, if I edged into a jam. Despite the inconsistencies, it seemed to me then that I had the choice of either going out in the world and seeing what was foreign and maybe wretched, having experiences which were not strictly necessary in my case, and *caring*, however uselessly, or else of spending my summer on the tennis courts and on the terrace at the country club, as some of my schoolmates were doing. The head start they supposed they had on people born into different surroundings has often proved illusory, and, anyway, the effort to make a beginning on independent lines, not piggyback on one's father's achievements, seemed admirable, even traditional in America until recently. It's just lately, with the exasperated warfare between the generations, that attempting to make a new start for oneself is ridiculed.

ALTHOUGH I would have been willing to ignore most facets of the life of the town where I grew up, luckily it wasn't possible for me to do that. So I have the many loose-leaf memories a hometown is supposed to provide—of the Kane children, whose father was a gardener and who threw jackknives at trees whenever they were mad, which, living as they did in other people's garages, was a good deal of the time; of setter field trials and local football; of woebegone neighbors and abrupt marital puzzles—a wife who rejoiced when her husband died and buried him before his friends knew there was going to be a funeral. There were some advertising people so rich that they lived in one large house by themselves and kept their children

in another house a hundred yards away. There was a young architect struck into stone with polio, and a lady who collected impoverished nobles in Italy after the war and whose husband, left sick at home, made the maid disrobe at gunpoint when he finally got lonely. On the dark roads after supper you'd see more than one commuter taking a determined-looking constitutional, walking fast for miles, as if to get his emotions under control.

After my father's death we sold our home and set about looking for new places to consider home, not an easy task. The memory was of twenty rooms, artesian water, a shady lawn, a little orchard and many majestic maples and spruce, all situated where an old crossroads stagecoach inn had stood. None of us came up with an arrangement to equal that, but my mother has an apartment in the city and a trim picturebook house on Martha's Vineyard Island. My sister married and, with her husband, found a farmhouse in Connecticut near his work with five or six acres on which she put ten horses, in order to start a riding stable. These were snake-necked, branded horses that they'd brought in a van from California, right off the range, with a long winter's growth of hair. The neighbors, who believed that life ought to have a dual, contemporary character, rushed to the Zoning Board to express dismay that in a fast-developing, year-round community the regulations hadn't yet been revised to bar such activities, which seemed more appropriate to a *summer* home. They were right to think it surprising, and yet the Board was awfully reluctant to declare once and for all, officially, that the era of farms and barns had ended. A compromise was struck.

I married too and live in western Greenwich Village, which is an ungeometric district of architecture in a smorgasbord and little stores. There is a massive wholesale meat market in the neighborhood, a gypsy moving industry, many printing plants and bakeries, a trading center for antiques, a dozen ocean-oriented wharves, and four or five hundred mysterious-looking enterprises in lofts, each of which could either be a cover for the Federal Narcotics Bureau or house an inventor-at-work. I like the variety (the Mounted Police have a stable two blocks away, the spice industry's warehouses are not far south)—I like the low, 19-century houses alongside bars with rock juke boxes and all the swoosh of *à la mode*. The pull or the necessity of living in the city seems only to grow stronger as every sort of development is telescoped into a briefer span of time. We can either live in our own period or decline to, and to decline would revoke many other choices we have. Mostly what we try to do is live with one foot in the 70's and one foot in an earlier decade—the foot that doesn't mind going to sleep and maybe missing something.

I'VE JUST BOUGHT a house of my own in Vermont, eight rooms with a steel roof, all painted a witching green. It's two miles from the nearest light pole and it was cheap, but it's got forty acres, extending in a diamond-shape, that back up to five thousand acres of state-owned land, and stands in a basin just underneath the western-style peak of a stiff little mountain that curves around in front, Wheeler Mountain. The Wheelers, our only neighbors, live next door on a three-hundred-acre farm, growing up in aspen, balsam, birch, and pine, just as our land is. Mr. Wheeler, who is in his eighties now, was a fireman on the Grand Trunk Railroad for much of his life but grew up here and returned during the Depression. His father had pioneered the land; the Butterfields pioneered mine. The Butterfields built a log house close to old Mr. Wheeler's, for whom Mr. Butterfield worked. There was a sawmill, a sugar house, and even a granite quarry on Wheeler's place. The log house was really more like a root house than living-quarters, to judge from the photographs we have, so in 1900 Mr. Butterfield and his three sons built this new home out of sawn spruce and big granite foundation blocks and plaster mixed from sand from the Boiling Spring over the hill. Their lame old horse did the hauling and pulled the scoop when they dug out the cellar hole, and young Wheeler, a schoolboy then, helped nail the laths.

Butterfield was a rough character, he says, "part Indian," as the phrase goes, but you could depend on him to do a job. His mother-in-law lived with the family, constantly fighting with him. She called him dumb and crude because he couldn't do sums; she wrote a column of numbers on the wall and watched him fail to add it. About 1909 he shot her, took his remaining relatives next door for refuge, and shot himself. There are bullet holes, stopped up with putty, and it is claimed that that nagging column of numbers on the parlor wall had finally been added correctly. Newspaper reporters buzzed around, the property soon passed to the Stanley family, and Burt Stanley, who was a stonemason, farmed it in his spare time until his death in the 1930's. Then a tax bill of thirteen dollars came due. His widow, Della, was unable to pay it (some say she paid it but got no receipt). The town tax collector, a fellow named Byron Bundy, foreclosed and sold her home to a crony of his named Gray, who quickly reconveyed the place to Bundy himself. Bundy died, the house stood empty through World War II (the porcupines chewing away like carpenters at the corners and edges), and his heirs sold it to our predecessors at a joke of a price.

So I'm getting a grip on the ground, in other words—gathering the stories of what went on and poking in the woods. It's certainly not an onerous chore; I've explored so many woodlots which

weren't mine. Up among the mountain ledges is a cave as big as a band concert shell, and a narrow unexpected swamp with pitcher plants growing in it, very lush, a spring that springs out of a rock, and a huge ash sheltered in a hollow which has disguised its height and kept the loggers and the lightning off. Not far away is a whetstone ledge where a little businesslike mining used to be done. And there are ravens, bats, barred owls, a hawk or two, and tales of big bears in the pasture and somebody being cornered by a bull. Delphiniums, mint, lemon lilies, catnip, wild roses, and marigolds grow next to the house. Storer's snakes live in the woodpile, as well as garter snakes, brick-colored and black. In the spring dogtooth violets come up, and trilliums, Dutchman's-breeches, boxflowers, foamflowers, and lady's-slippers. And in the fall the fields fill up with goldenrod and brown-eyed susans, aster, fireweed. Raspberries grow in masses; also blackberries, blueberries, wild cherries, and wild plums. The apple orchard is complicated in its plotting, because these farmers wanted apples in late summer—Dutch apples and McIntosh—and then another set of trees which ripened in the autumn, perhaps Baldwins or Northern Spies, and lastly the hard winter apples, which weren't sweet and which they canned or cooked as applesauce or "sulphured" to keep till spring. An orchard was a man's bequest to his children, being something that they couldn't promptly create for themselves when the land passed to them. I've got more going on on that hill slope of apple trees than I know about; and the fruit falls finally, the deer and bears eat it—the bears when they have grown impatient waiting have bashed down whole limbs.

IN NEW YORK my home is New York; nothing less than the city itself is worth the abrasion of living there; the alterations go on so fast that favorite hangouts go by the boards in a month's time; the stream of people and sensation is the thing. But in the country the one word is exactitude. If you don't like the barn behind the house and the slant of the land and the trees that you face, then you're not going to be happy. The Canadian climate of north Vermont makes for an ideal second home because in four months three seasons can be witnessed—June is spring, September already is autumn. The moonlight is wheat-colored in August, and the mountain rises with protean gradualism to a taciturn, round peak. On the east face is a wall which, if you walk around that way, can look to be nine thousand feet; the granite turns ice-white. The trees puff in the moonlight to swirling, steepish shapes, or look like ferns. During the day sometimes a fog will effect the same exaggerated trick. High up, the wind blows harder, gnarling the spruce and bringing clouds

swiftly across like clouds in the high Rockies; you seldom have a sense of just what altitude you're at. Every winter the deer yard under the cliffs in a cedar copse, and on the opposite side, the valley behind the hill that lies behind the Wheeler's house and mine has never been farmed and is so big it is called Big Valley. Vast and thick with trees, it's like an inlet of the sea, sending off a sheen in midsummer as you look down on it.

There was a local man who could run down the deer and knife them, he had such endurance—he could keep up with their first dash and as they porpoised through the woods, could keep going longer than they could. He hung the meat in a tree by his cabin to freeze, and liked raccoons particularly also, so that by midwinter the tree was strung with upwards of thirty raccoons, skinned and dressed, suspended like white pineapples. Another character, whose complexion was silver-colored, made a regular business out of bountying porcupines. The town paid fifty cents per pair of ears, and sometimes he brought in a hundred pairs. He claimed he had a super-hunting-dog, but actually he was cutting out triangular snips of stomach skin to make a dozen "porcupines" for every one he killed. He didn't do enough real work to break the Sabbath, as they say, and didn't lay in hay enough to last his cattle through the winter, so that by the end of February he would be dragging birch trees to the barn for them to scrape a living from. For spending money, he gave boxing lessons at night in the waiting room of the old railroad station at the foot of the hill. Roy Lord, who lives across from where the station was, learned to box from him. Lord has shot seventy-three deer in his lifetime. He lives with a sneezing parrot, fifty-six-years-old, and a bull terrier who lost an eye in a fight in the driveway—he points out the spot where the eye fell. And he can recite the details of the murders and suicides in the neighborhood going back forty years—all the fights with fenceposts, all the dirty cheating deals and sullen, strange inheritances. He's learned the secrets of more than one suspicious death because he's made it a point over the years to get right to the scene, sometimes even before the police. Or they'd be gathering reinforcements, distributing riot guns and radioing for instructions in front of the house, while Lord would sneak around to the back door and pop inside and see the way the brains were sprayed and where the body lay and where the gun was propped, and damn well *know* it wasn't suicide. There was a family of Indians here, who'd murdered somebody in Canada and buried him in their cellar and moved across the border. They slept on a pile of old buffalo robes laid on the floor. The daughter, a half-breed, went back into the woods in a fit of despondency and found a cliff and jumped. Then when the men had died as well, the last of them,

a white-haired old woman, stretched out on the railroad tracks with her neck on a rail and ended it that way. (Lord tells these stories while watching the TV—sheriffs slugging baddies and bouncers punching drunks. His son was a sniper in the Pacific theater, stalking the Japanese like deer; is now a quiet bachelor who works in Massachusetts, driving home weekends.)

I'm transplanting some spruce and beginning to clear my upper field of striped maple and arctic birch. I'm also rehabilitating a chickencoop to serve as a playhouse when our baby is four or five. The barn is sturdy, moderate-sized, unpainted, built with used planking fifteen years ago. Although our place when I was a boy probably had a better barn, I took that one for granted. Now I stand in my own barn and look up at the joists and rafters, the beams under the hayloft, the king posts, struts, and studding, the slabs of wood nailed angularly for extra strength. It's all on the same pattern as the other barns in town and yet I marvel at it. The junk inside consists of whiffle trees, neck yokes and harness, a tractor and a harrow, neither functional, and painters' ladders, milking stools, and broken stanchions. In the attic of the house are smaller memorabilia, like fox and beaver traps, deer antlers and tobacco cans of clean deer lard, an old grindstone, an old bedpan, a pair of high green boots, a pile of *Reader's Digests*, which when matched with our assorted miscellany and childhood books, stacked up, and different boxes of letters and snapshots (snapshots of the prairie Hoaglands seventy years ago, posed in joky insouciance—Hoaglands who would have felt at home here), will be the attic our daughter grows up to know.

Freight trains hoot through town; there is a busy blacksmith, a Ben Franklin store, and a rest home called Poole's, whose telephone is the night number for all emergency facilities. People say "the forenoon" and say a man whose wife has left him "keeps bachelor's hall." Our predecessors in the house, the B.'s, ate groundhogs on occasion, parboiled, and deer in season and out, and,

though we're easier on the game, we cook on their wood stove and light with kerosene, and, just as in the platitudes, it's a source of ease and peace. Nothing hokum-yokum, just a sense of competence and self-sufficiency. Everything takes time—when it's too dark to read we cook supper, hearing the calling of the owls; then maybe I take the dogs for a walk, playing the blind god. Of course I wouldn't want to get along with wood and kerosene all *winter*. Nor do I want to turn the clock back. It's simply doing what is necessary, because there is one kind of necessity in the city and another here.

The B.'s moved only around the mountain when we bought their farm. The stove is one Mr. B.'s father acquired in 1921—the salesman drove up with a team and wagon piled with iron stoves and told him that if he could break the lid of any of them he could have the whole stove free. The spring we pipe our water from Mr. B. found himself, using water-witching procedures. The first time that he dug a catch-hole, however, he tried enlarging it with dynamite. One stick worked all right (detonated with the tractor engine), but when he got greedy and wanted still a bigger source, he put in two more sticks and blew the spring away, tipping the base rock so that the water flowed by other routes. He had to go dowsing again, farther from the house, but found a new spot underground where three trickles joined together in front of a tree, and dug more modestly this time, although the overflow was sufficient for Mrs. B. to raise beds of celery there.

I MIGHT as well have begun this essay by saying that things are better than we think. In the public domain they're not; and we can't glance ahead with pleasure to the world our children will inhabit—more than us, perhaps, they will have to swim for dear life. But middle age is the time when we give more than we get—give love, give work, seek sites. And sites can still be found, at least. You may discover you need two houses, but you can find your homes and set to work, living for the decade.

With-It Movies

William S. Pechter

WHEN MGM, with early indications of having a loser on its hands in *2001*, shifted the film's advertising campaign to tout it as the big trip movie, it soon became clear from the crowds of stoned under-thirties flocking to it that, given the right sales pitch, the young audience was as susceptible to consumer fraud as any other. Along with the phenomenal success of *The Graduate*, the example of *2001* signaled something new in films—a new market—and the youth market in films has been bullish ever since. Probably it's now not excessive even to say that, apart from the extremes of exploitation films and those made for television, the boom in films geared for youth has been such that the major division into which commercially-made American films increasingly fall is that of being with-it or not; the latter chiefly a vast miasma extending from *The Love Bug* to *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* with lots of elephantine musicals in between. And certainly it is true that, with the exception of *The Wild Bunch*, virtually all of the commercially-made American films of the past two years which have been found worthy of serious attention in the press are distinguished by the extent to which they make a direct appeal to the high-school and college-age young.

The outpouring of these films is in itself unremarkable enough. Anyone who has watched the coming and going of the cycles of prize-fight or psychological Western or teen-age horror or spy spoof films

knows how predictably successes breed imitations and how soon variety is converted into formula. What is remarkable, and reprehensible, is the rapidity and extent to which an indiscriminating vocabulary of "critical" praise has evolved to greet these films of youthfulness. This is cant—the disingenuous mouthing of a conformity's catchwords—and, like the political liberal's pious encomia of college students, the cant of those desperately afraid of being left behind. The films, when bad, are only bad films. The cant is a cancerous deformation of discourse, and, to the degree that it overgrows such shriveled possibilities of telling the truth on any subject as still exist, a malignant one.

I

Best movie I've seen in years . . . best I've ever seen on the subject of youth. . .

—Rex Reed

IN RECENT months, the growing ranks of with-it cinema have been joined by such films as *If . . .*, *Goodbye Columbus*, *Last Summer*, *Midnight Cowboy*, *Easy Rider*, *Medium Cool*, and *Alice's Restaurant*. As might be expected of any such loose grouping, the quality of individual works varies greatly, both in actual artistic accomplishment and in degree of with-it-ness; but then, as a trip movie, *2001* itself proved more Thorazine than LSD. (It's difficult now to talk about *2001* without reacting to the extremes of adulation or antipathy it has provoked. I rather like it, but, for all its gigantism, mainly for the quiet wit with which Kubrick plays off man's stupendous technology against his

incorrigible banality, a wit in which the director's attitudes clearly diverge from the fatuous apocalyptic mysticism of Arthur C. Clarke.)

Among the recent films, *Goodbye Columbus* is instantly dismissible as an attempt to cash in on the success of *The Graduate*, a pseudo-youth movie product made by a director who, only the film before last, was ploughing Stanley Kramer territory, and whose newly acquired mentholated lyricism makes Mike Nichols look like an Eisensteinian genius by comparison. *Last Summer* is something of a ringer, a film about youth made from a distinctly middle-aged, middle-class, middlebrow point of view compounded largely of some Richard Hughes-William Golding-derived natural-savagery business that has been heavily diluted by the we-adults-are-responsible routine. Basically, the film is extended television drama, with everything neatly in its place and a carefully measured dose of "strong medicine" at the end. It benefits greatly from its atmospheric seashore photography and from some extremely good acting, and suffers less than might be expected from Frank and Eleanor Perry, who earlier gave us *David and Lisa*, *The Swimmer*, and things like that. To judge from a photograph displayed at the San Francisco Film Festival, Frank Perry now wears long hair. Today's fashions can make anyone look like an artist.

II

If you're young, you'll really dig If . . . If you're not so young it's more reason than ever to go see what it's all about!

—Liz Smith

LINDSAY ANDERSON's *If . . .* is a ringer of another sort, American in its financing only, a film made by an English director and set in an English public school. And, although concerned with youthful rebellion from an extremely sym-

WILLIAM S. PECHTER's book on the movies, *Twenty-Four Times a Second*, is to be published this year by Harper & Row.

pathetic point of view, it seems unusual also in its lack of any attempt to court the with-it set. This is to honor the work: it seems genuinely and uncompromisingly to spring from its maker's personal vision; yet that vision itself seems compromised by confusions whose consistent evasion finally suggests something like self-deceit. *If . . .* is about schoolboys in conflict with the repressive authority of the system, and has been generally regarded as a work shifting between levels of fantasy and "reality." Yet the film in its entirety has the a-logical power of fantasy, and attempts to distinguish among levels within it seem to me to fail to acknowledge the amount of concrete social observation which fantasy may accommodate.

The effect of *If . . .* is not of alternating fantasy and reality, but rather of alternations between fantasy that has been freely achieved and blocked fantasy, fantasy cut off from the source of its own imaginative power, its elements somehow wrongly related. One senses this inductively: the final scenes in which violent rebellion breaks out, the rebels machine-gunning the school officials and Establishment representatives from a roof, have an oddly frustrating, unconsummated quality; the issues and participants blurred, an absence of casualties for all the shooting. The lines of hostility in *If . . .* are drawn from the school-boy's perspective of "them" against "us," yet, at the end, the rebels fire on their comrades as on their repressors, simply firing on everything in sight. But it is not the them versus us mentality which seems the weakness; indeed, as in *Zero for Conduct*, by which Anderson's film is quite obviously influenced, this immersion in the simple boyhood vision of enmity is a source of strength (although one might wish that, like Vigo, Anderson were able to draw a richer portrait of the enemy, who, in *If . . .*, is caricatured in mere stick figures of malevolent authority). *Zero for Conduct* ends also in the outbreak of rebellion, but there the effect is exhilarating, liberating. The comparable moment in *If . . .* is not in its muffled conclusion but in a scene in the

middle of the film in which the rebels' leader, after having made love to a girl met in the course of an illicit excursion to a local café, rides through the countryside on a stolen motorcycle with another schoolboy and the girl held aloft like the figurehead of some speeding ship. The force of this moment comes from its released charge of sexual energy, as does that of all the best moments in the film, whether violent or tender; and it is no small achievement that Anderson is able to bring such feeling equally to the depiction of both homosexual and heterosexual relationships.

The repression and liberation of sexual energy are at the heart of what is most moving and powerful, most freely imagined in *If . . .*. But Anderson is a politically committed artist, and committed to Commitment, and so *If . . .* continually attempts to extend its sexual fantasy to the political sphere, to translate the terms of one fantasy into those of another. Yet, in a sense, the artistic failures of *If . . .* are a confirmation of its deepest commitment—for they serve as demonstration that libido can no more be harnessed to the revolution than it can be made for long to serve any other master.

III

The impact is devastating! It tells it like it is with lyricism, remarkable power and rhythm!

—Judith Crist

If . . . is an instance of imagination betrayed by intellect; *Easy Rider*, an instance of the artistic advantages and limitations of mindlessness. In some ways, *Easy Rider's* mindlessness is its most authentically turned-on and winning quality. For a time, *Easy Rider* ambles along with so little urgency about destination and such loving devotion to its cyclist-hippie main characters that it is hard not to go along with it for the ride. For a time. Dennis Hopper, *Easy Rider's* director and co-star, has, in fact, boasted of the authenticity of the turning on—real grass smoked during all the (many) scenes of grass smoking—

and these do indeed have the slowed-down, redundant quality of scenes not only acted while high but directed (perforce) and edited on dope as well. (I speak, unscandalized, as someone younger than Hopper, though only a part-time pot smoker.) And, increasingly, the picture-postcard views of countryside give way to languorous essays in the iconography of Peter Fonda, a cipher accorded the reverential treatment of an avatar. This reverence is extended in different degrees to all aspects of the hippie life style. A visit to a commune, while welcome as a relief from the Hollywood gloss usually applied to such material on our screens, is nonetheless so stiff with solemnity as to inspire a furtive appreciation of the occasional virtues of slickness and cynicism. Lest one go too far in this direction, however, *Easy Rider* provides its own antidotal glimpse of the worst of both worlds in an obligatory acid trip assiduously reprising every cliché of the genre.

Yet there is authenticity of a somewhat different sort in what is best in *Easy Rider*. The film is structured around a motorcycle trip made by the two hippie characters through the American West and South, the hostility they meet growing ever more menacing, and one scene, set in a Southern café and making use of local townspeople's improvised reactions to the characters' appearance, rather remarkably captures in epitome the tense encounter of the two cultures which the film is about. The film comes most authentically to intelligent life, however, in the hilarious and poignant performance of Jack Nicholson as an alcoholic, Southern, civil-libertarian lawyer whom the two pick up along the way; a much praised performance which, if it seizes opportunities that the role richly offers, must nevertheless be said, considering how it could have gone wrong, to deserve the praise it has received. Nicholson brings to the film not only intelligence but a face, which, after an hour of dwelling on Peter Fonda's empty good looks, has the force of revelation.

When Nicholson leaves it, the rest is mainly that acid trip, some

Resnais hand-me-down flash forwards, the portentous line, "We blew it," spoken by Fonda while smoking grass, and the sudden, shocking murder of the two motorcyclists by some representative members of the Southern citizenry. The line, reportedly improvised by Fonda while actually high, has been generally regarded as central to the film's meaning, but (though the circumstance of its improvisation need hardly preclude such significance) there seems to me no way coherently to find support from the rest of the film for the weight that it hints of carrying. The film's meaning, such as it is, lies clearly in its violence, which, directed at its own values, has the power of something truly believed. In this—the sincerity of its paranoia—as well as for its tribal loyalties, it is difficult not to like or at least sympathize with *Easy Rider*. And, though the film is paranoid, it is hard—and this is the true source of its impact—to say just where the paranoia leaves off and realistic fears begin. In the well-known phrase: even paranoids may have real enemies.

IV

*Staggering . . . Illuminating . . .
Magnificent! It is the stuff of now!
Young people . . . should be re-
quired to see Medium Cool!*

—Rex Reed

MEDIUM COOL is with-it but not quite of it; a film, like *If . . .*, made by an older director and soberly concerned with the questions of repression and violence, and one, like *Easy Rider*, whose sentiments make it difficult to dislike. Haskell Wexler, the film's writer and director, has been one of Hollywood's best and most outspoken cinematographers, who, in the past, has been refreshingly candid on the failings of films he has photographed for other directors. Yet, ludicrously unreal as is the black-white confrontation melodrama of *In the Heat of the Night*, *Medium Cool*, however more hip in its black-white confrontation, is both less well directed than the slick Hollywood entertainment and less excitingly photographed. It is one thing to applaud a film for its

sentiments but quite another to claim that one is applauding artistic achievement—for, to the extent that the art of film-making involves both the directing of actors and the giving of form to one's materials, it must be said that *Medium Cool* is both stilted and shapeless.

Despite being outfitted with a smart McLuhanite title and the stylist trappings of film-making calling attention to itself, *Medium Cool* remains essentially the forced marriage of some very ordinary fictional narrative with a documentary record of the Chicago convention riots. That a genuine excitement inheres in the actual event itself is undeniable, and the film does take an excitement from it. But the relation of *Medium Cool* to the event is chiefly exploitative: the film takes everything, and brings nothing; the riots functioning in it like the exotic locales used to renovate hackneyed plots in standard Hollywood products. Against this actual backdrop, the film places the merest sketch of narrative and character, if the word character can even be used to contain divergencies so irreconcilable as the protagonist's shift from callous brutality in the pre-credit sequence to liberal enlightenment in the scene of his speech while watching a television documentary of Martin Luther King. "Watch out, Haskell, it's real!" a crew member is heard to shout on the sound track at one point as a tear-gas bomb explodes nearby. Given the flimsiness of the fiction which *Medium Cool* attempts to impose on this reality and the finality with which that cyclonic reality blows it away, the warning might be taken in more than one way.

V

One of the best films about young people ever made!

—Time

A WHILE AGO, Arlo Guthrie had a hit record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacre." Shortly afterward, Arthur Penn made a film based on it. In time for the Christmas season, Random House published *The Alice's Restaurant Cookbook*. Soon,

a chain of "Alice's Restaurants" is to begin opening around the country under franchises sold by Alice Brock, the "real" proprietress of the "real" Alice's Restaurant. . . .

Like *Easy Rider* and *Medium Cool*, *Alice's Restaurant* is a difficult film to dislike, but by the time I saw it I was starting to dislike films that were difficult to dislike. The most salient feature of *Alice's Restaurant*, however, is how little there is in it either to like, dislike, or otherwise hold onto. If there is anything interesting about the film it is that somewhere in its meandering progress from start to finish it changes course, and what starts looking like another celebration of the new tribal rites finishes as an elegy to "aging children" and the poignancy of parenthood. Yet the most interesting thing about this is just how little interest it sustains. Somewhere along the way (or so it would seem from the film's seesawing uncertainties of tone), Arthur Penn appears to have sensed that all this is not really heaven, and that flower children, too, can be up-tight, have problems, destroy themselves, or reach thirty. This is the news that *Alice's Restaurant* brings, to which at least one possible response might be: So what?

Yet, to judge from some of the film's sympathizers, another possible response is paternalistically to indulge its fitful attempts to "feel its way," as though the film, too, were a fragile flower child in need of protection, and its groping the badge of its sincerity. *Alice's Restaurant* is sincere all right, in what seems to me a thoroughly sickening way: disarming resistance by playing on our knowledge that the real Woody Guthrie lay for years dying much like the actor who impersonates him in the film and that his son may be latently afflicted with the same incurable and fatal disease. (Whether the portrayal of Alice and Ray Brock has a similar basis in actuality I don't know, though that question intrigues me far less than does their possible rationale in selling the rights to the use of their names in connection with events so intimate as the film chronicles, whether real or fictitious.)

As for the film's fragility, let me offer one possible (if, admittedly, less charitable) alternative view. Somewhere along the assembly line on which a catchy tune is converted into Kentucky Fried Chicken for the now generation, Arthur Penn has made a film, a kind of updated *Jolson Story* refurbished with lots of the new candor ("candor": our currently favored form of dishonesty). In it, Arlo Guthrie, a modestly talented young man with a voice the sure-fire blend of Dylan's sourness and Donovan's sweetness, a cherubic simpleton's face sometimes startlingly reminiscent of Harry Langdon's, and a screen presence registration of zero, gets to repeat his big success while Arthur Penn, a director whose films have yet to betray evidence that an original thought has ever crossed his mind, feels his way toward some groping realization that there is trouble in paradise. Our tenderness toward this enterprise is solicited; it is a personal film; it is hard to dislike. I believe, however, that it may be worth making the effort. For, as I write, far from being one of the hundred neediest cases, *Alice's Restaurant* happens to be the next to top-grossing film in the country, second only to *I Am Curious (Yellow)*. Again, it seems, somebody is getting rich, and again, it seems, it isn't I. And since somebody is getting rich, in part, on my \$2.50, I think I don't have to like it. In fact, I don't think I'd much like *Alice's Restaurant* if it were going broke and I saw it free.

VI

FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA is, at thirty, a genuinely young director, and already his brief career offers a classical model of Hollywood-style disaffection. A graduate of the motion-picture division of UCLA, he quickly acquired such prestigious credits as that of co-author (with Gore Vidal) of the screenplay of the Franco-American debacle, *Is Paris Burning?* Following a low-budget horror movie, his second feature film as a director was *You're a Big Boy Now*, perhaps the American prototype of coat-tail-with-it cinema, a frantic mélange of Richard Lesterisms joined

to music by the Lovin' Spoonful. His next film was a big musical, *Finian's Rainbow*, whether elephantine or not I can't say, not having seen it. Then, with some acidulous comments on working within the studio system, he went on location with a relatively little-known cast to direct an original screenplay of his own, the film now released as *The Rain People*. Given the previous Lester influence, one might reasonably expect something like *Petulia*, jazzed-up soap opera laced with modish anti-Americanism; in other words, a "serious" work, signaling its director's newfound "maturity."

And, following a beautiful, very quiet scene of early-morning rising played under the credits, it appears one's worst expectations will have their confirmation. A young wife is leaving her affluent home and husband, and stops on her way at the home of her parents who only bicker with each other as she tries to talk to them; you see (for you can't miss), they are too wrapped up in themselves to listen to her. Yet, almost immediately after, when the woman stops to telephone her husband, something quite different begins happening. For gradually one becomes aware, in the course of their conversation (filmed, in a sudden shift from the fluidly dissolving style of the opening to the intense concentration of a long single-take), that the situation is more ambiguous than it first appeared; that the husband is not unsympathetic, and the wife not merely the aspiring spirit fleeing from suburbia. One becomes aware, in particular, of her tendency to refer to herself in the third person, speaking of "the married lady" and telling her husband that "she's pregnant"; and, if at first this seems no more than a kind of self-conscious criticism of her domestic role, it soon begins to take on hints of something more serious and problematical. And when, shortly after embarking on a drive across the country, she picks up a young male hitchhiker and later makes herself up in a garishly sexual mask in order to seduce (and humiliate) him, one's growing sense of witnessing something approaching a schizophrenic dissociation is rein-

forced disturbingly. Yet the effect is not clinical.

The seduction fails, though not the humiliation; the young man, it is revealed, is a brain-damaged ex-college football hero, and is, as much as the woman, in flight. And their shared flight makes up the substance of *The Rain People* as it progresses with the dramatically unstressed, leisurely pace of the vagrant drive itself, punctuated by the wife's telephone calls home, and ending as shockingly as *Easy Rider* in the young man's violent death. There is much that is erratic along the way—one may wince, in particular, at the young man's "sensitive" speech from which the film's title derives, and wish that the episode in which he goes to see an ex-girlfriend and her family were less rigged for easy response—but what emerges from *The Rain People* as a whole is an extraordinary evocation of the characters' desperation and of the American road which provides its setting. If there is an influence at work in *The Rain People*, it seems surprisingly to be that of Antonioni, especially in Coppola's eye for the disorienting strangeness and pathos of familiar things and places—of a "Welcome Home Mike" banner strung across a small town's main street, a drive-in movie theater entered by day, a passing parade—and even Coppola's penchant for the unusual, proximate camera position, which may strike one as irritatingly mannered at first, seems finally to serve this sense of disorientation and estrangement. It is, of course, the characters' own, yet is most fully realized in their surroundings; and indeed, in its visual beauty and resonant detail, *The Rain People* seems to me, among other things, to create an image of the American landscape with whose vivid intensity the blurred prettiness of *Easy Rider* cannot compare.

With each telephone call home, our sense of the woman's distress deepens. The hitchhiker has become alternately someone about whom she cares and an unwanted burden, someone with whom she shifts unpredictably from tenderness to abuse. At one point she attacks him as an "idiot" and "freak"

whom she only picked up because she "wanted to make it with someone"; then adds, "Don't you see, I can hardly take care of myself!" She tries to leave him, attempting unsuccessfully to find him a job (at a Midwestern "Snake Ranch," another real location with unsettling reverberations), and eventually she does. "You hurt me!" he shouts, as she drives away. Earlier, on the telephone, she has told her husband that she doesn't want responsibility, and he tells her that she *is* responsible—for herself, for the baby she's carrying. She withdraws again behind her mask for an encounter with a cop she meets but whom she only discovers to be as much a damaged person as the hitchhiker and herself. The hitchhiker breaks in on her while she's with the cop, and, thinking she needs his help, attempts to defend her. A fight breaks out; he is shot; and the film ends with the woman hysterically weeping, mothering the hitchhiker's dead body with the consoling promise that she and her husband will take him in and look after him.

The Rain People is hardly a wholly successful work: both somewhat lacking in definition and, despite the closing burst of violent action (in itself, something of a betrayal of the film's character), unfulfilled. Like the Beatles' "She's Leaving Home," it continually skirts bathos, and may (as may the song) occasionally overstep the line. It is also beautifully acted and directed (I must retract here an earlier remark in print on Coppola's indifference in directing actors), and a work which rather admirably declines to bend with fashion or seek easily accessible applause. Its vision of the flight from responsibility ending only in discovery of the inescapability of responsibility isn't an ingratiating one, nor is the sympathetic portrayal of a character who happens to be a cop likely to find favor with the young. Indeed, to judge from the speed of its disappearance in San Francisco, *The Rain People* is likely to find favor with almost no one. Yet, for all the current rage of youthfulness in films, the occasional appearance of a

young film-maker's work so little with-it and so clearly a personal creation as *The Rain People* (or Noel Black's *Pretty Poison* of the year before) is an encouraging sign that there are still those who, faced with the rewards of joining the new conformity, choose instead to drop out.

VII

When I said in late 1967 and again in early 1968 that The Graduate was "a milestone in American film history," the remark was greeted with some hoots. I raise this matter now not (or not only!) to show my acuteness. . .

—Stanley Kauffmann

By now you have got the idea, and can write a note on *Midnight Cowboy* (or another film of your choice), find a blurb to attach, and complete this piece yourself.

Shit is flying, and everywhere critics are rushing to turn on fans.

—Old Saying

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Books in Review

The Literary Life

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE MAN OF LETTERS. By JOHN GROSS. Macmillan. 322 pp. \$8.95.

Reviewed by RENEE WINEGARTEN

NOTHING ASSURES us that literature is immortal, wrote Sartre in 1947, adding that the world can very easily do without literature. In the years that have passed since then, the crisis of confidence (which had already become manifest in the 30's) has grown more acute. Where, in those days, the student of literature had a sneaking feeling that he ought instead to be doing something "useful" for humanity, today in moments of gloom he wonders whether literature itself is not going down the drain, given a helping kick by well-intentioned academics and by critics who treat it as a branch of *haute couture*. (And, it might be observed, by some novelists: "But the hell with it. Kesey was already talking about how writing was an old-fashioned and artificial form. . .," writes Tom Wolfe in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*.) This question has nothing to do with the (still considerable) quantity of novels and poems published, but with the publicly expressed or implied attitude to literature, the degree of genuine esteem in which it is held, and, above all, how far the nature of the experience that literature can provide is truly understood.

In his brilliant and challenging book, *The Rise and Fall of the Man of Letters*, John Gross examines the role of literature in public life since 1800. He is concerned with the social context of criticism, the growth of the reading public and the rise of English studies in the universities, the shaping of 19th-

century English literary culture and its gradual disintegration. Toward the end, meditating on modern times, he is struck with dismay, and inquires whether literature itself does not seem less important than it once did. With the continuing horrors of war and the ever-present threat of nuclear destruction, "perhaps the whole thing no longer matters all that much." The statement is a revealing lapse in one whose profession is letters.

In spite of this momentary failure of nerve, however, he reaches the sanguine conclusion that the creative writer will always be able to fend for himself. This happy outcome will surely be more difficult if outlets dry up and the public with time and inclination for attentive reading diminishes, and particularly if the writer in question happens to be one who works against the grain of fashion, pursuing order instead of reflecting disorder. What Wordsworth had to say about poetry is still pertinent to literature in general:

The qualities of writing best fitted for eager reception are either such as startle the world into attention by their audacity and extravagance; or they are chiefly of a superficial kind, lying upon the surfaces of manners; or arising out of a selection and arrangement of incidents, by which the mind is kept upon the stretch of curiosity, and the fancy amused without the trouble of thought. But in everything which is to send the soul into herself . . . *there*, the poet must reconcile himself for a season to few and scattered hearers. . . . Let us not shrink from following up these principles as far as they will carry us, and conclude with observing—that there never has been a period, and perhaps never will be, in which vicious poetry, of some kind or other, has not excited more zealous admiration, and been far more generally read, than good. . . .

Here, the role of the critic which John Gross finds slightly more prob-

lematic than that of the creative writer, will continue to be necessary. Certainly, as long as literature endures, there is likely to be somebody to appreciate, interpret, and evaluate it, even though (like so many today) the critic may find himself ever less able to talk about literature in terms of its own order than in terms of social conditions, general culture, or the history of ideas. All of these may be essential adjuncts to the subject, but they are only too often elevated into the main aim, with the result that critics sometimes appear to be examining literature without actually doing so.

THESE ARE some of the problems which increasingly bother those "timid" people who, according to Marshall McLuhan, prefer to bury their head in the sand of an earlier environment rather than keep up with the present: people who persist in caring about literature for its own sake. The trouble is that it is extremely difficult to talk effectively about the value of literature. If, like Dr. Johnson when asked about poetry, we know what it is, we find it harder to say what it is. A major work of literature has a curious life of its own and the power to communicate an experience that is not always readily translatable into other terms. Middleton Murry, in John Gross's words, felt a "sense of the discrepancy between a formal judgment and the actual experience of a major work of art." Literary critics supposedly anxious to protect their vested interest may still feel that the sensibility required for coping with this experience has little to do with Susan Sontag's "new sensibility," open to "the beauty of a machine or of the solution to a mathematical problem, of a painting by Jasper Johns, of a film by Jean-Luc Godard, and of the personalities and music of the Beatles. . . ." Written in 1965, this already looks rather *démodé*. Receptivity is a virtue, but an inade-

RENEE WINEGARTEN, a free-lance writer and critic, contributed "French Culture and the Jews" to our January 1968 number.

quate one if unaccompanied by taste and discrimination.

John Gross (keenly aware of the American scene) is pretty sharp with the cultural pundits and with the critics he feels are "putting themselves out of business," though perhaps not sharp enough. As one who has been both university teacher and literary journalist, he himself can be seen as a deeply divided critic inquiring into his antecedents for whatever guidance they can offer him, either negatively through their shortcomings or positively through their virtues. The crisis of confidence of which he is part—as indeed we all are—has led him to write his book in the strange, even defensive way he has. It is sometimes a confusing book, because it darts among so many aspects of the literary dilemma: at once detached and yet highly personal, it unites a serious study in the academic sense with discursive reflections.

WHAT EXACTLY is a "man of letters"? The term, derived from the French, is a loose one. First, there is the neutral sense of "scholar, writer, one who lives by his pen," a sense which embraces major writers including those who discussed literary topics, as well as literary critics, commentators, and reviewers. This is the broad sense in which John Gross uses it, disinclined to distinguish between the genuine and the spurious man of letters in the manner of Carlyle. Then there is the modern derogatory sense, as when Valéry said of a colleague that he was "only a man of letters," as distinct from a writer of genius and integrity. The application of the word to Victorian and Edwardian bookmen, with their facile musings among the masterpieces, caused it to fall into disrepute, so that it is sometimes (though not always) used today with a certain mild embarrassment. Nonetheless, though the individual may now be known by another name (don or free-lance critic), the phenomenon continues to exist.

As a portrait gallery of English men of letters (from Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh Review* with his celebrated comment on Wordsworth's

The Excursion, "This will never do," to F. R. Leavis and his high solemnities), Mr. Gross's survey is not intended to be all-inclusive. Some omissions may be regretted: the Liberal politician C. F. G. Masterman is in, but his friend Ford Madox Ford, always ready to encourage and promote some worthy aspirant, is not discussed at length; and neither is E. M. Forster. T. S. Eliot may be thought to receive less than his deserts, but then this is not a history of criticism. On the other hand, Arnold Bennett, patronized by Virginia Woolf and long cold-shouldered by the literary establishment, is refreshingly praised for having provided the model for a good literary column. Mostly zealous to find a good word to say about his chosen writers, John Gross is equally generous to G. K. Chesterton, noting, despite his notorious anti-Semitism, his "fundamental decency."

Still, nothing can disguise the disconcerting and significant fact that one of our wittiest and most judicious critics, who grumbles at other modern academics for scraping the bottom of the barrel, has elected to exercise his gifts not only on Carlyle and Arnold, G. H. Lewes and Leslie Stephen, but on Andrew Lang (who lauded Rider Haggard while denigrating Tolstoy), the late-Victorian imperialist W. E. Henley, and the enigmatic A. R. Orage who ended by dabbling in Social Credit theories and the occult. When some of these minor figures are on the stage, interest occasionally flags, however lively the author's eye for the eccentric and the humane. In his view, the humane is a test of culture; not for him the myth of idyllic medievalism that would ignore plague and pogrom. Indeed, in the manner of so many English critics dominated by the heritage of Arnold (his own favorite, Raymond Williams, included), he can often be found analyzing and assessing culture rather than literature.

For he is not actually judging literature itself, except at second hand, in so far as he feels obliged to discuss the soundness or otherwise of the opinions expressed by his selected men of letters. The real marrow of the book is to be found in suggestive asides that are not

developed, in his remarks on aestheticism and the reactionary outlook, for instance, or again in his related comment on the difficulties of trying to combine liberalism in politics with cultural élitism, difficulties from which there is as yet "no obvious way out." He is drawn reluctantly but inevitably to a conclusion he patently dislikes as much as we all do, namely, that literature is "inegalitarian; or, to put it as democratically as one can, not everyone has an aptitude for it."

And here his ambivalence toward the university teaching of English studies and academic writing on English literature becomes plain. ("What is it ultimately all for? How can anyone who tries to keep up with Wordsworthian studies find time to read Wordsworth?") The absence of detailed references for his quotations deliberately challenges academic practice and may well inconvenience some readers, however much one may sympathize with his reluctance to give the most trivial quotation a reference, "as though it were applying for a job." Yet in spite of this modest revolt, in spite of his distaste for the "false analogy" of research or for criticism as a form of ideology, he holds that in general a good deal of academic criticism is superior to most literary journalism past and present. This view does not prevent him from recognizing the superior merits of a remarkable example of literary journalism like Orwell's essay on "Lear, Tolstoy, and the Fool." Nor does it conceal a certain nostalgia for the confidence and spontaneity of the unprofessional essayist of former times.

YET hesitation, self-doubt, the pursuit of an argument with himself, are part of the attraction of his tone which veers between the breezy and the terse. It is a tone that avoids eloquence, one suspects, out of mistrust rather than incapacity. The conversational style, too, is a means of shunning the authoritarian manner of Leavis in his role of lonely bringer of the light. But at times chattiness can lead to vagueness ("all said and done"), so that when he comes to perform his hatchet-job on Leavis, it seems

insufficient to say that the latter was reluctant to face "fundamental issues" involving D. H. Lawrence, without stating what these issues are (though it is true we may guess that he is alluding to Lawrence's proto-fascism). While many of his strictures, including the attack on the concept of "the Great Tradition," are justified, his denunciation of Leavis and the Leavisites sounds too personal and aggrieved, and contrasts with his customary generosity.

More usually, John Gross figures as a man of sound sense who recognizes that literature is supposed to be a pleasure, not a discipline nor a substitute religion. His definition of a literary critic begins admirably: "The first qualification for being a good critic will always be an interest in literature for what it is, rather than for the ends which it can be made to serve." And he continues: "But the second qualification, no less essential, will be a commitment to the life which lies beyond it, by which it must finally be judged." The second part of this definition, amusingly reminiscent of Leavis, may be more debatable than the first, since it appears to take insufficient account of the proposition that literature and life are not identical; and it also fails to allow for the dangerous element present in some great literature. The difficulty lies in the fact that one may thoroughly disapprove of an author's standpoint without denying his quality or stature as a writer. It is a difficulty that English critics have been inclined to elude.

WHATEVER reservations one may have about some of the points John Gross raises, he does succeed in involving the reader in the debate. Above all, he is not trying to set up any new system: he acknowledges, even welcomes the fluidity of his subject. One thing becomes clear: like all true lovers of literature who have taken to worrying self-consciously about the alleged decline in literature's importance, he does not seriously believe in that decline any more than they do. Whether such a brave front represents wishful thinking or hope that will be justified, only time can tell.

The New Elite

THE CRISIS OF INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY.
By NORMAN BIRNBAUM. Oxford
University Press. 185 pp. \$4.75.

Reviewed by MICHAEL HARRINGTON

IT IS NOT immediately obvious that Daniel Bell and Herbert Marcuse share the same analysis of Western society. Yet they, along with almost an entire generation of social thinkers, agree on basic structural tendencies. (Where they differ—and, of course, here their positions are polar—is on interpretation.) A major point of consensus is the so-called theory of "industrial society," which—I simplify—propounds the notion that corporate managers have been taking over from property owners and have been rationalizing production in huge, often self-financing units. As a result of this development, organizational skill and scientific knowledge have become far more important than capital or land. In further consequence, new social classes have arisen to fill the new functions, and the rebel classes of old (that is, the workers), because they share in the enormous increases in output, have at least been partly integrated into the system.

In the liberal, technocratic, and anti-radical version of this analysis—Daniel Bell's or Raymond Aron's, say—consensus and the end of ideology are a good thing since they make rational, thoughtful progress possible. Reform, as Daniel Patrick Moynihan (another member of the liberal company) has put it, is now professionalized; gone are the days when mass rallies and public petitions had efficacy (it is this sincerely-held, if, in my opinion, erroneous conviction which permits a liberal Democrat like Moynihan to work for a conservative Republican President). Corollary to the Bell-Aron-Moynihan view is the proposition which Sakharov and Kapitsa have developed in Russia and Clark Kerr, among others, in this country—namely, that any technological economy, whether it calls itself

Communist or capitalist, tends to become an industrial society.

At the other end of the ideological spectrum is Herbert Marcuse, who acknowledges the same facts as Bell, but who is provoked by them to despair rather than hope. In Marcuse's view, the technocrats who help integrate the workers into a society of mass (he would say, degraded) consumption are creating the most repressive system in history, one in which the slaves love their chains. But even though he takes violent issue with an optimistic reading of the data, Marcuse's anti-utopia shares a crucial premise with Moynihan's professional reform: that the politics of mass participation and struggle are finished.

It is for this reason that I disagree both with Marcuse's tragic Marxism and Moynihan's administrative activism; each, in its own way, underestimates the persistence of old-fashioned power relationships and conflicts. And that, too, is why I am so impressed by Norman Birnbaum's *The Crisis of Industrial Society*, which maintains a live sense of how the old inequalities have been made new and sophisticated in the emergent order, and which holds out the hope, albeit a tentative one, that real change is still possible.

NORMAN BIRNBAUM, like his fellow industrial-society theorists, recognizes that there has been a massive shift in class structure in the advanced economies. In place of the old, bourgeois elites, there is a new elite, composed of the managers of industry and the state sector, entrepreneurial technicians, and, occasionally, politicians. Their chief characteristic is that they manipulate, rather than own, property and power. Beneath them is a heterogeneous grouping of administrators, technicians, and service personnel who are skilled in administrative techniques. Finally, there is a working class, whose jobs are as burdensome and as tedious as ever.

Birnbaum's crucial point about this social configuration is that the new elite, even though it is well-educated and civil, is not necessarily benign. "It is quite true," he writes, "that the composition of

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the elite is changing: it does not follow that the new elite will show greater reluctance to exercise social command than its predecessors." This is precisely the point which is missed by the theorists of the optimistic school; even John Kenneth Galbraith, in his *The New Industrial State*, assumes that the "technostructure" (his term for the new elite) will tend to behave decently. As Birnbaum argues, that just isn't so.

In this context, it is revealing that Birnbaum groups the managers of public and private property in the same category. For even in the case of nationalized industry, where there is, in theory, a democratic responsibility imposed upon the administrators, as much anti-social behavior exists as in the big corporations. Robert Moses's autocratic planning transformed New York City radically and with great disregard for social and aesthetic consequences. Yet his projects were carried out in the name of the people. The point is that, unless there is real debate and control from below, the new elite, even when it is supposed to be in the service of the public, acts as imperiously and egotistically as the old.

Birnbaum's proficiency in describing the new elite takes on added dimension from his rich historical speculation. In the 19th century no less than in the 20th, he points out, elites were mixed in composition and subject to change; it is therefore misleading to contrast the present managers and technicians with the "pure" bourgeois class of the past. In France, "political democracy triumphed without liberalism: the radicalism of the victorious element was compounded of ideological rationalism, *étatisme*, and conservatism with regard to the possession of property." And the pre-industrial Prussians who presided over the development of German capitalism introduced the first national system of elementary education in Europe, in part to build up a better army. These adductions from history—and there are many others—lend texture and perspective to Birnbaum's observations on the contemporary situation.

From the past, Birnbaum turns to the future, more specifically to the current phenomenon of student discontent which, he feels, again in a spirit of hope, may herald the "politics of the future technical intelligentsia." I share this hope, but I find Birnbaum's theorizing here somewhat off his usual standard. For instance, he misjudges the extent of the gap between the "technical intelligentsia" and the campus militants, who often reserve their choicest epithets for the technocrats. Also, he overstates the degree to which the working class has actually been integrated into the industrial society.

On the first point, it is well to remember that college radicalism has been concentrated in the liberal arts and "soft" social sciences. The engineers, the business majors, the other assorted career-oriented students (who will swell the cadres of the industrial society) have been notably less restless. I do not suggest that this fact contradicts Birnbaum's analysis, but only that it complicates it. Essentially, I think his prognosis a correct one; it was at any rate borne out—as Alain Touraine has argued—by the events in France in May 1968, where the greatest militancy was to be found not in the coal mines but among the technical intelligentsia in the up-to-date industries—electronics, chemicals, auto-assembly lines, communications—who sought to gain democratic control, or at least influence, over the workplace. Closer to home, we may recall that the 1968 primary campaigns of Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy both involved the dramatic participation of the technical intelligentsia.

YET—and this is the second point—the very complexity of industrial society, which Birnbaum describes so well, means that the technical intelligentsia by itself cannot transform the status quo. Birnbaum recognizes that blue-collar workers are still very numerous and that their lives are far from affluent. It therefore follows in my opinion that basic change can come about only if the new protest will make common cause with the old. And that, as I noted in *Toward a Democratic Left*, will not

happen so long as international issues continue to dominate the nation's concern; for on questions of foreign policy the different social experiences of the new intelligentsia and the traditional working class act to create antagonism, rather than alliance. But once the war in Vietnam is brought to an end, once domestic issues are again at the center of American politics, it will be possible at least to hope for a new majority coalition uniting the old and the new radicalisms.

Old-Fashioned Virtues

THE FAMILY CARNOVSKY. By I. J. SINGER. Translated by Joseph Singer. *Vanguard*. 405 pp. \$6.95.
STEEL AND IRON. By I. J. Singer. Translated by Joseph Singer. *Funk & Wagnalls*. 320 pp. \$6.95.

Reviewed by DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

IN AN era of novels in which the milieu is evoked with a stroke of the pen if it is rendered at all, in which the novelist's craft is praised in direct proportion to that amount he is able to show without telling, I. J. Singer comes to remind us of some long forgotten relish in the novelist's activity. *The Family Carnovsky* will come with strange thickness to an audience which has learned that the novelist's genius is economy, those deft single strokes, the gesture which defines a whole universe, as though the art of the novelist were the art of the dancer. It will seem even stranger to the reader who has been given to understand that the more he is left to gather from the unspoken and the un-rendered, the more likely it is that he is in the toils of a vision rare beyond rendering.

Nothing is too rare for Singer. To read him is to know again the pleasures of an endless novelistic energy, a loving and discursive relish for detail not far from the

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fashion of the 19th-century novelist. Indeed, that is what Singer is, though *The Family Carnovsky*, his last complete work, was published in 1943. And, though he is more often compared with Thomas Mann than with Dickens, there is the Dickensian in him very much more, in his insistence on the meaning of social detail, and on its moral meaning precisely.

The world of Singer's novels is morally fateful, always. In *The Family Carnovsky*, the social question, and its moral valuation, quite simply hang on the question: how does one live as a Jew, if it is hard to be a Jew? And it is always hard to be a Jew. It is hardest of all to be a kind of Jew or a part of one, since for the most earnest assimilationist, there is no guarantee that the world will recognize which kind of Jew he is, or, if he is part of one, which part is which. There was certainly no such guarantee in the world of the late 19th-century German-Jewish enlightenment, the era in which David Carnovsky leaves his Melnitz *shtetl* to join, an assimilated Berlin Jewish society.

The Family Carnovsky is the story of three generations of Jews, each more surely rooted in its German culture than the last. But culture is not blood, and it is not character, and Singer never fails to remind us of the ineradicable ancestry of the Carnovskys. Let them assimilate: their hair is black, their doctor's hands are brilliant, their scholarship natural and effortless, their ethos prominent. David Carnovsky exhorts his son Georg, who has been born into this Germany, to be a Jew in the house and a man in the street, a Jew among Jews, a German among Germans. He refuses to permit his wife to disgrace the family in the new society with her Melnitz Yiddish. He himself takes up German and Hebrew exclusively; he despises the Buraks, the stubbornly Yiddish Jews, proud holdouts who refuse to be Germans among Germans. So tutored in ambivalence, Georg grows up an assimilated German, an indifferent but brilliant student, an energetic man of science, a doctor; and, finally, a lover.

The social question is a moral one, always, but Singer's is a rare didacticism: its intentions are clear and utterly deliberate, and so smoothly incorporated by plot and circumstances and his novelist's show of ambiguity, that it is nothing less than a pleasure to accept its persuasions. His love triangles are ever at the service of his broad social implications; still, he makes a powerful love story around them, telling all with a cool, if tender, psychological eye for relationship. But there he does not linger; telling all, he moves on to the broader human circumstance, the novel based on the premise that human relationships, whether father and son or lover and beloved, are as often as not bound by irresolution, a permanent state of inconclusiveness. Life goes on. In each of Singer's characters there is a sad corner of memory which catches at the present, yet has no power to disarm its inexorable claims. They live as well as they can.

GEORG REJECTS the worshipful love of the Buraks' daughter; her passive unexciting adoration represents all that is oppressive to him. He falls in love instead with a very new kind of woman: a rationalist, a cause-dedicated Communist—the independent, if Jewish, Elsa Landau. She spurns him, having no room in her life for anything but causes. In her presence, the ebullient, confident Georg becomes an awkward incompetent; rejected, he turns to a Gentile girl whose slavish devotion is all that he is up to. Have we come all this way only to learn that Alexander Portnoy is squarely in the tradition of a 19th-century Yiddish novelist? Apparently there are no new dynamics under the sun; it is the same for Berlin as it is for Newark. But to Singer, these old dynamics are worth but a page before he goes on about the business of human character. Georg resigns himself to a passionless marriage with the Aryan Teresa, whose devotion is not a whit different from that offered in the first place by the Buraks' daughter, except insofar as it is Gentile. And therefore, there will

be trouble. But then, troubles are the business of the novelist, and in this thick novel, the business is entirely fascinating—though there are no surprises.

THE COUPLE'S son Jegor is born in time to confound the intentions of two generations. He grows up—emphatically hybrid of feature—destroyed by an adolescence in Hitler's Germany. That is to say, he is destroyed by history: yet, the conclusion is unavoidable that his destruction is wedded to his hybrid birth, primarily. As a symbol of the final assimilation, this sickly, doomed heir blazes a punishing message to his father and to his father's father; but then, they do not need it. By the time Jegor has reached adolescence in the New Order, the citizens of Berlin have for some while been singing:

*Und wenn das Judenblut vom
Messer spritzt,
Ja dann geht's noch mal so gut.*

And then the Carnovskys of all generations have reason to know they are Jewish.

They emigrate: they take up the new life along with other German Jews on the Upper West Side of New York. There is vigor and enterprise about these characters, but there is no greater sense of enterprise than that yielded by Singer himself in constructing the new milieu. His rendering of the society of Upper West Side emigrés fresh from the *Vaterland*—toward which they still feel strange loyalties—of their stubborn recreations of their former life, the unutterable pathos of their bearing up, is the best achievement of the novel.

Generations are reconciled in America, father with son, Jew with Jew. But Jegor bears a burden of pathological hatred for his Jewish blood and his Jewish father, and he is afflicted by a devotion to Germany which finally drives him quite mad. Before the Carnovskys leave Germany, he has suffered brutal humiliation at the hands of a Nazi schoolteacher: he is forced to undress in front of his class to exhibit the physical differences between the Aryan and the *Untermensch*—and here, Singer

does not scruple to afflict him with that old novelist's tiding of deep psychic change: brain fever. Jegor awakens to his mad hatred of his Jewish inheritance, the beginning of the final crisis in a novel which has been long on crises. Singer himself labors richly on the question of genetics. The last hundred-fifty pages are a dramatic exploration of inherited traits, the Teutonic as compared with the Jewish. In dazzling sequence, the judgments come down hard on the trouble with Germans. The Jewish heritages fares well. There are, as I say, no surprises.

THE MODERN novelist offers close psychological scrutiny of his characters to stand in place of a rendering of their society. Society creates and character is its product; we are cued in on the truth of a society by a knowledge of its individuals. I do not know what Singer would have made of this vision. No novelist who created as he did so vast a range of human beings responding, with all their careful differences, to the terms of the same society could make much of it. He has Georg Carnovsky say of the human brain: "What was it actually, that small pile of matter, blood, and veins? Why did it differ so radically from person to person, encompassing every degree of brilliance and stupidity, coarseness and spirituality?" It is that radical difference, that degree between men, which is Singer's novelistic concern. This he engages without any depth of formal psychological scrutiny—though there are things which take for psychic allusion in an old way: Georg's uneven, flashing intellect, his wife's blush, the wasted awkwardness of their son. These are all we know: these and circumstances, and somehow it is enough. From a complex structure and milieu, characters emerge affecting and powerful, as much as to say, when we know what happened to them, we know very well how they felt.

Steel and Iron is Singer's first novel. Its subject is the dreadful image of the First World War and its aftermath. It was written in 1927, and a more different novel in terms of tone and character-

ization from *The Family Carnovsky* is difficult to imagine. Yet the vision of this early Singer is recognizably the same. The novel is peopled by characters bound by circumstances which affect will, destiny which shapes character. But there is no such thing, even in this early Singer, as a man who has no choice but to be what circumstances make him. On the contrary, he has no other choice but to be that which he is, or has begun to be. The nature of a man is irrevocably something, something which will combine perhaps tragically with circumstance; circumstance may militate to change him, but it is man's fate to be taken for what he is. Singer's women love whom they love, for good, whether they wish to or not. His heroes have special grace and strength which take them along, whether they wish to go or not. In this way, *Steel and Iron* is perhaps a more interesting novel, philosophically, than any of Singer's later ones. But it is only that. It is *The Family Carnovsky* which will bring to those who do not yet know what to expect of this elder of the Singer brothers, the pleasures of the good novel.

The Rabbi & the Rebbes

9½ MYSTICS: THE KABBALA TODAY. By HERBERT WEINER. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 310 pp. \$5.95.

Reviewed by DAVID DAICHES

THIS is an engaging book. It is the story of a quest undertaken by a modern American Reform rabbi to understand something of the living reality of the Jewish mystical tradition. It provides some elementary information on the literature of the Kabbala and on the origins of the Hasidic movement, but the main part of the book is a genially written autobiographical account of the author's contacts with diverse 20th-

century representatives of Jewish mysticism, including philosophical re-interpreters (Martin Buber), scholarly codifiers (Gershom Scholem), actual practitioners of various kinds of Hasidic rules of life, and leaders or followers of fringe movements in Orthodox Judaism which in some way seem to him to have a mystical element. It is a matter of traveling hopefully rather than arriving, for when Rabbi Weiner comes in his epilogue to ask *u'v'chen* ("and so?") he has no clear-cut answer to give about the value and contemporary meaning of the ways of life and thought he has been describing.

The quest began on East Broadway, with an insistently contrived encounter with the old and impoverished scholar of the *Zohar*, S. Z. Setzer, an encounter which developed into a pupil-teacher relationship that is described with moving simplicity. But the attempt to bring the old man out of his dreams and meditations into the world of modern discussion ended disastrously in a hotel room in Atlantic City when Setzer, invited to give a lecture to a group of young American-born rabbis, read in Yiddish from an early essay of his and by his style and manner reduced his audience to helpless mirth. The picture of Setzer is the best character sketch in the whole book: this dedicated anachronistic figure, with his simple vanity and his total lack of any real contact with the modern world, embodies a whole tract of Jewish history and psychology, and the quietly matter-of-fact way in which Rabbi Weiner tells his story allows its significance to speak for itself.

RABBI WEINER has deliberately adopted what he calls a "journalistic approach" in recording his quest, and on the whole this is justified, for his book is less an examination of Jewish mysticism than a series of lively descriptions. But sometimes we wish he had paused in his narrative to dig a little deeper into the meaning of what he describes. For example, he tells an anecdote as it was told him by Setzer, who had an apparition of his sister at the time of her death

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many miles away. In telling Weiner about it, Setzer showed his bewilderment at the apparent supernatural element involved, and kept repeating, "You know, I am a rationalist." This does not seem to have struck Rabbi Weiner as odd. Yet surely for a professed kabbalist to insist that he is a rationalist disinclined to believe in extrasensory perception is very odd indeed.

The oddity is not, however, wholly beyond explanation. At least one might draw attention to the element of precise mathematical logic found in much kabbalistic literature and in the letters-into-numbers games characteristic of the kabbalistic techniques of *gematria* and *temurah*. Behind the ecstasy is always, or nearly always, the logic, a feature of Jewish mysticism that distinguishes it from other forms of mystical thought and which makes Hasidim much more like *Mitnagdim* than either liked to admit. You could play numbers-games with the words of the Torah and so infer (or confirm) the most esoteric doctrines from the simplest words, but this involved an absolute faith in the divine origin of every single letter of the Torah. This faith was shared by all elements in the Orthodox Jewish tradition, mystic, non-mystic, and anti-mystic alike, and so was the practice of precise inferences from the words of Holy Writ according to scrupulously worked out logical rules. It is just this biblical fundamentalism that Rabbi Weiner cannot accept, the one point on which he occasionally (but always very gently and briefly) allowed himself to be drawn into discussions with Lubavitcher *rebbe*s and Bratzlaver Hasidim. But he is not really interested in arguing. He wants to find out what makes these people tick, and he talks with them, prays with them, studies with them,

even ritually bathes with them, in order to try to find out. When he confesses to Rabbi Menachem Mendel that he cannot believe that the whole of the Torah was given by God, the Lubavitcher *rebbe* replies: "Yet you believe in the oneness of God. And if you follow out the implication of that belief logically, then you must come to the *mitzvot*, the commandments, as surely as theorems come from axioms." The appeal is to logic, not to spiritual experience, and Rabbi Weiner did not challenge the effectiveness of this kind of logic any more than he commented when a young follower of the Lubavitcher *rebbe* "proved" to him that the Torah must have been given by God because it says so in the Torah itself.

SOME OF THE characters we encounter in this book are more attractive than others. I did not find any of the Lubavitcher people very appealing; the Bratzlaver Hasidim, who had no live *rebbe* to whom they accorded royal status and who looked instead to their founder Rabbi Nachman of Bratzlav, emerge in these pages as both more attractive and more psychologically interesting. Sometimes Rabbi Weiner went from a learned theoretical discussion by Scholem or a philosophical reverie by Buber to the actual contemporary practitioners of the doctrines these scholars were discussing, and found bitter disappointment. The account of a kabbalistic Sabbath night in B'nai Brak breathes frustration and anti-climax. Yet some of Rabbi Weiner's experiences with Hasidim in Israel were genuinely moving. We end with an account of the thought of the great Rabbi Kook (Avraham Yitzchak ha-Cohen Kook, first Chief Rabbi of Pales-

tine) through the conversation of his son, Rabbi Zvi Yehudah Kook: here legalism and mysticism mingle in a strange way and some of the paradoxes of Jewish mystical thought are, if not illuminated, at least impressively illustrated.

The psychological, sociological, philosophical, and theological questions posed by the ways of life and thought of the various people whom Rabbi Weiner encountered in the course of his quest are not seriously answered, or for that matter even seriously posed. But the purpose of the book is different. It is to provide its readers with an actual *encounter* with those ways of life and thought. This the book does unexpectedly well (unexpectedly, because one would not have thought that this approach would yield something so humanly interesting and attention-compelling). Rabbi Weiner's modesty has something to do with his book's success: he tries to efface himself and let his subjects speak. Sometimes, it is true, his attitude, as he trots from synagogue to synagogue, from *beth hamidrash* to *beth hamidrash*, from rabbi's study to rabbi's study, asking questions, striving always to find out what his interlocutor really thinks and feels, reminds me a bit of Lewis Carroll's poem:

*So, having no reply to give
To what the old man said,
I cried "Come, tell me how you
live!"
And thumped him on the head.*

But Rabbi Weiner's thumping is always metaphorical and gentle. And if the ultimate answers he got were little more satisfactory than those received by the questioner in Lewis Carroll's poem, at least he provides us with first-hand data on the basis of which we might try to work out some answers for ourselves.



You haven't tried Doral. Where have you been?

While you were in the darkness of the arctic... America was lighting up with Doral. It's a whole new kind of low "tar" and nicotine cigarette... with a whole new kind of filter system... you'd need a scientist to explain it... but DORAL says it all in two words—"Taste Me." "Quite a request from a low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette, eh?"





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"Cutty Sark first... the rest nowhere"

By 1886, the newspaper headline, "CUTTY SARK First..." was an old story. Year after year, CUTTY beat the fleet home in the annual clipper races from the Far East. But few, except blue water seamen, knew about the extraordinary men who had made CUTTY a legend. For example:



Tony Robson, far right, one of the most storied characters of the clipper era. He was Chinese. As a baby, he'd been discovered in the South China Sea, alone, in a small, rotting boat. He spent his life at sea... and picked up a broad Scots accent from the crews with which he served. Like many of the crewmen aboard CUTTY, he was such a superb seaman, he could have commanded any clipper.



Hercules Linton, brilliant young designer, conceived CUTTY as a 921-ton yacht, and gave her lines that produced speeds up to 17.5 knots. He contracted to build her for £16,150... and went bankrupt trying to meet her owners' almost outrageously strict standards.



Richard Woodget, perhaps the most honored master ever to tread a clipper's quarterdeck. He drove CUTTY SARK to yet-to-be-equalled records. He forged CUTTY into such a legend, that apprentices and officers frequently paid her owners a cash premium to serve aboard her. More than any other man, he made CUTTY SARK No. 1.



Cutty people know. The taste of Cutty is a secret shared by fewer than one American in forty. But that's enough to make Cutty Sark America's best-selling Scotch. Join the Cutty people. Cutty people know.